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POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JULY 11-JULY 18 · 1964 25c

WHAT NOW FOR THE G.O.P.?

THE OWL IN OUR PLAYPEN

Behind the scenes with
RICHARD BURTON
in
NIGHT OF THE IGUANA
A secret diary reveals the fun and frolic on location with Liz, Ava, and Sue Lyon

The woman who killed school prayers / A visit to Ireland with Teddy Kennedy

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There are no real Volkswagen taxis. But there is one very good fake.

Think it over, New York, Chicago, San Francisco.

We drove our Volkswagen taxi through town on the way to get its picture taken.

And did we stop traffic!

You'd think it was the first sensible thing people had ever [redacted]

Because they're shorter, VWs get out of the way quicker. So traffic doesn't get all balled up while some lady hunts for a 5c tip.

The people who'd run Volkswagens could buy a lot more cabs for their money and run each one for a lot less, too.

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But it sounds beautiful to us.

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1. FOOD
costs Carol Sommer $130 a month.

2. CLOTHING
costs the Sommers $75 a month.

3. SHELTER
costs Martin Sommer $200 a month.

4. THE FOURTH NECESSITY
guarantees the family the other three,
yet it costs less than any of them.

"From the day he introduced me to the girl who became my wife, my Metropolitan agent has never given me a bum steer," says handbag salesman Martin R. Sommer of Bound Brook, N. J.

"So when he told me four out of five families couldn't keep up their way of life if the father died, I took his advice on how to make sure my family *could*."

Concerned for the future, many young fathers like Martin now realize that in addition to food, clothing and shelter—the first three necessities—there is a Fourth Necessity: *enough* life insurance.

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"But seeing as I expect to live, I'll probably use my insurance for a healthy nest egg and retirement income when I'm 65."

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A specially trained Metropolitan man will study your situation. He'll add up your savings, property, Social Security and present insurance. You'll learn where you stand. Then he'll figure what's needed to secure your family's financial future and the most economical way to do it. Like Martin Sommer, you'll probably find the Fourth Necessity—enough life insurance—costs much less than any of the other three. Find out from your Metropolitan man. There's no obligation... *except to those you love.*

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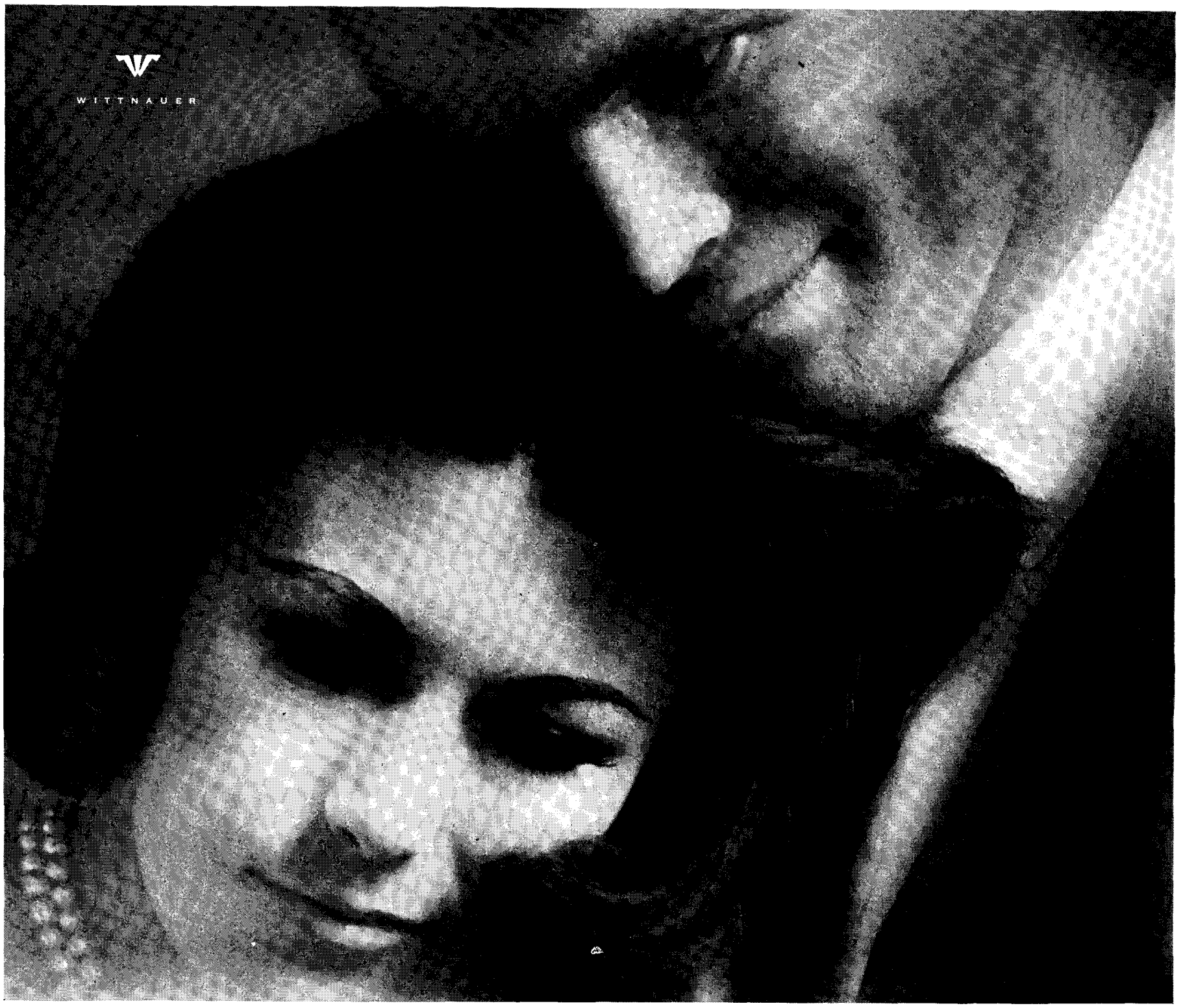

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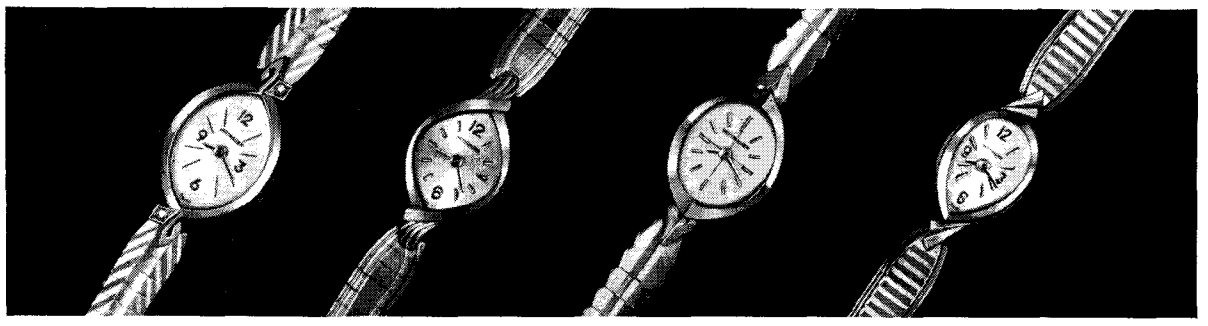

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POST

JULY 11–JULY 18, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 26

Articles

They've wrecked the American League (*Speaking Out*) — *Bill Veeck with Edward Linn* 10

Crisis at the Cow Palace . . . . . *Stewart Alsop* 17

Can Barry Goldwater be stopped? His opponents within the Republican Party have a strategy that might work. But the prospect of a bitter fight raises ominous questions. Will the party be torn in half no matter who wins? Will the outcome produce an even more dangerous result: a worsening of the Negro problem? Washington Editor Stewart Alsop takes a searching look at the dangers and dilemmas confronting the G.O.P. delegates meeting in San Francisco next week.

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The authors. Last winter humorist **Marvin Kitman** described his drive to capture the G.O.P. presidential nomination by entering the New Hampshire primary as the party's only Lincoln Republican ("My First Political Crisis," *The Post,* March 14). Now he tells why his chances will be better than ever at the San Francisco convention. . . . **Muriel Davidson** fashioned the "Iguana" diary out of letters written to her from the Mexican movie location by secretary and bit-part player **Thelda Victor.** Mrs. Davidson, the wife of *Post* editor-at-large Bill Davidson and a former publicity executive of Columbia Pictures, is now a free-lance magazine writer. . . . Less than a month before his airplane accident, Sen. Edward Kennedy retraced the trip the late President took to the family's ancestral home in Ireland. *Post* European correspondent **Edward Behr** accompanied the senator and recorded the emotion-filled events of the day that would have been President Kennedy's 47th birthday. . . . Free-lance writer **Bil Gilbert** describes the humorous complications of trying to rear a daughter and an owl in the same playpen. Wild animals are a commonplace around his rural Pennsylvania home, and he now keeps a young fox in the kitchen. . . . **Martin Mayer**, who profiles civil-rights-demonstration organizer Bayard Rustin, is the author of several books, among them *Wall Street* and *Madison Avenue, U.S.A.* . . . **Robert Liston,** author of the soon-to-be-released *Sargent Shriver: A Candid Portrait,* overcame Madalyn Murray's initial hostility by asking if her bad manners were a reflection of her atheistic beliefs. Later she said the question had made her reconsider the conduct of her whole campaign against organized religion in the U.S.

The cover photograph of actor Richard Burton as he appears in the film *Night of the Iguana* was shot on location at Mismaloya, Mexico, by **Josh Weiner.**

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LETTERS

Harlem

My compliments and respect to the *Post*'s editors for the remarkable job they do keeping us informed about the racial controversy. I speak as a native Californian. Time for constructive action in this area is so past ripe that it's rotten. I have no solution for the problem, but your recent articles, among them A HARLEM SKETCHBOOK: WHITE MAN, WALK EASY [by Roger Kahn, June 13] have been churning mightily within me.

HELEN HERRICK
Chilliwack, B.C.

• Mr. Kahn's article on Harlem brings into sharper focus the dereliction of us all in dealing with the problems of that wretched community. It is now long past the time for contemplating, planning, thinking and worrying. This is the time for quick and monumental action.

PAUL MAGRIEL
New York, N.Y.

• I have read your article on Harlem and I say to myself—Who are these people? I'm a Negro and grew up in a northern city in Pennsylvania, but I guess I should count myself lucky because the kind of living described is absolutely foreign to me. I tend to see eye-to-eye with the young lawyer who believes that integration *per se* is not the real solution. I wouldn't send my own children to school in Harlem, so why should white parents? There are so many "Harlems" all over the U.S. Where do we start to clean up such a mess that was started too many years ago? Will it take as many years to solve as it has taken to create?

MRS. CAROLE ASHLEY
Los Angeles, Calif.

• I found Mr. Kahn's article deplorable. He only writes about the worst side of Harlem. I live in Harlem and I'm not bitter, I'm not afraid of white people, I don't hate white people, I'm not a dope addict, I'm not on relief and I do live in a clean and decent place. There are thousands of Negroes here who live, act and think like other Americans.

JOSEPHINE APPLEWHITE
New York, N.Y.

• It is unfortunate that there are individuals who claim they believe in racial equality and cravenly hide beneath the blanket of that doctrine called the "White Man's Burden." Men like Mr. Kahn will be the first to complain and the most baffled when their blanket and their damn "superiority" are grabbed away from them.

IRIS J. ARENSON
Brooklyn, N.Y.

• Your reporter, Roger Kahn, has done an admirable job of stating the ills of Harlem, but he seems ignorant of the causes of the trouble. One of these is the white man's total disrespect of the Negro as a person. At one point in his slapdash piece he quotes a "colored girl with a master's degree in Sociology, as she sits in her terraced apartment." I feel that any female, regardless of her heritage, who is intellectually mature enough to earn a master's degree and pay the rent for a terraced apartment—in or out of Harlem—has also earned the right to be called a lady or a woman, not a "colored girl."

ELTON A. ALVARENGA
Bronx, N.Y.

• It was enlightening to read varied opinions from the people of Harlem themselves. Perhaps those in authority will be informed and moved enough by this article to take some action.

ANNE STANLEY
Dallas, Tex.

Mets

Congratulations to Jimmy Breslin for his fascinating IT'S METSOMANIA [June 13]. I am a fan of the San Francisco Giants, but not when the greatest, the Mets, are in town.

SALVADOR T. MARTINEZ
Mill Valley, Calif.

• Like thousands of others, I became disillusioned and disappointed when the New York Giants and the Brooklyn Dodgers deserted their loyal fans and went on a modern Gold Rush to the West Coast. They could have moved the Empire State Building or the Statue of Liberty to another state and it would have shocked me less. My heart was left at the Polo Grounds and Ebbets Field. I guess the majority of Mets fans, particularly those afflicted with "Metsomania," are members of the younger generation.

RALPH LOMBARDI
Clifton, N.J.

Saroyan

Thank you for introducing me to William Saroyan. Not that I haven't known him over the years, but these homey little articles [IT'S ME, O LORD, April 18, and THE DUSTY, SMEARED, TATTERED LIFE OF P. T. BARNUM, June 13] have helped me know him as never before, and have meant so much to me.

CARRIE E. SACKRITER
Meadow Vista, Calif.

• Thank you for the rambling, artless little Saroyan story. I found it warm, tender and deep.

HILDA HAUSSMANN WHITE
Conyngham, Pa.

Unburied treasure

To spare someone else the trouble of going on a wild-goose treasure hunt for the statue, the "Golden Virgin" [ANYONE FOR BURIED TREASURE? by Jack Iams, June 13], let me note that the Virgin is still standing, in plain sight, exactly where she has stood since 1502, in the Cathedral of Lima. Nor have any of the other costly relics belonging to the Cathedral ever been looted, seized or otherwise molested.

LT. HARRY E. RIESEBERG
Paradise, Calif.

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Truman at eighty

"Oh, *I'm Just Wild About Harry*," and especially after reading MY FIRST EIGHTY YEARS [by Harry S Truman, June 13]. To a fine gentleman, may I say, "Keep right on giving 'em hell, Harry!"

MRS. GUY L. HERMAN III
Houston, Tex.

• When hard and realistic decisions had to be made, it took this grand old man to let the world know where our country stood and to keep us on course.

CHARLES H. RANKIN
Topeka, Kans.

• Harry Truman's trumpet solo would have been more melodious had he omitted the MacArthur refrain. Military insubordination, especially in wartime, cannot be tolerated. General MacArthur paid heavily for his indiscretion, while millions of loyal admirers throughout the world shared his humiliation. Now that he is gone it would be generous to recall only his long years of devoted service to his country.

MARGARET BURTON
Salt Lake City, Utah

Parochial schools

I am not disturbed by Wilfrid Sheed's plea entitled DON'T JUNK THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS [June 13], but do feel that his view that parochial schools "should receive some public assistance" because "good education is a public service" is pure rationalization. A parochial school is a private school whose extra cost is assumed, not required, and the swift and undemocratic result of federal aid to any private school would be more private schools by the dozen, because the government could not equitably aid one such institution without aiding another. This is a major reason why the doctrine of separation of church and state in a free country can admit of no exceptions.

EDWIN RITCHIE
Floral Park, N. Y.

• I am a Protestant mother who hopes the parochial-school system will live as long as our democracy does. Would that our public schools could follow their example in teaching ethics, morals, manners and a college-bound curriculum. I feel that my son is a better young man today for having experienced four years of study at a Catholic school.

MRS. LUISE D. HARRIS
Wilmington, Del.

• I was delighted to see Wilfrid Sheed's article but wonder at his viewing with approval the elimination of some of the lower grades from parochial schools. Pope Pius X said, "Give me a child until he is six and I shall have him for a lifetime." It is easier for young children to assimilate good moral training along with their ABC's than for teenagers to learn this as one subject in their curriculum.

MRS. GRACE R. GARRETT
North Beach, Md.

Blind deer's zoo

I was delighted with Georges Carousso's A NEW LIFE FOR A BLIND DEER [May 9], but as the keeper of this animal—and others—I wish you had revealed the fact that my zoo is near North East, Md.

WILLIAM E. WHITE
North East, Md.

COMING SOON... in The Post

The untold story of Jack Ruby

The man, the murder, the trial

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Integration showdown

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Joan Merriam

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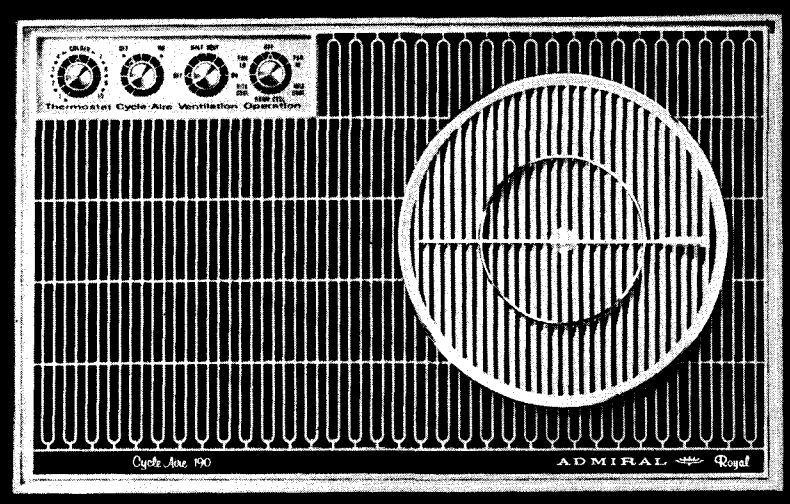

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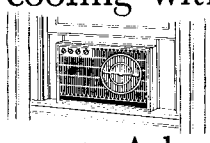

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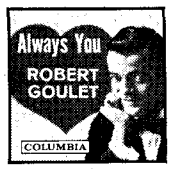
1255. Young And Foolish, Autumn In Rome, True Blue Lou, 8 more

1301. Down with Love, My Coloring Book, Who Will Buy?, 11 in all

1037. Here is: "The most adventurous musical ever made."—Life

1006. Lemon Tree, If I Had A Hammer, This Train, 12 in all



1310. Full Moon and Empty Arms, It's All in The Game, 10 more

1152. Nine hilarious numbers. "It's great fun!"—Playboy

1164. Also: Just Let Me Cry, I Understand, Misty, Cry, etc.

1013. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come to Me, etc. *

1133. Also: The End of The World, He'll Only Hurt You, etc.

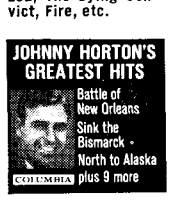
1303. Waltz Limp, Castilian Blues, Fast Life, 11 in all

1023. Also: Love for Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.

1329. "Exciting and colorful reading." — Am. Record Guide

1219. Also: Louisiana Lou, The Dying Convict, Fire, etc.

1028. Where Are You, Coquette, Red Sails in the Sunset, etc.



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Your only membership obligation is to purchase six additional record from the more than 1000 to be offered in the Club Magazine during coming 12 months . . . and you may discontinue membership at a time thereafter. If you continue, you need buy only four records a yea to remain a member in good standing.

FREE RECORDS GIVEN REGULARLY. If you do wish to continue as a member after fulfilling your enrollment agreement, you will receive — FREE — a record of your choice for every two additional selections you purchase from the Club.

The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of $3.98 (Classical $4.98; occasional Original Cast recordings and special albums somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge. Stereo records are $1.00 more.

Note: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player.
* Records marked with a star (*) have been electronically re-channeled for stereo.

More than 1,750,000 families now belong to the world's largest record club

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB

Terre Haute, Indiana

1307. A unique jazz treatment of Johann Sebastian Bach

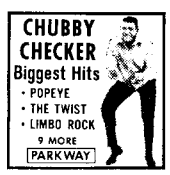
1130. Also: All The Love, Come Softly to Me, Hey Baby, etc.

1009. Also: Party in Laguna, Barefoot Venture, etc.

1394. Volare, Be I Love, Unchained M ody, 12 in all

1209. Also: Sleepy Lagoon, Flamingo, Time Was, etc.

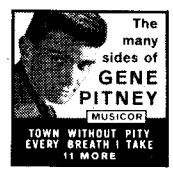
1031. Complete score of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit *



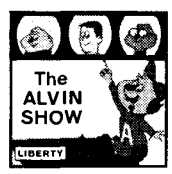
1182. Also: Let's Twist Again. (Not availabie in stereo)

1025. "Probably his best recording ever."—Life

1029. Also: Sweet Georgia Brown, Philosophizin', etc.

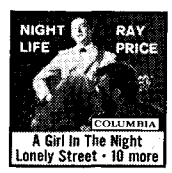


1192. Also: A Greater Love, I Laughed So Hard I Cried, etc.



1183. A hit album by the Chipmunks for all the family to enjoy

1045. Also: Empty Arms, A Tear Fell, You Send Me, etc.

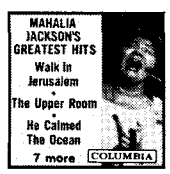


1154. Also: Pride, Are You Sure, Let Me Talk to You, etc.

1189. Also: Be Guest, I've Bee Around, etc.

1405. One of the most dramatic works in all music

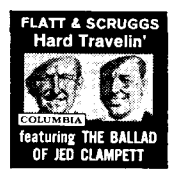
1161. Also: Baby Elephant Walk, Peter Gunn, Mr. Lucky, etc.



1148. Also: How I Got Over, Just Over The Hill, etc.

1314. Also: A Kiss to Build A Dream On, Spain, etc.

1184. Also: Moments to Remember, 3 Coins in The Fountain, etc.



1051. Featured on the Beverly Hillbillies television show!

1271. "Remarkable in many respects."—N.Y. Herald-Tribune

1026. Also: Great Pretender, Enchanted, Magic Touch, etc.

1097. Five of Bach's mightiest and most popular works

1142. Also: Memphi Honolulu Lulu, Ta lahassee Lassie, et

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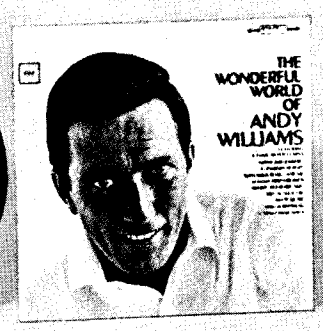
new members of the Columbia Record Club

1327. Hit The Road Jack, Georgia On My Mind, Them That Got, 9 more

1354. My Coloring Book, Liza, Janie Is Her Name, 12 in all

1188. Travelin' Man. It's Late, I Wanna Be Loved, 12 in all

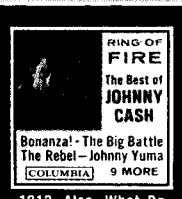


1351. A Fool Never Learns, Dream, Pennies From Heaven, 12 in all

1407. Two-Record Set (Counts As One Selection.) Hear the words of our late President, John F. Kennedy

1339. GoldenRibbons, No Surfin' Today, New Town, Millie, 8 more

1362. Also: Exodus, Irma La Douce, The Apartment, etc.

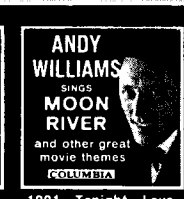


1012. Also: What Do I Care, Forty Shades of Green, etc.

1102. "A treat, a delight all over again." N. Y. Journal-Amer.

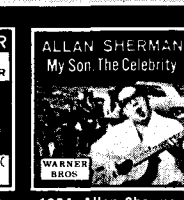
1162. Also: Rovin' Gambler, A Travelin' Man, 12 in all

1061. Also: A Taste of Honey, My Honey's Loving Arms, etc.



1001. Tonight, Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing, 9 more

1090. "This is an extraordinary chorus." —New York Times

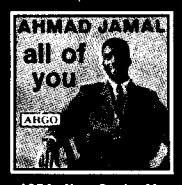


1384. Allan Sherman scores again! . . . 12 riotous numbers

1163. Puff, The Magic Dragon; This Land Is Your Land; 10 more

1258. Also: Midnight in Moscow, If I Had A Hammer, etc.

1098. "Fierce impact and momentum." — N.Y. World-Telegram

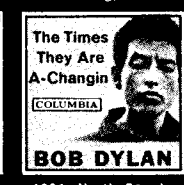


1254. You Go to My Head, You're Blasé, Angel Eyes, 7 in all

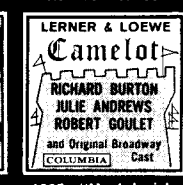
1039. Mr. Lonely, I Can't Help It, True Love, Crying, 8 more

1334. Also: Sweet Dreams, Just Out of Reach, 12 in all

1360. Also: I Gotta Drive, Drag Strip Girl, 12 in all



1361. North Country Blues, With God on Our Side, 8 more



1035. "Most lavish, beautiful musical; a triumph!"—Kilgallen

1346. Also: Gigi; Hi-Lilli, Hi-Lo; Secret Love; etc.

1257. Also: Return to Paradise, Beyond The Reef, etc.

1326. Humoresque, Nocturne, Romance, Mazurka, 9 others

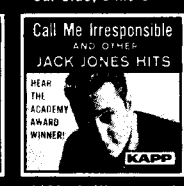
1015. Also: Go Away Little Girl, Up on the Roof, etc.

1352. Oh Happy Days; Sweet, Sweet Baby; Flim Flam; 9 more

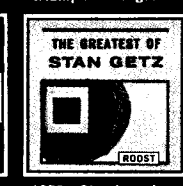
1156. Monkey, One Fine Day, Hot Fudge, twelve in all

1376. Also: You Send Me, The Beginning of Love, 12 in all

1263. "Magnificent performances!" — High Fidelity

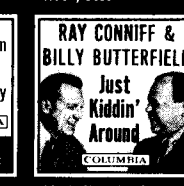


1139. Lollipops and Roses, Love Letters, Julie, seven more



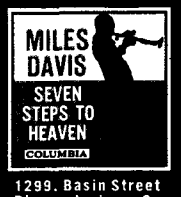
1359. Standanavian, Rubberneck, Tootsie Roll, 9 in all

1325. "Wonderfully convincing." — High Fidelity

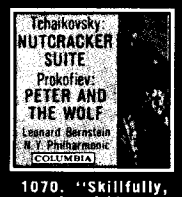


1262. You Oughta Be in Pictures, Louise, Heartaches, 9 more

1406. Also: Daddy, Come On-A My House, Blue Moon, etc.

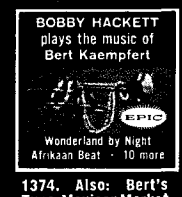


1299. Basin Street Blues; Joshua; So Near, So Far; etc.

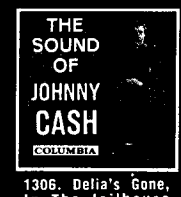


1070. "Skillfully, warmly, richly performed."—High Fid.

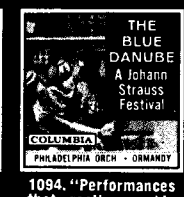
1030. "Music is exuberant . . . splendid tunes."—New Yorker



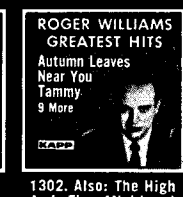
1374. Also: Bert's Tune, Mexican Market Day, Take Me, etc.



1306. Delia's Gone, In The Jailhouse Now, 10 more

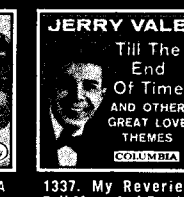


1094. "Performances that really sparkle and glow." High Fid.

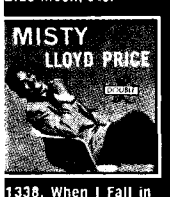


1302. Also: The High And The Mighty, I Got Rhythm, etc.

1345. Also: She's A Fool, My Foolish Heart, etc.

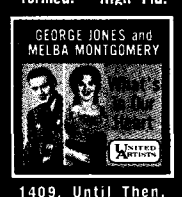


1337. My Reverie, Full Moon And Empty Arms, 12 in all



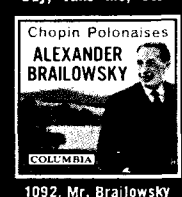
1338. When I Fall in Love, That Lucky Old Sun, Trouble, 9 more

1343. Hawaii Calls, Sweet Leilani, Blue Hawaii, 34 more



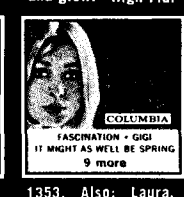
1409. Until Then, Don't Go, Now Tell Me, 12 in all

1216. Ramona, Dixie, My Blue Heaven, At Sundown, 16 others



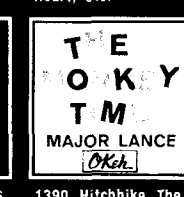
1092. Mr. Brailowsky is "a poet of the piano."—N. Y. Times

1187. Teens top drum plays for your dancing pleasure



1353. Also: Laura, The Second Time Around, etc.

1322. Performances are "quite dazzling." —New York Times



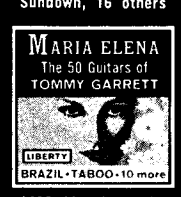
1390. Hitchhike, The Bird, Mama Didn't Know, 12 in all

1259. Also: If I Had A Hammer, The John B. Sails. etc.

1067. "Perhaps the greatest piano recording."—HiFi Rev.

1298. Also: Air Mail to Heaven, Live For Tomorrow, etc.

1157. Also: Call Me Irresponsible, I Wanna Be Around, etc.



1408. Also: Anna, The Breeze And I, Amapola, etc.

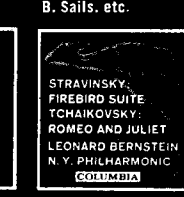
1256. Also: Johnny Fedavo, Dusty Winds, Abilene Rose, etc.

1410. Also: Someday My Prince Will Come, Hurdy-GurdyMan, etc.

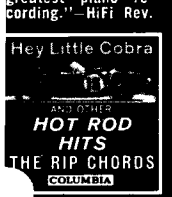
1196. "Walloping ensembles and stirring solos." High Fid.

1033. A show that's "perfectly wonderful!"—Ed Sullivan

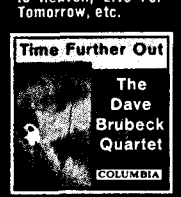
1220. Also: Alone Together, Goodnight Sweetheart, etc.



1404. "Sensitive performance." — High Fidelity

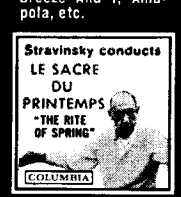


3. Drag City, The Queen, Little Deuce Coupe, Gone, 8 more

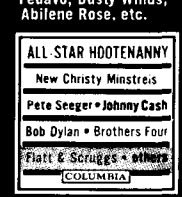


1396. Fabulous sequel: "provocative." —HiFi Stereo/Review

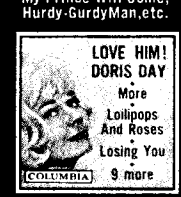
1124. Also: I Got A Hole in My Pirogue, She Knows Why *



1280. "The orchestra plays with beautiful clarity."—N.Y. Times

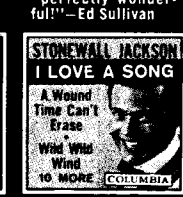


1317. Also: Carolyn Hester, Leon Bibb, Orriel Smith, etc.



1333. Also: Funny, A Fool Such As I, Night Life, etc.

1414. Also: Will You Love Me Tomorrow, Who Am I, etc.



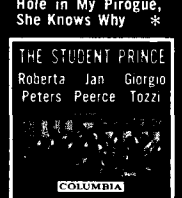
1402. Also: Don't Be Angry, Picket Sign, B.J. The D.J., etc.

1321. "Beautifully performed." — Am. Record Guide

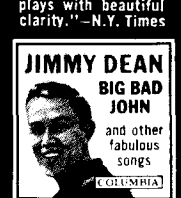
1358. Also: Answer Me, My Love; Yesterday's Here; etc.

1308. Green Grow The Lilacs, The Ides of Texas, 12 others

1180. Also: Swingin' School, etc. (Not available in stereo)



1085. The many joys of the loveliest operetta of them all

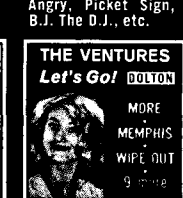


1304. Sixteen Tons, Oklahoma Bill, Gotta Travel On, 10 in all

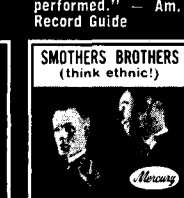
1411. Also: Gravy, Do The Bird, etc. (Not available in stereo)

1115. Ebb Tide, The Breeze and I, Sleepy Lagoon, 12 in all

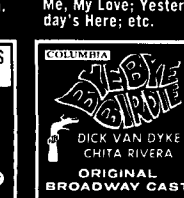
1300. Greensleeves, Humoresque, Clair de Lune, 12 in all



1356. Also: So Fine, Sukiyaki, Walk Right In, Runaway, etc.



1335. Eleven bits of "splendid satire." — Newsweek



1181. "Happy, zestful...most captivating."—N.Y. News

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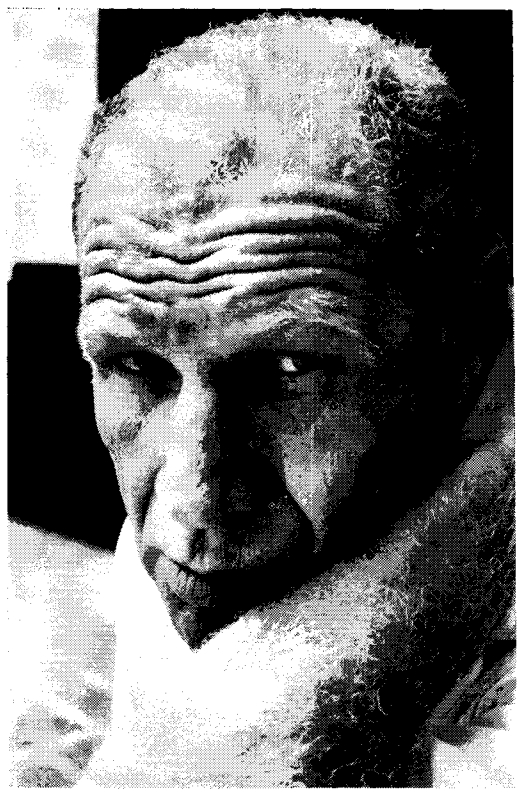
SPEAKING OUT*

Bill Veeck has owned three American League baseball teams—the Cleveland Indians, St. Louis Browns and Chicago White Sox. As a youth, however, Veeck lived in a National League household. His father, Bill Veeck Sr., was president of the Chicago Cubs during the great days of Grover Cleveland Alexander.



THEY'VE WRECKED THE AMERICAN LEAGUE

The National League dominates the game of baseball, says a sharp-tongued ex-clubowner, because its rival is paying the penalty for prejudice, complacency and nearsighted management.

By Bill Veeck with Edward Linn

There was a time when you could have a lively argument over which of baseball's major leagues was superior. It was a standard, perennial topic. But no more. The question is now deader than Harold Stassen's campaign headquarters. The National League has become so superior over the past decade that baseball fans are left with little basis for continuing one of their favorite debates.

National League teams have won 6 out of the last 10 World Series and 12 out of 17 All-Star games played since 1950. Last year the Nationals outdrew the American League 11,382,000 to 9,094,000.

The clear dominance of the National League is not, as American League apologists like to claim, just a cyclical swing in the fortunes of war. It is actually the result of policies (and lack of policies) that have been pursued (or not pursued) over the past 15 years. Involved in the shift of power to the National League are problems of race, geography and high finance.

Last year the American League had four .300 hitters, all white. The National League had eleven .300 hitters, and 10 of them were Negroes. The American League had two hitters, both white, who batted in more than 100 runs; the National League had six, and five of them were Negroes. Each league had four men who had hit more than 30 home runs. In the American League, all four were white. In the National League, all were Negroes.

The shift of power actually began on the day in 1947 when Jackie Robinson, the first Negro to play in the majors, put on a Brooklyn uniform and went out to play first base for the Dodgers—and the Dodgers won the pennant. In the following two years, Robinson was joined by Roy Campanella and Don Newcombe. The Dodgers kept winning pennants—or losing them on the last day of the season—with Robinson, Campy and Newk earning five Most-Valuable-Player Awards among them.

In trying to compete with the Dodgers, most of the other National League clubs went scurrying around the Negro leagues in search of other Robinsons, other Campys, other Newks. Civil rights had nothing to do with it. Many Negroes just have stronger legs and faster reflexes and are superior ballplayers. I say this because it is an observable fact. Besides, as Charlie Dressen said after Negroes began to star in baseball, "Nobody asks the color of the guy who has just helped him collect a World Series check."

Now, for contrast, consider the warmth with which the Negro ballplayer was welcomed into the American League. When I owned the Cleveland Indians, we signed Larry Doby, a Negro, in 1947. A year later, we won the pennant and World Series—and broke all attendance records—with Doby and Negro pitcher Satchel Paige.

What followed this artistic and financial triumph was not quite what might have been expected, however. The scurrying after Negro players in our league was restrained to a point which would have thrilled any card-carrying member of the White Citizens Council. The St. Louis Browns did sign two Negroes at the beginning of a long road trip, but they managed to release them before the club returned to St. Louis.

Meanwhile, in Cleveland, we signed Luke Easter, Minnie Minoso, Al Smith and Harry Simpson, all Negroes. Beyond that, however, the American League stayed lily-white.

The A.L.'s attitude was partly that the signing of Negroes in Cleveland was just another of Veeck's cheap tricks. It was also the result of a tone-setting Yankee policy: to prove they could keep on winning without resorting to the use of non-white players. This was all right for the Yanks (who have won 14 pennants in 17 seasons since Negroes entered the majors), but it was a course that other talent-hungry A.L. clubs couldn't afford to follow if they wanted to stay competitive.

The Yankees' efforts to avoid putting a Negro in their pinstripes was not without its moments of high humor. In those days, the first thing any major-league team that did not want a colored player had to do was to sign a couple of mediocre colored players for their minor-league organization and then point to their failure. Playing this game, the Yankees bought a young Puerto Rican, Vic Power, from an independent team in Canada and assigned him to their farm system. Yankee luck being what it is, Power turned out to be a far better player than anyone had suspected. So eventually, without ever bringing him to New York, they traded him to the Philadelphia Athletics and ducked a difficult situation.

Finally, in 1955, eight years after Jackie Robinson broke baseball's color line, the Yankees brought up Elston Howard. He was rated the Most Valuable Player in the American League last year—the first Negro to win the MVP Award in the A.L.'s history. Meanwhile, Sandy Koufax, the Most Valuable Player in the National League last year, was only the fourth *white* player to win the award in 15 years.

The statistic which points up the stagnation of the A.L. most of all, however, is that Larry Doby is still the only Negro ever to have led the league in either home runs or runs batted in—and he did both in 1954. And *no* Negro has ever won the A.L. batting title, while Negroes have won it seven times in the National League.

In other words, the American League has come too late to the market. The gap, far from closing, has widened. The best

**One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors of The Post often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.*

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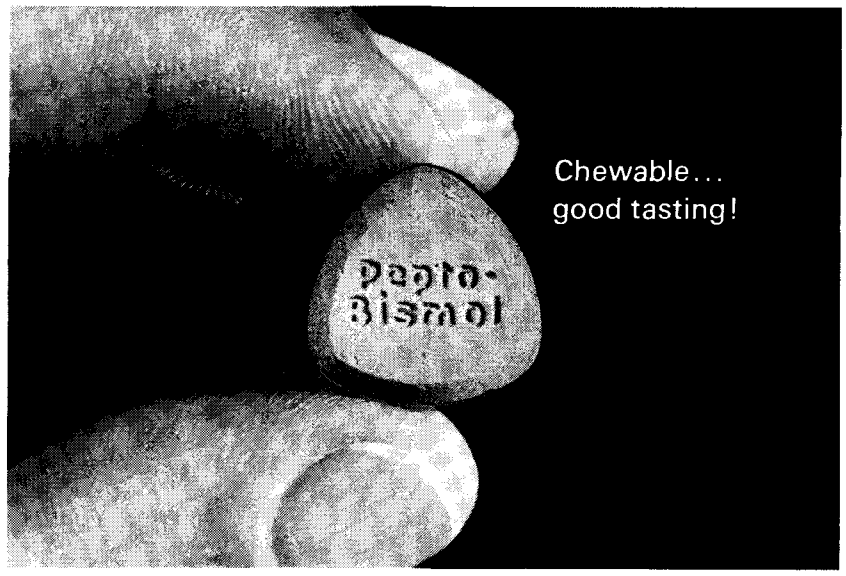

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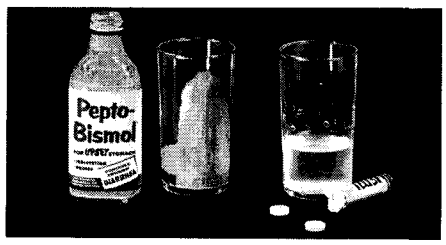

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O.J. always means Florida orange juice, naturally

They've Wrecked the A.L.

Negro prospects, having a choice of clubs, still go to the National League. And what is the result? Put it this way. If you took the Negro players from any National League team (excepting the Mets and Colts) and put them on any American League team (excepting again the new franchises), they would make that club either a pennant winner or a serious contender. That's how great a difference the Negro player has made.

At the same time the American League was blowing retreat on the Negro players, it blew its chance to establish a foothold on the West Coast. Once again, the fine hand of the New York Yankees was conspicuous.

The American League's opportunity came in the winter of 1954 when the Mack boys put the Philadelphia Athletics up for sale. I wanted to buy the franchise and move it to Los Angeles. Clint Murchison of the Texas Murchisons also wanted to buy the club and move it to Los Angeles.

Del Webb, the co-owner of the Yankees, runs his huge construction business from the Coast. In public he plumped hard to bring A.L. baseball to Los Angeles, but as soon as the A.L. meeting opened (and the doors closed) he assured his fellow owners (as he had been assuring Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick all along) that the West Coast wasn't ready for big-league baseball. What he really meant, I think, was that Del Webb wasn't ready. He had another plan.

Arnold Johnson, who happened to be a business partner of Webb and Topping, wanted to buy the Philadelphia franchise and move it to Kansas City where—by coincidence—the Yankees had a sick minor-league franchise, and more to the point, a decrepit ball park they were rather anxious to get rid of.

Johnson had an agreement with the city fathers that if he could get the franchise for Kansas City, they would buy the ball park and then let him rebuild it to major-league specifications with a contractor of his own choice. By another of those startling coincidences, the contractor of his choice turned out to be none other than Del Webb.

In my book, what Del Webb had in mind was to sell the Kansas City ball park to the city fathers, get the contract from Johnson to rebuild it, let the Athletics remain in Kansas City for a few years as a sort of Yankee farm, then buy the club from Johnson and move it to Los Angeles. Once in Los Angeles, Webb probably hoped he might persuade the city to build a municipal stadium—and, with a little bit of luck, he would get the contract to construct it.

Now, if this was Webb's plan, it was a brilliant one for comforting his sunset years but it wasn't good for the A.L. In any event, Johnson purchased the A's from the Macks and moved the franchise to Kansas City. During the five years he operated the A's there, the team was, in effect, a Yankee farm club run by old Yankee farmhand, Parke Carroll.

Before Webb could carry out the next step, Walter O'Malley moved out of Brooklyn to Los Angeles and persuaded Horace Stoneham to bring his New York Giants out to San Francisco.

The failure of the American League to get a team established on the Coast at this time caused damage that has never been repaired. In the expansion of both leagues five years later, the National League moved back into New York under more advantageous terms than the old Giants and Dodgers had enjoyed, and found itself sitting very firmly in all the key cities. Even with the marginal ballplayers who were foisted off on the Mets, the New York franchise was a prospective financial success because of the fans who would turn out whenever their old heroes from the Giants and Dodgers came to town.

In the same expansion package that brought the N.L. back into New York, the American League was to move into Los Angeles. There was one slight difference. Where the Mets were assured of success, the Angels were assured of disaster. For at the last minute, Commissioner Ford Frick informed us that the American League could only come to Los Angeles with Walter O'Malley's approval, which meant on O'Malley's terms, as O'Malley's tenants in the new Dodger ball park in Chavez Ravine. The lucky owners of the new franchise not only had to pay O'Malley a lump sum to indemnify him for something or other, they had to play in his ball park and pay him rent. O'Malley even runs the Angels' concessions for them. In other words, the American League loses money by having a team in Los Angeles, and the National League (i.e., O'Malley) makes money.

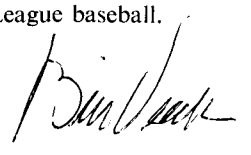
O'Malley calls the tune

Walter O'Malley, it should be evident by now, runs his league just as completely as the Yankees run theirs. Under his guidance, the National League is run on the assumption that each of the owners knows his own problems and should be permitted to find his own solutions.

Last year, for instance, the N.L. was perfectly willing to let the new Milwaukee owners move their franchise to Atlanta, even though they had been operating in Milwaukee for only a year. This year, when Charles O. Finley wanted to move to Atlanta, the American League held meetings and sent telegrams and consulted all kinds of attorneys. And Finley remained in Kansas City.

Atlanta, with its new stadium, is easily the most attractive city for a new franchise. Since the American League has no shortage of weak franchises, one would assume that the American League has already staked out the territory. It hasn't. While the American League is holding its debates and casting its recriminations and consulting its attorneys, a National League franchise will pick itself up and quietly move in. The logical club to make the move is still Milwaukee. I have a hunch, though, that it is going to be a real long shot—Pittsburgh. The Pirates will probably move before another season starts, and the National League, which already has a franchise at Houston, will then solidify its position in the South just as it has now solidified its position on the West Coast.

This year, with the Yankee dynasty clearly in its twilight, the American League could have its best pennant race in years. And, with any luck at all, nine out of the 10 clubs could draw fewer customers than in 1963. Winning the American League pennant this season is going to be like winning the checkers championship at a chess club. Nobody really seems to care. That's because there is another—better—game in town It's called National League baseball.



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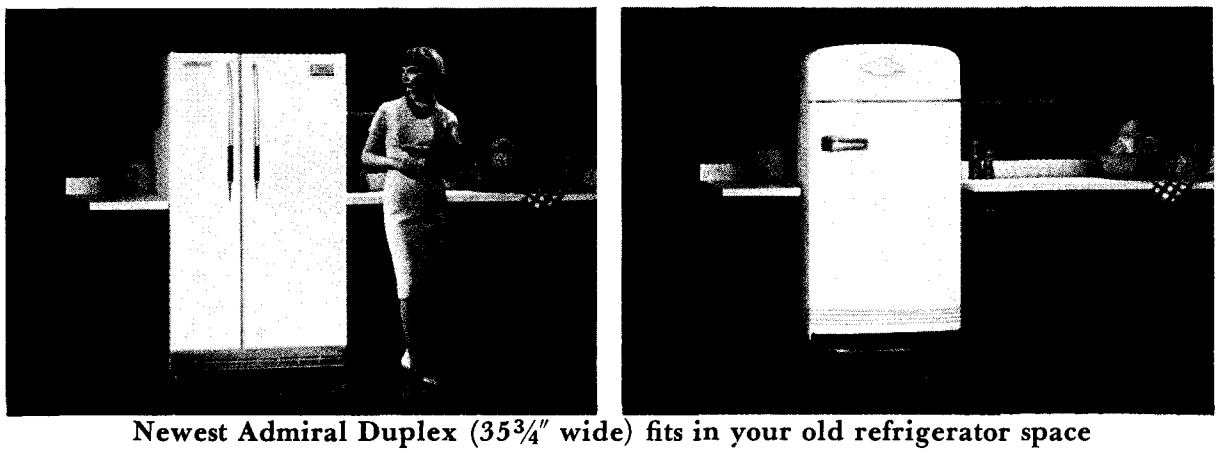

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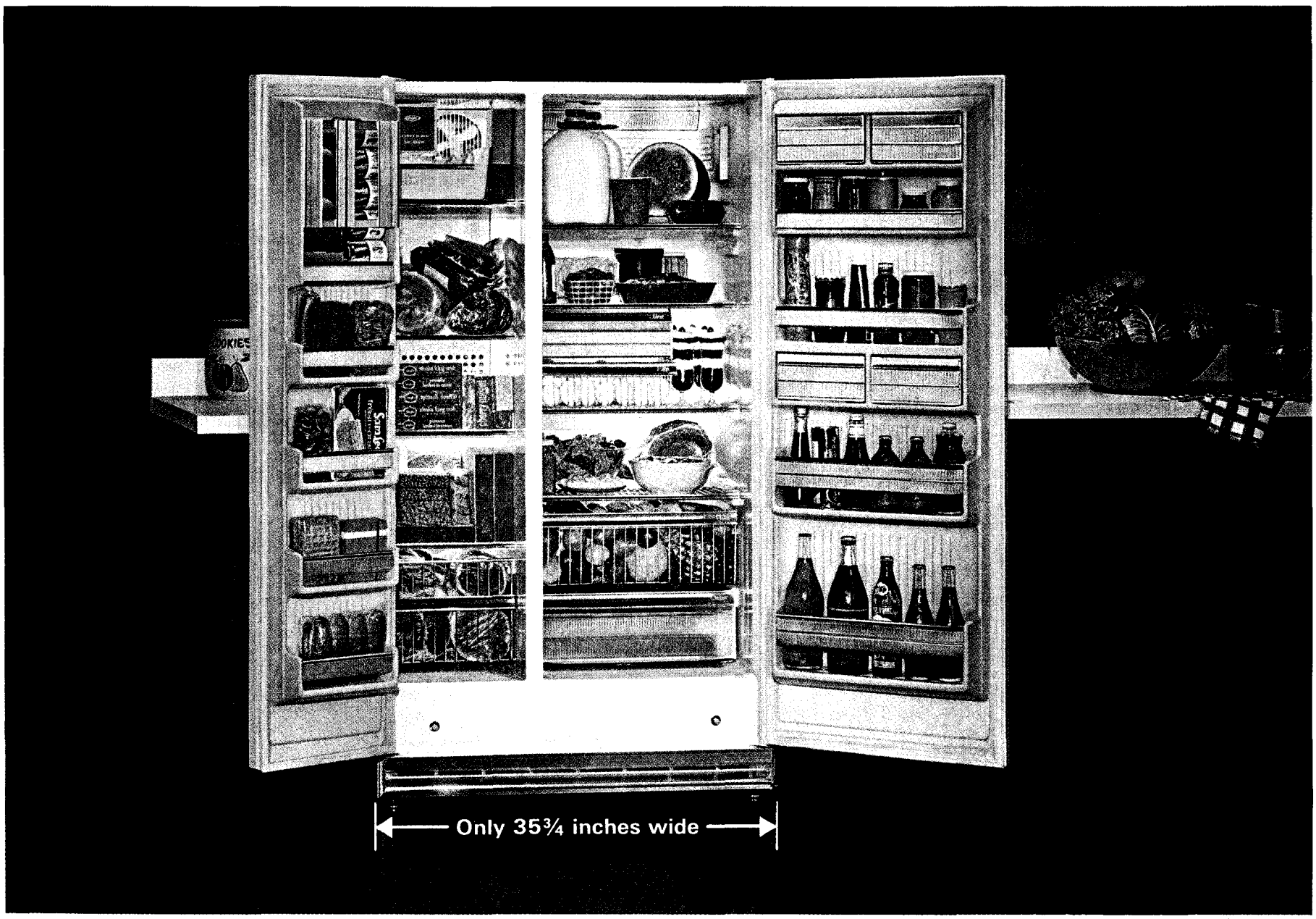

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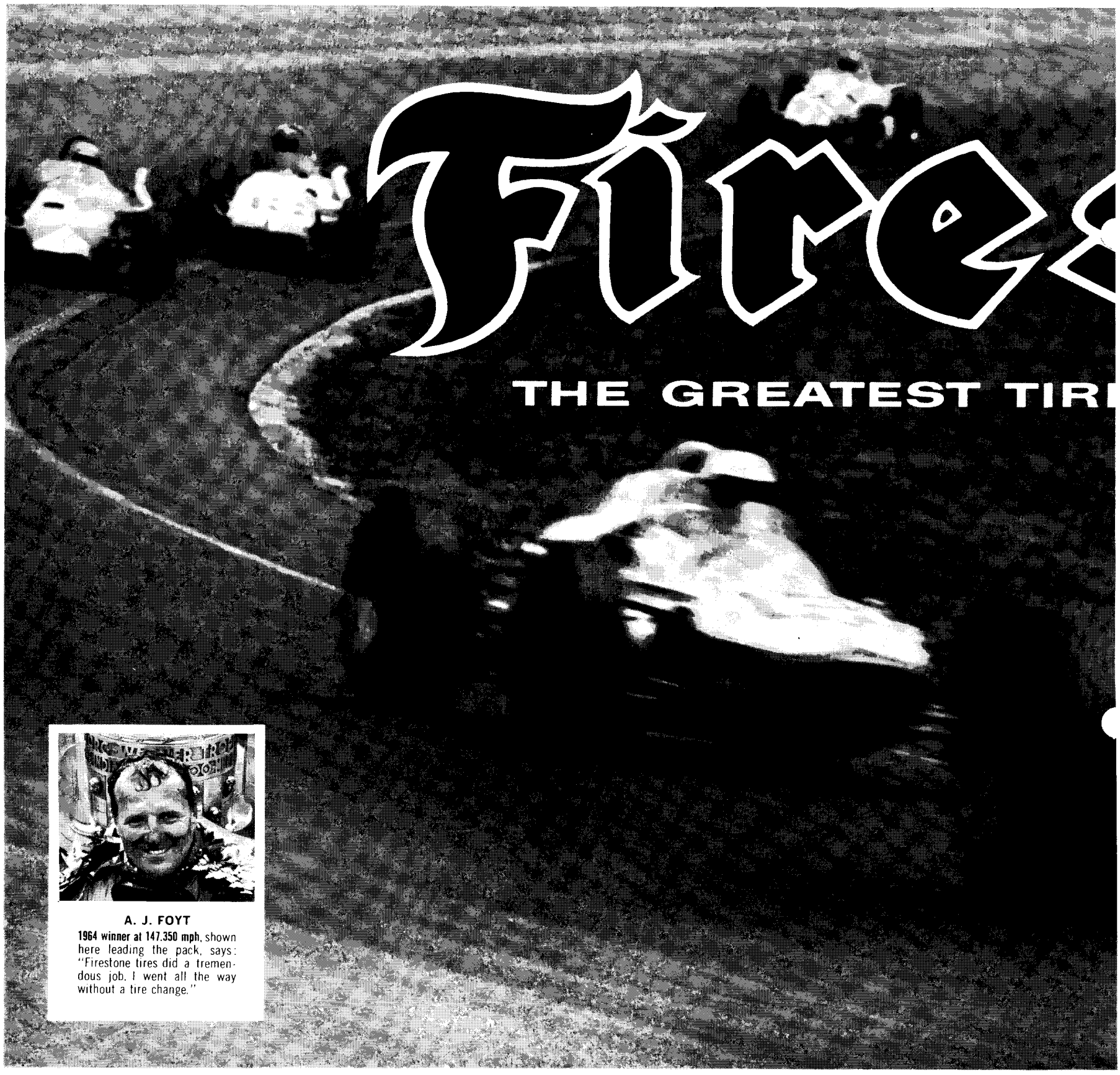
WINS 41ST CONSECUTIVE TIME AT INDIANAPOLIS



A. J. FOYT
1964 winner at 147.350 mph, shown here leading the pack, says: "Firestone tires did a tremendous job. I went all the way without a tire change."

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Now, the same Sup-R-Tuf rubber in durable Firestone race tires is in Firestone tires for your car.

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The story began earlier this year at the Indianapolis preliminary tests. There, Firestone tires established such clear-cut superiority that many race drivers who were considering other makes of tires quickly switched over to Firestones. Out of the 33 entries, 29 qualified and raced on Firestones. The final results proved the wisdom of their choice.

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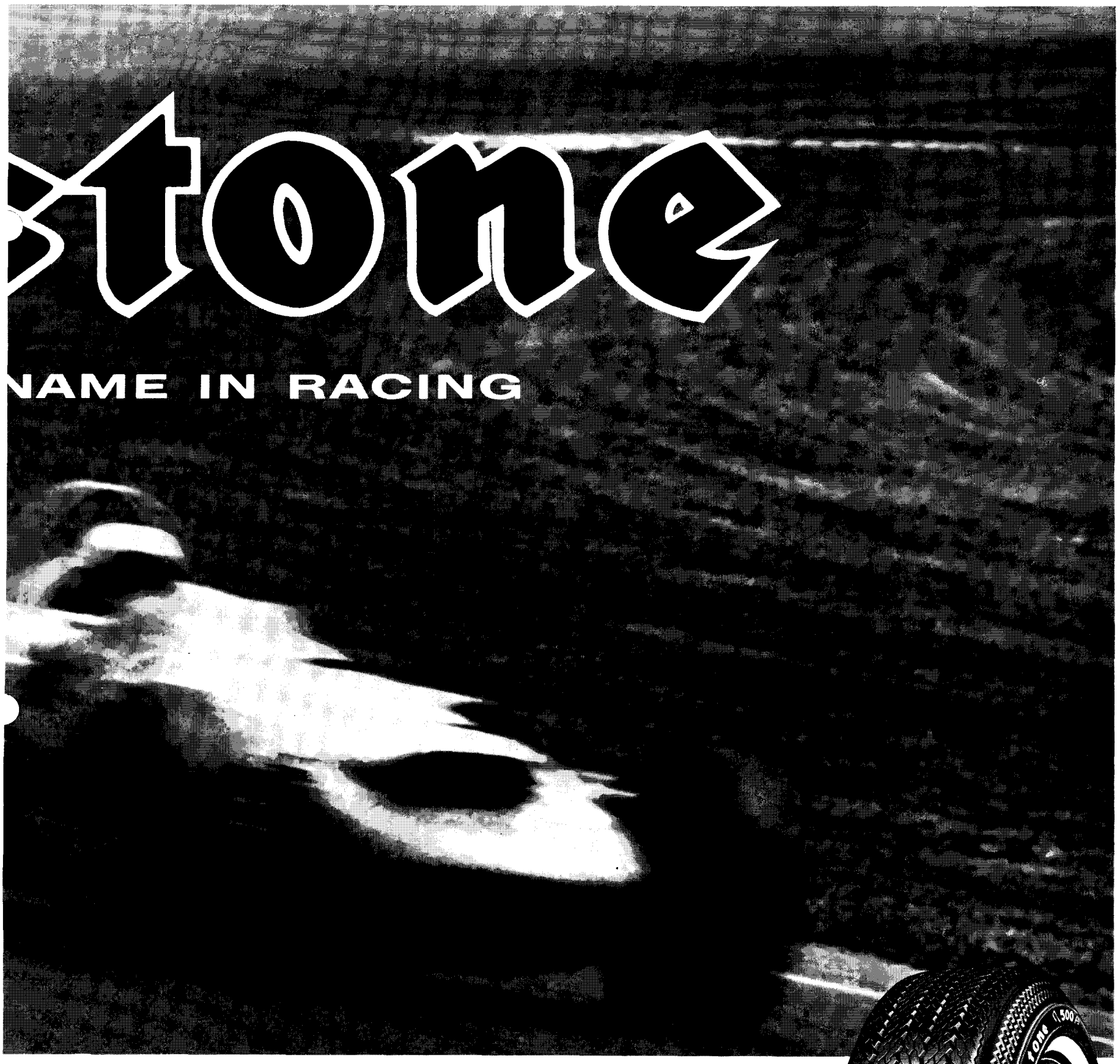

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MILWAUKEE 200	Firestone 15—Others 2
PHOENIX 100-MILE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP	Firestone 14—Others 1
RIVERSIDE	Firestone 2—Others 1
AUGUSTA 510	Firestone 1—Others 0
REBEL 300	Firestone 5—Others 2
ATLANTA 500	Firestone 4—Others 1
DIXIE 400	Firestone 4—Others 1
CHARLOTTE MOTOR SPEEDWAY	Firestone 5—Others 4
YANKEE 300	Firestone 2—Others 0

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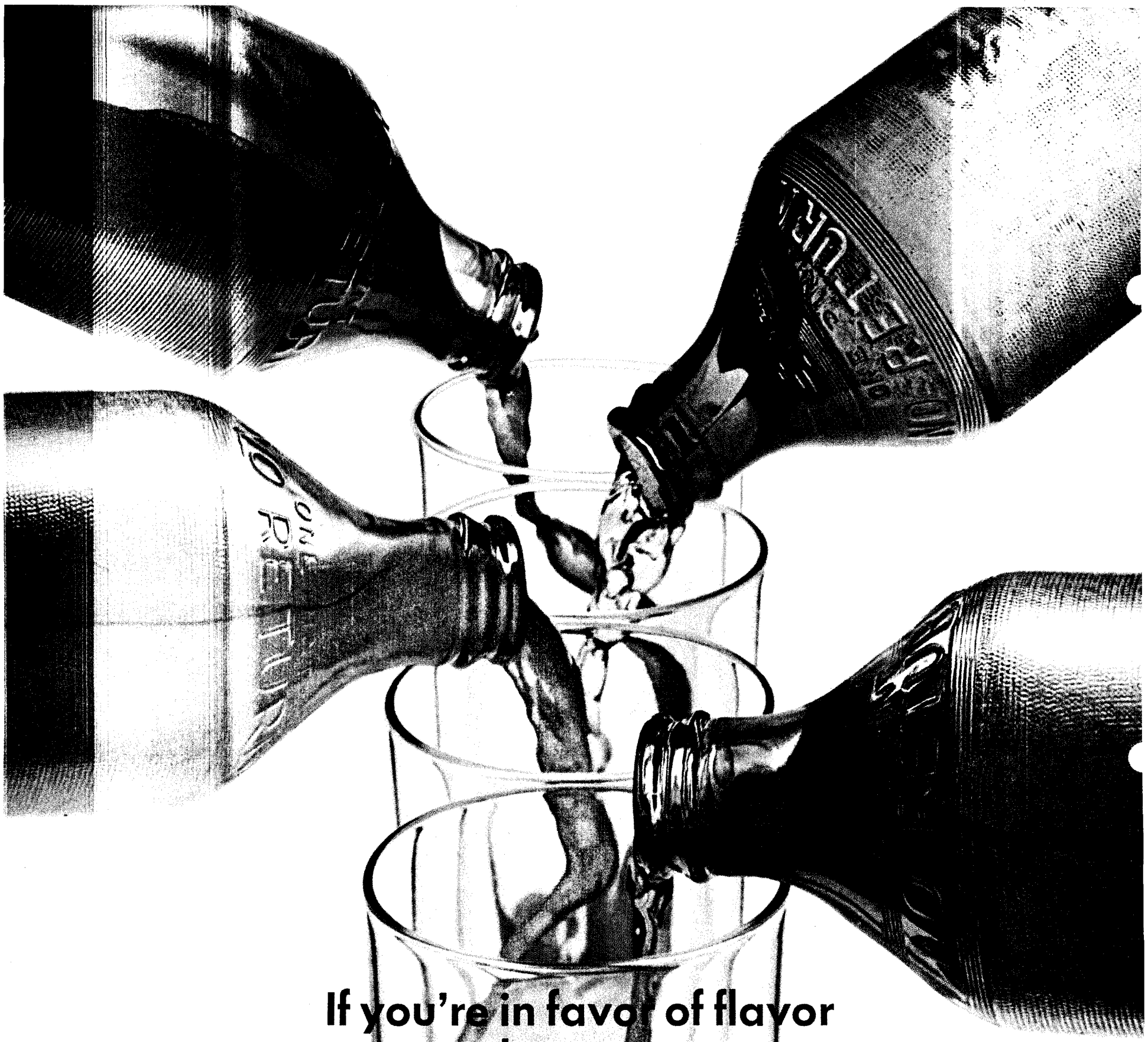

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By STEWART ALSOP

As G.O.P. delegates gather in San Francisco, Barry Goldwater seems unbeatable, but Bill Scranton thinks he sees a way it might be done.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

Crisis at the Cow Palace

Senator Goldwater stopped to chat with Governor and Mrs. Scranton at last month's Governors' Conference. Scranton had not then announced his candidacy.

Two thousand six hundred and sixteen people—businessmen, small-town lawyers, housewives, a smattering of officeholders and professional politicians—will soon make certain decisions which will profoundly affect the whole political power structure in this country. These people, the delegates and alternates to the Republican convention in San Francisco, will decide whether the revolt on the right, of which Arizona's Sen. Barry Goldwater is the leader, will capture the Republican Party this year. Goldwater has said that the Party will "commit suicide" if it fails to nominate him, and his opponents are afraid that the Party will be destroyed if it does nominate him—and both may be right.

Most important of all in this year of racial crisis, those 2,616 people will decide whether, for the first time since the Reconstruction era, the racial issue will become the dominant issue in a presidential election.

But the first question they will decide is, of course, whether Goldwater or Gov. William Scranton of Pennsylvania is to be the Republican candidate for President. One way to examine this question in advance is to consider two versions of what may happen at the convention—the Goldwater scenario and the Scranton scenario—to see how realistic they sound. The Goldwater scenario is so simple, straightforward and believable that it hardly deserves to be called a scenario. It represents how Goldwater and his managers believe he is going to be nominated:

The convention meets on Monday, July 13. On the 14th, the party platform is adopted, perhaps with some fuss and feathers about civil rights or other issues, but with no major bloodletting. On the evening of Wednesday, July 15,

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Scranton and General Eisenhower greet each other warmly at the governors' meeting. The day before, Ike had apparently refused to back Scranton.

Eisenhower could still play a vital role as G.O.P. king-maker.

Cow Palace Crisis

in prime television time, Sen. Barry Goldwater is easily nominated on the first ballot, as the convention goes wild.

The nomination is made unanimous, the senator makes a stirring but conciliatory speech, and old wounds are healed by the selection of a moderate Easterner (the permanently available Richard Nixon, perhaps?) for Vice President. All concerned then depart to do battle against the forces of evil and Lyndon Johnson.

How realistic does this scenario sound? Highly realistic, is the obvious answer, for the simple reason that so very large a number of delegates are either publicly committed to Barry Goldwater or strongly inclined toward him. Yet a tiny lingering doubt remains.

For there are a couple of points to note about the Goldwater scenario. First, the Goldwater scenarists are clearly eager to avoid, at almost any cost, a bloody fight about the platform. "Sure, of course they're going to try to trip us up on the platform," says one Goldwater strategist. "Don't think Barry doesn't know it. To avoid a platform fight, I think Barry would accept a plank calling for the nationalization of steel—and I'm only three-quarters joking."

The other point to note is that, in the Goldwater version of events, the senator from Arizona is nominated on the very first ballot. "We're going right over the top at the start," says another Goldwater man. "Sure, I know a contested convention would be more exciting and that would help Barry in November. We've got plenty of reserve strength too. But these things have a way of coming unstuck, and we're not going to fool around." A point for the knowledgeable television viewer to bear in mind is that, if Goldwater fails to win the nomination on the first ballot on the evening of July 15, that just might be a signal that things were "coming unstuck."

The Scranton scenario is much more dramatic than Goldwater's, but it is also much more fuzzy and complex. It represents how Scranton and his managers *hope* that Scranton might be nominated:

As the Republicans gather in San Francisco, the professionals among them—especially the officeholders up for election this year—have a queasy feeling in their stomachs. Scranton has been pounding away at his argument that every Republican officeholder from dogcatcher up, including at least thirty congressmen and seven senators, will be endangered by a Goldwater nomination. Meanwhile, there are signs that Scranton, previously a faceless man to most citizens, has been catching on with the voters.

The platform committee, meeting a week before the convention, is soon locked in dubious battle, as a tremendous row develops over the civil-rights issue. The issue reaches the floor on Tuesday, July 14, the day before the balloting is scheduled to begin. The roll is called, and the Goldwater forces are roundly defeated, as the convention votes to take Republican credit (quite deservedly) for the passage of the bill which Goldwater denounced as a "police-state" bill. Thus Goldwater is, in effect, roundly rebuked for his stand on civil rights.

This public rebuke sends a chill through the massed Goldwater ranks. Everyone remembers how Sen. Robert Taft was rebuked at the 1952 convention, when the convention voted not to seat the Taft delegations from Texas, Louisiana and Georgia, and Taft was thus beaten before the first ballot. But even such defeat for Goldwater, the Scranton scenarists concede, will probably not be enough to reverse the Goldwater tide. Something else is needed, some situation-transforming event, perhaps some high drama before the television cameras, perhaps some crucial deal behind closed doors. Here the Scranton scenario becomes very dim and fuzzy. But an attempt to pre-write history can be amusing, and even instructive:

As the General's still-trim figure strode to the platform, there was loud applause, and the applause grew louder at the sight of the old familiar gesture—both arms extended, waving, palms out. As the General began to speak, there was an uneasy hush among the Goldwater forces. "As you all know," the General said, "I have never wished to dictate our party's choice of

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standard bearer. But now I have concluded that the time has come to speak out, with no ifs, ands, or buts. I like, admire, and respect Bill Scranton, and . . ." *The General's words were drowned out in a sudden, full-throated roar from the convention floor.*

Unlikely, the Scranton scenarists concede, but not impossible. General Eisenhower himself recently made an interesting, open-ended remark. "I'm going to stick to my position," he said, "right down to the wire, unless . . ." Then he stopped. But it is possible to make a shrewd guess at how the sentence might be completed: ". . . unless a situation arises in which my moving in will nail down the nomination for Bill Scranton."

As a result of his feeble attempts to prevent Goldwater's nomination without annoying Goldwater or his friend George Humphrey, the former President's personal prestige has never been lower. General Eisenhower, according to those who have seen him, is aware that this is so, and he does not like it one bit. Everyone knows he much prefers Scranton to the man who called his Administration a "dime-store New Deal." And if Eisenhower were to intervene at a crucial moment to nominate Scranton, he would suddenly seem, not an indecisive has-been, but a king-maker—and still a king.

But the crucial moment has to arrive first—General Eisenhower is not by nature a battler for lost causes. So another scene may be required to see the Scranton scenario to a triumphant conclusion, perhaps something like this:

The word spread fast. Somewhere—no one knew quite where—there had been a big break for Scranton. Reporters and cameramen crowded the hallway outside Sen. Everett Dirksen's suite, where the summit meeting was going on. Suddenly the door opened a crack and Ray Bliss, Ohio's state chairman, who controlled the convention's biggest bloc of uncommitted delegates, slithered out, his round, pink face imperturbable as ever. The reporters besieged him. "Looks like it's locked up for Bill," he muttered, and hurried away. That was all he said. But it was enough. . . .

As these flights of fancy suggest, it requires a major effort of the imagination to see the Scranton scenario to a believable happy ending. For the simple fact is that Scranton and his friends are going to have to find some as yet mysterious way to change the minds of a lot of delegates who firmly intend to vote for Goldwater. Yet there are certain reasons why the Scranton scenario sketched above cannot—as of this writing, at least—be consigned to the ashcan.

One reason is that quite a lot of delegates are not sheep, but human beings, and the minds of most human beings are subject to change. To be sure, there are some Goldwater delegates who can't change their minds even if they want to—those legally committed to vote for him until he releases them. And there are some Goldwater delegates whose minds are so made up that they could not be changed by documentary proof that Goldwater was "a conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy" (as Goldwater's admirer, Birch Society chief Robert Welch, wrote of General Eisenhower). Some weeks ago, Goldwater himself remarked that he had 475 delegates who "can't be bought off for cash or chalk." That estimate is probably on the low side—the number of legally committed and/or closed-minded Goldwater delegates is probably over 500.

But to win, Goldwater needs 655 votes. And there are perhaps a couple of hundred delegates listed as "publicly committed" or "strongly inclined" to Goldwater, whose minds are, at least theoretically, subject to change. As of this writing, Scranton himself figures that, given Goldwater's reserve strength, his job is to change the minds of about a hundred Goldwater-leaners. That is no easy job. But Scranton has one thing going for him—it is much nicer to be a delegate who is *not* listed as "sure." In a "sure" delegate's room, the telephone is glumly silent. There are no free bottles of booze and few invitations to wingdings. The delegate who lets it be known that he just *might* change his mind is wooed more assiduously than any *femme fatale*, and this is a heady experience for the middle-aged lawyer, small businessman or housewife. As Goldwater himself has pithily remarked, no delegate is absolutely sure "unless you have a signature in blood."

Times have changed, moreover, since the days when most delegates were party hacks who could exercise independent judgment only if they were so constructed that they felt no need to eat. Nowadays the typical Republican delegate is a part-time politician, an amateur with an income independent of politics. An independent income makes for an independent mind.

And there are—or so the Scranton scenarists maintain—two excellent reasons why a good many Goldwater delegates may yet be persuaded to think again. One is the fact, demonstrated by the primaries despite Goldwater's thin win in California, that a rather large majority of the nation's Republicans would rather *not* have Goldwater as their presidential candidate. Another is the fact, as shown in the polls and supported by much other evidence, that a very large majority of the nation's voters would rather not have Goldwater as their President.

This is especially true in the Eastern industrial states, of course. In recent weeks, private polls in both New Jersey and Connecticut have shown President Johnson beating Goldwater by fantastic margins of five or more to one. A mere three-to-two margin for the top of the ticket is a landslide, which mows down opposition candidates. It is no wonder that Republican candidates at all levels in the big industrial states are beginning to have sweaty palms.

The fact is that Barry Goldwater is a wildly improbable presidential candidate in all sorts of ways—a half-Jewish junior senator from a small atypical state with only four electoral votes; very badly beaten in the first two seriously contested primaries he entered; a man who has voted and spoken in such a way as to

Goldwater visits head table to see Ike and perhaps to make a political point.

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Pretty Scranton rooter welcomed the Governor on campaign trip to St. Louis.

If Goldwater is nominated, race will be a major campaign issue for the first time since Reconstruction.

Cow Palace Crisis

alienate virtually all major voting blocs, as well as such considerable regions as the Tennessee Valley and the entire East Coast. No man with so many seemingly fatal political drawbacks has ever been nominated for President by a major party.

Yet it must also be said that Barry Goldwater has demonstrated three very useful political assets—guts, luck and a following. Except for Nelson Rockefeller, *all* Goldwater's rivals and critics looked by June like a gaggle of gutless wonders—until William Scranton, very belatedly by his own admission, at last took up the challenge.

As for luck, the American system of picking presidential candidates is so downright wacky that any successful candidate needs luck—and Goldwater has had a lot of it. He was lucky that his only serious, announced, opponent until June 12 was Nelson Rockefeller, who has been politically a bird with a broken wing ever since his remarriage. He was lucky that everybody seemed to be looking the other way while his managers were quietly at work signing up hundreds of delegates. He was lucky that California was the last primary, for, having won the last battle, he seemed to have won the war.

Goldwater was lucky that Rockefeller's son chose to come into the world a few hours before the California vote, thus reminding the voters of his daddy's unconventional marital status. He was lucky that Lodge did not enter the California primary, as he might have done. He was lucky that Eisenhower is a man who so hates to be hated. He was especially lucky that Eisenhower pulled the rug out from under Scranton in Cleveland just before Scranton was to go on national television. With no time to think, Scranton waffled hopelessly before a national television audience. Although he has since recovered brilliantly, his moment of public waffling will be no help to Scranton in the Cow Palace, as he is well aware.

But aside from guts and luck, Goldwater has something else as well which no rival has had—a hard core of passionate, do-or-die supporters. Goldwater is, in fact, the leader of a genuine political revolt on the right, and many of his followers have the true revolutionary's fervor.

The Goldwater revolt is in part geographical, in part economic, in part ideological. It is a revolt by the South, the Southwest, and the West against the East in general, and against Eastern domination of the Republican Party in particular. The anti-Eastern tone of the Goldwater revolt is not fully recognized in the East itself, but it is a constant refrain. Goldwater talks about "this mysterious Eastern clique," and former Sen. William Knowland, his California campaign manager, warned the California voters against being "hornswoggled and bamboozled by Eastern slickers."

In its economic aspects, the Goldwater revolt is a revolt of new money against old money, of the H. L. Hunt kind of money against the Chase Manhattan Bank kind of money, of the big money of the new boom areas against the big money of the old industrial states. In its ideological aspects, the Goldwater revolt is, essentially, a revolt against the Federal Government. This may seem surprising, since the big new money in the boom areas (Arizona is an excellent example) has been made very largely thanks to federal spending. But to the true Goldwaterite, the Government is The Enemy, to be emasculated and rendered powerless at all costs.

Goldwater does not look or act like the leader of a revolt, and this may be the secret of the Goldwater phenomenon. He is a rather diffident man, visibly distressed by the fake-genial hurly-burly of campaigning, and his humor is as self-deprecating as Adlai Stevenson's. Nor is he eaten by ambition. The thought that he might actually get to be President, he once remarked to this reporter, "scares the hell out of me." Those who know him well suspect that he was secretly rather appalled by his California victory, which seemed to assure his nomination.

Goldwater is no great shakes as an orator, especially now that his managers have ruled that he must read all his speeches, to avoid extemporaneous disasters. Even when he "shoots from the hip"—when he remarks, for example, that the "jackassian" decisions of the Supreme Court are "not necessarily the law of the land," or that in Vietnam "defoliation of the forests by low-yield atomic weapons could well be done"—his tone is one of sweet reason, as though any reasonable man could be expected to adhere to such sensible views. The sweet reason of his manner may explain in part why all the disparate forces of the extreme right, from racists to Birchites, have coalesced around Goldwater, like bees swarming around a queen. If Goldwater sounded like a demagogue, he would be a mere fringe politician. But because the whole style of the man belies extremism, he has proved to be an ideal leader of extremists.

At any rate, there is no doubt about the passionate spirit of many of his followers. And this raises the question: If Goldwater is beaten for the nomination, is the nomination worth having?

"If Scranton gets it," says one Goldwaterite grimly, "there'll be blood three feet deep on the Cow Palace floor, and the nomination won't be worth the powder to blow it to hell."

Before the California primary, Scranton, Nixon, and Romney were all clearly proceeding on the assumption that the nomination would be worth having only if Goldwater and his followers were not really infuriated. Now, if Scranton is nominated, the fury of the Goldwaterites will make the anger of the disappointed Taftites in 1952 seem mere passing pique. No doubt some Goldwater people will do everything they can to ensure that Scranton is defeated as badly as possible in the election. For, second only to the election of Goldwater himself, the nomination and subsequent humiliating defeat of Scranton would be the surest way of handing control of the party over to the Goldwater wing.

But as always in any political equation, there are pluses as well as minuses in this one. Most of the Goldwaterites are Republicans first and Goldwaterites second, and they will vote their ticket in November. The rest are the true extremists—the "kooks," as Goldwater himself calls them. Scranton could turn out to be better off without the right-wing kooks, just as Harry Truman was better off without the left-wing kooks of the pro-Communist Progressive Party in 1948.

There is no doubt on one point. Although he has not said so publicly, President Johnson would certainly much rather run against Goldwater than against Scranton. John Bailey, Democratic chairman, has said that he can hardly bring himself to believe that the Democrats will be so lucky as to have Goldwater to run against. And Scranton is peculiarly suited in some ways to take on the redoubtable President.

Despite his gentlemanly appearance and his pixielike eyebrows, Scranton has proved himself in the past a very rough and tough campaigner, with a special genius for getting under the skin of his opponent. He was elected governor of Pennsylvania in 1962 when he so infuriated his able opponent, Richardson Dilworth, that Dilworth appeared on television almost incoherent with rage.

As has been pointed out before, the only man who seems capable of defeating Lyndon B. Johnson next November is Lyndon B. Johnson. Johnson has a thin skin to get under, and Scranton just might succeed in getting under it. In any case, Scranton would wage what he calls "a personal campaign," keyed to the theme of "the wheeler-dealer in the White House," for he is convinced that no Republican can be elected as long as the President is regarded as an uncrowned monarch rather than a mere mortal—and a wily politician. Obviously Lyndon Johnson, mere mortal though he is, will not be easy to beat, whether there is blood on the floor of the Cow Palace or not. But, if he gets the nomination, Scranton is determined to "give it a real try."

If he fails to get the nomination, and Barry Goldwater is snowed under in November, Scranton will automatically become the most likely choice for the 1968 election, when a Republican ought to have a better chance to win. In this sense, young Bill Scranton is in the happy position of a man who can't lose.

Will Barry Goldwater, if he wins in July, be snowed under in November? Since 1948 no sensible political writer has made any flat predictions about what the electorate will do, for the voters take a peevish pleasure in proving all pundits and prophets wrong. But this much can be safely said: Unlike William Scranton, Barry Goldwater has been on public display for a long time now. By huge majorities, according to the polls, the voters are not buying. The polls have been wrong before, but not by anything like the fantastic 75–20 margins recent polls have shown. To close so vast a gap, Goldwater will certainly have to exploit some X factor, some new political element.

The X factor is obvious—race. Never since the Reconstruction era has race been a major, overt, national issue between the two great parties. It will be this year, if Goldwater is nominated. Goldwater's vote against the civil-rights bill, which Congress has declared to be the law of the land, made that inevitable.

There is no reason to question the sincerity of Goldwater's opposition to the civil-rights bill. But Goldwater is a shrewd politician, and there is no reason either to question that he and his advisers very carefully weighed the political consequences of his vote. They must have been very confident that they had the nomination locked up. For in his speech defending his vote, Goldwater said in effect that the great majority of his Republican colleagues in both houses were voting to create a "police state." And Goldwater's vote against civil rights provided Scranton

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with just the platform issue he desperately needed.

Goldwater and his advisers must therefore have been thinking more about November than about July. And it is at least conceivable that the "race issue" could go a long way, in the months to come, toward closing the pollsters' gap between Johnson and Goldwater. Goldwater himself has said that "no Republican is even going to get out of bed without the South." Goldwater's civil-rights vote should give him at least a chance to win the South, despite the Southern origins of the President—especially if the President is compelled before November to send federal troops to a Southern state to keep order, to integrate schools, or to enforce the civil-rights law.

But it is not only in the South that the X factor of race could turn out to be a gap-closer for Goldwater. Last fall public-opinion expert Oliver Quayle and this reporter interviewed in depth some 500 white Northerners on the race issue, for an article in the *Post*. We discovered what has since been fully confirmed—for example by the big vote for Alabama's Gov. George Wallace in Wisconsin, Indiana and Maryland—that for a politician willing to exploit it, there is a political gold mine in the racial issue, in the North as well as the South.

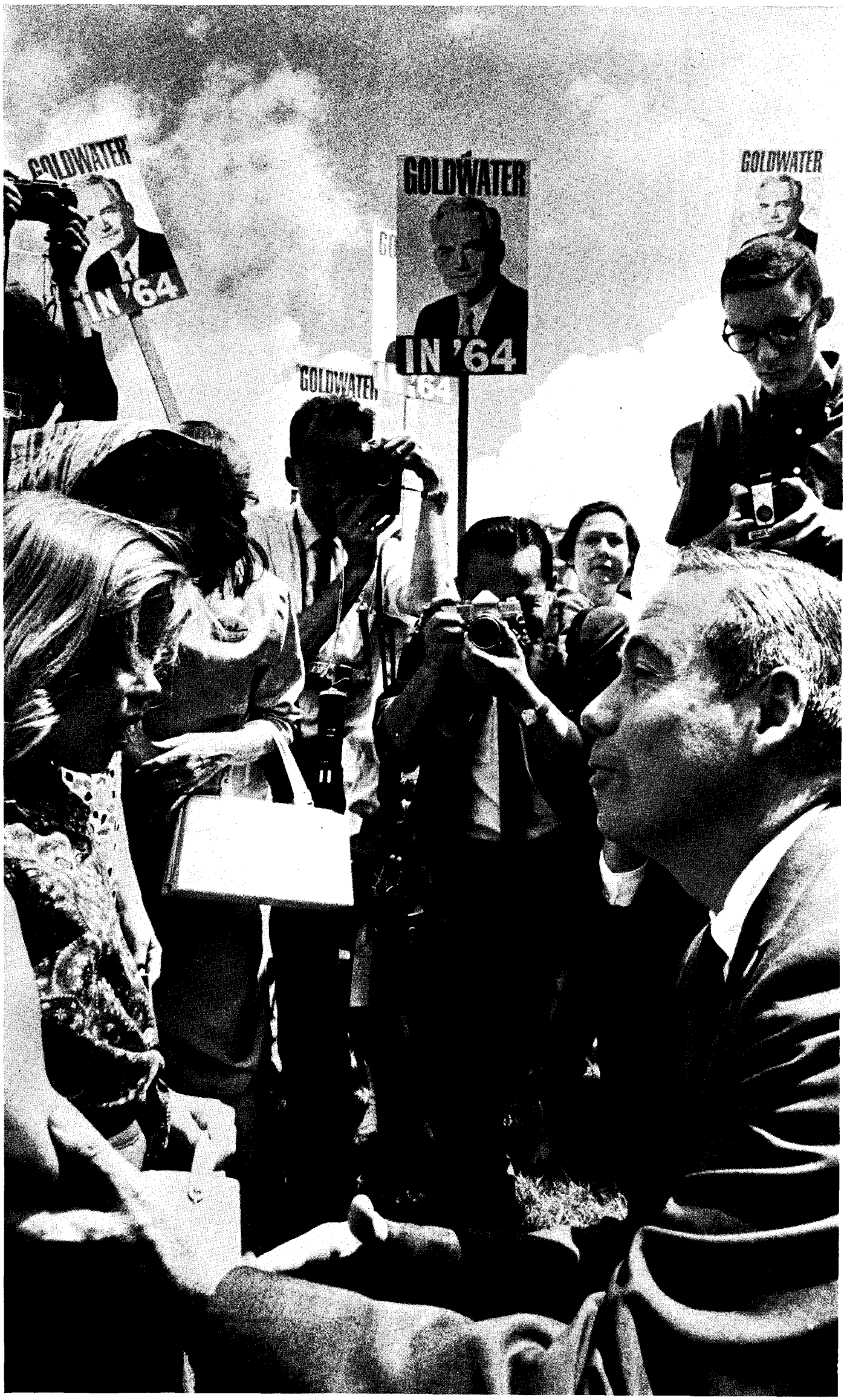
"It is easy to imagine," we concluded, "the kind of political oratory, perhaps sweetly reasonable in seeming, which would ignite all the fears and prejudices (of the white North). . . . Under these circumstances is it possible that . . . the racial issue might be used to encompass the defeat of an extremely popular President?"

The question is still pertinent, even though the "extremely popular President" is no longer a Massachusetts Catholic but a Texan. It is pertinent especially because Goldwater's chances of beating Johnson seem so slim. The pressures on a presidential candidate who seems to be losing are heavy, and indeed rather terrible. Suppose that, by next October, Goldwater is "running like a dry creek," to recall a phrase from the 1952 election. Suppose racial tensions are great, as they surely will be, after "a long hot summer" and the beginning of the school year.

In that case, will not the temptation to exploit the racial prejudices of white America, North as well as South, be almost impossible for the Goldwater forces to withstand? Goldwater himself is a patriot and no racist, and no doubt he can be relied upon to withstand them. But can his more rabid supporters?

In short, the real danger in this election year is not that the two-party system will be destroyed—for more than a hundred years, both our great parties have survived the most divisive internal battles and the most disastrous defeats. The real danger is that the racial issue will be exploited in such a way that the racial crisis, which is today like a controlled cancer, will get wholly out of hand.

A good many people are assuming these days that the Republican convention will be nothing more than a meaningless sideshow—that those 2,616 people will gather in sunny San Francisco for the inevitable nomination of Barry Goldwater, who will then inevitably be defeated in November. But the Republican convention could turn out to be a lot more than a sideshow. It could turn out, for good or ill, to be a great turning point in American history. THE END



In Topeka, Kans., one mother thrust her little girl forward to meet Scranton, while Goldwater placards waved in the background.

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By MARVIN KITMAN

I'M IN THE FIGHT TO THE LAST BALLOT

The only Lincoln Republican in the race sees the field coming back to him. The crucial ballot is No. 25.

Kitman greets well-wishers dragooned from his staff.

Roughly fourscore and seven days ago—when I first hinted in this magazine that I might be available to make the race as the only real Lincoln Republican, if there should be an honest, earnest, unengineered draft—my chances of getting the Republican presidential nomination in 1964 seemed hopeless. But the situation has changed considerably since then. As you read this, I am traveling with all deliberate speed to San Francisco aboard the 19th-Century Limited, with every expectation that I will have a real fighting chance at the Republican convention.

The latest polls have cheered my supporters by indicating that I have no chance whatsoever. Since the polls were wrong almost every time in the primaries, there is every reason to feel confident. My staff has been working to pry an even stronger last-minute endorsement from President Eisenhower, following his now historic personal statement on the kind of man he fervently hopes will lead the party in the election. The party of Lincoln, he said unequivocally, should select, "a man who will uphold earnestly with dedication and conviction, the principles and traditions of our party." As the only real Lincoln Republican running, I would prefer Ike to endorse his candidate by name, but I know how much he dislikes indulging in personalities.

I do have a definite commitment from the most powerful Young Republican Club in the country. The New York club's support will give me practical leverage on the Cow Palace floor.

I think it's fair to say that the primaries had a lot to do with this improvement in my position. Even my worst political enemies concede that I now have as much chance of being nominated as Harold Stassen, Margaret Chase Smith, George Romney, Henry Cabot Lodge or Nelson Rockefeller. As the delegates to the convention stream into San Francisco, the big problem is to keep my camp from becoming overconfident.

I have come so far in the Republican Party by offering voters an echo, not a choice. Everybody was talking about the basic principles the party was built on, but no other candidate had the courage to stand on Lincoln's 1864 platform. I was reminding the party of its unfulfilled promise to abolish slavery and bring the South back into the Union. Only my brand of Republicanism could heal the party wounds sufficiently so it could hold itself together while losing to President Johnson in November.

I began in New Hampshire last spring. Despite inexperience (this was my first race for office) and youth (going on 35), I conducted an old-fashioned, hard-hitting campaign. I courageously refused to discuss the issues—the cause of so much discord in the party—running instead solely on the basis of personality. I shunned cheap appeals to voters' emotions by pointing out that I wasn't asking them to vote for me, but for Abe Lincoln.

A trend was evident in the first reporting district of Jaffrey, N.H., hometown of Fritz Wetherbee, the only Young Lincoln Republican delegate pledged to vote for Marvin Kitman. The Lincoln-Kitman-Wetherbee ticket received a surprising 40 votes in Jaffrey. A smaller vote had been predicted, because Wetherbee has a small family. Something big was happening in New Hampshire that snowy night.

Long into the following day the vote continued to snowball, seeming to peak at 638. "That doesn't include the soldier vote," I confidently told newspapermen who had gathered expecting to hear a concession speech at my national headquarters at 80 Fifth Avenue in New York City. "Like Eisenhower, whom I admire, I am a veteran and expect a lot of votes from the boys overseas who, unlike Mr. Lodge, want to come home."

I finally conceded two weeks later when the Secretary of State of New Hampshire officially reported no soldier vote for me or any other candidate. Absentee voting was not permitted.

Wetherbee had finished last in the field of 71 delegates, but my delegate's vote had run ahead of the write-in vote for Governor Scranton (72) and Governor Romney (86). And the Kitman ticket had almost beaten Harold Stassen. As the first person on my block in Leonia, N.J., ever to run for President, I had allotted only two days for the campaign and kept my expenses down to five dollars a day to win my 638 votes. Old pro Stassen had spent many months in the state and $44,000 for his 1,285 votes.

The unexpectedly large vote for me seemed to indicate the presence of either error or fraud, but I accepted the results as graciously as the other candidates. They had been saying nobody could win in New Hampshire because so many candidates had chosen to run. I felt, as did Governor Rockefeller, Senator Goldwater and Mr. Nixon (a random sample of the candidates), that although I had not won, on the other hand, I had not lost.

The veterans of the New Hampshire campaign—known collectively as the Abraham Lincoln Brigade of the Republican Party—threw a traditional $1-a-plate political fund-raising dinner for me several weeks later at the Waldorf, a cafeteria across the street from the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City. In a brief address after dinner, I explained to my workers what had been learned from Lodge's victory: "If I hadn't gone to New Hampshire, as pledged, I would have beaten Stassen. The Republican voters have proven they don't want to see or hear the candidates. I goofed. The tragedy is that it wasn't even my idea to promise 'I will go to New Hampshire, as soon as ski conditions improve.' It was a catchy Madison Avenue phrase coined by my ghost-writer."

After announcing that I had fired my ghost-writer, I announced a new strategy.

"Ambassador Lodge was right in letting George do it. I have instructed my six-year-old son, Jamie Lincoln Kitman, to let the press and the Republican National Committee know that I will henceforth be unavailable to speak out anymore on the issues. He is authorized to deny that I am now, or ever have been, a candidate for the nomination."

The next day I went to Washington as a noncandidate and applied for a job in the Foreign Service. "What line of work are you in now?" asked an interviewer in the Department of State's employment-information office, located in the lobby of the State Department building.

"Politics," I explained. "As a matter of fact, I've been busy not running for President this year. I'd like a job as ambassador to Cambodia, but it will have to be a part-time job, because I expect to be called back this summer to come to the aid of my Republican Party."

The interviewer angrily replied that they didn't have that kind of job in the Foreign Service.

I then took my case directly to His Royal Highness Norodom Sihanouk, Cambodia's retired king and supreme leader. In a letter, I urged him to request through channels that my country send me to his country as ambassador. "I'm also fighting Henry Cabot Lodge," I said of my qualifications for the job. "P.S. If you have any extra white elephants you'd like to sell, my supporters can use one for the spontaneous demonstrations we're organizing outside our Cow Palace."

I didn't hear from Pnompenh in time for the Illinois primary, so I made a nonpolitical trip to Chicago to appear on the influential Irv Kupcinet TV show the weekend before primary day. The results of the primary added up to a stunning moral victory. "A check of the abstracts forwarded to this office by county clerks," wrote the Secretary of State of Illinois, "indicates that Mr. Marvin Kitman received two write-in votes for President on the Republican Party ballot."

I didn't even wait to hear if the downstate vote had been counted. Nothing like this had ever happened before in American politics. A politician had gone to the people, and all but two of them had believed him when he said he wasn't a candidate for a higher office.

My advisers recommended I alter my strategy a little in the Oregon primary. I could encourage a bigger write-in vote, while underlining my strong civil-rights stand, by changing my name to Marvin X. They showed me charts proving that a name like "X" had great ballot appeal.

The primaries had been physically exhausting, however, and I didn't go to Oregon. But I soon sensed that the time had come to convert the ground swell for me into something more tangible. I began playing practical politics.

After Oregon I knew Rocky was the man to beat. Ten of the 40 Young Lincoln Republican Clubs, which sprang up spontaneously across the country after I announced I might be available for the

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Feet on cowcatcher, eyes on Cow Palace, the publicity-wise candidate uses a vintage locomotive at New York World's Fair to dramatize trip west on "19th-Century Limited."

nomination, were in California. I jumped into the California primary, instructing my small but vocal minority of extremists to throw their weight to Goldwater to help stop Rocky. That was the extra margin pollsters hadn't counted on.

I didn't approve of Goldwater because of his moderate views. A victory for him, however, was a victory for me. As I have said all along, there is a conservative tide rising in the Republican Party, and it would sweep to victory the most reactionary candidate. I was the only really backward-looking candidate, a man whose ideas proved he was in the mainstream of 19th-century Republican thinking.

When Goldwater refused to clarify his views for the governors at their conference in Cleveland, I began drafting position papers on my reactionary views on major issues, in case they wanted to examine my conscience as a conservative. Some excerpts:

On the nation's military might: War is essentially a problem for state and local authorities. But I favor telling Mr. McNamara how to run his Defense Department. My first order to McNamara will be to get the Army of the Potomac out of the Pentagon and into the field. And while he's up, he should get me a Grant.

On fiscal integrity: I favor a return to the gold standard and the economic principles set forth by our forefathers, such as Salmon P. Chase and Jay Gould.

On states' rights: I would bar the Justice Department from meddling in the affairs of the individual states, and turn these matters over to the proper federal agency, the CIA—which would be authorized to overthrow local governments without the permission of Congress.

On civil rights: I will make a proclamation at a more feasible time.

As the leader of the Eastern reactionary wing of the Republican Party, I knew that I was writing off some votes with my program. But I did get a call from the chairman of the board of governors of the New York Young Republican Club. None of the other contenders had come to ask for the board's endorsement, and he hoped to start a rush by inviting me. I had never spoken to professional politicians, and I was terrified what the boys in the back room would think. But I knew the first rule of politics is to run scared.

To insure attendance at the meeting, the chairman listed my appearance on the agenda in general terms: "Speech by a Presidential Candidate. Appeal for Endorsement." As I was led down the aisle, I studied the faces of the 17 cigar-smoking young pros, all between the ages of 30 and 40. The silence was deafening.

"There is a mistake on the agenda," I said, to open my speech. "I have not come here to ask for your endorsement on the first ballot. I realize most of you are already committed. But we all know that there is going to be a wide-open convention in San Francisco. I want to be the first candidate to appeal for your endorsement on the twenty-fifth ballot."

For the first time I revealed how I expected to win. I knew that first-ballot support was fickle; delegates desert the front-runner to jump on somebody else's bandwagon. By holding back my delegates, I could pick up Goldwater's second-ballot strength, Scranton's third-ballot strength, Lodge's 14th-ballot strength and Nixon's 22nd-ballot strength. By the 25th ballot there wouldn't be any candidates left. The convention would have to turn to me.

"I know you're not going to vote for me just because I don't have a chance," I continued. "The real danger facing the party is that in a deadlock the delegates might turn in desperation to Harold Stassen. I can stop Stassen."

With charts, I demonstrated how I could beat Stassen.

A Young Republican, who I later learned was a staff assistant at Rocky's headquarters, suddenly stood up and shouted, "He's against slavery. Rocky's against slavery. Let's endorse him."

"Vote. Vote," the other governors cried. A stampede was on. By a vote of 16 to 1, the Board adopted a resolution:

RESOLVED that the Board of Governors of the New York Young Republican Club hereby supports the candidacy of Marvin Kitman for the Presidency of the United States in the event that the Republican convention becomes deadlocked and a twenty-fifth ballot is reached.

My bandwagon was officially rolling, and there is still no sign of a slowdown as I whistle-stop my way west, picking up support at every grass root—although a few tactical problems remain before my name is actually placed in nomination. There is the question of a running mate, for one thing. I had already formed the only "Draft Johnson for Vice President in 1964 Club" in Leonia, N.J., figuring that L.B.J. had proved he was qualified to handle the Vice Presidency since taking over as President. There is historical precedent for a Democrat named Johnson running on a Lincoln Republican ticket, and I would be proud to have Lyndon run with me, provided he could accept the platform of 1864. But I haven't been able to discuss it with him, since he doesn't like to indulge in politics while he is busy running the country.

Many delegates are secretly pledged to me, but I have not yet decided which one will make the nominating speech. Will the delegate who is planning to make the speech please contact me at Kitman-for-President Convention Headquarters—in Karl Kramer's little magazine store, 1738 Polk Street—for orders? Nondelegates may also report. There are still a few openings for Lincoln Republicans in the spontaneous demonstrations.

The sole obstacle to my accepting the nomination may be the platform. If this is really the party of Lincoln, the platform committee should send the platform of 1864 to the floor. I am sure the committee will welcome the chance to be reminded of these basic principles by my speech at the hearings beginning this week. If the committee once again rejects the basic principles our party is built on, I don't know yet what I will do. THE END

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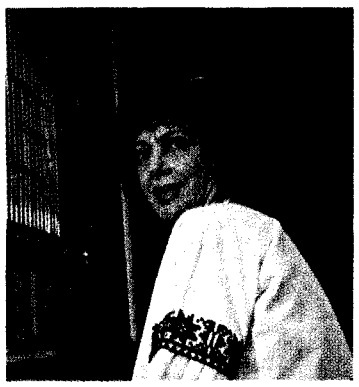
Reporters in swarms watched "Night of the Iguana" on location, but only the secretary's diary recorded:

THE DRAMA THE CAMERAS MISSED



From the vantage point of her $100-a-week job, diarist Thelda Victor (right) observed the capers of VIP's like Richard Burton and Ava Gardner (left) whose "Iguana" salaries were written in six figures.

By THELDA VICTOR with MURIEL DAVIDSON

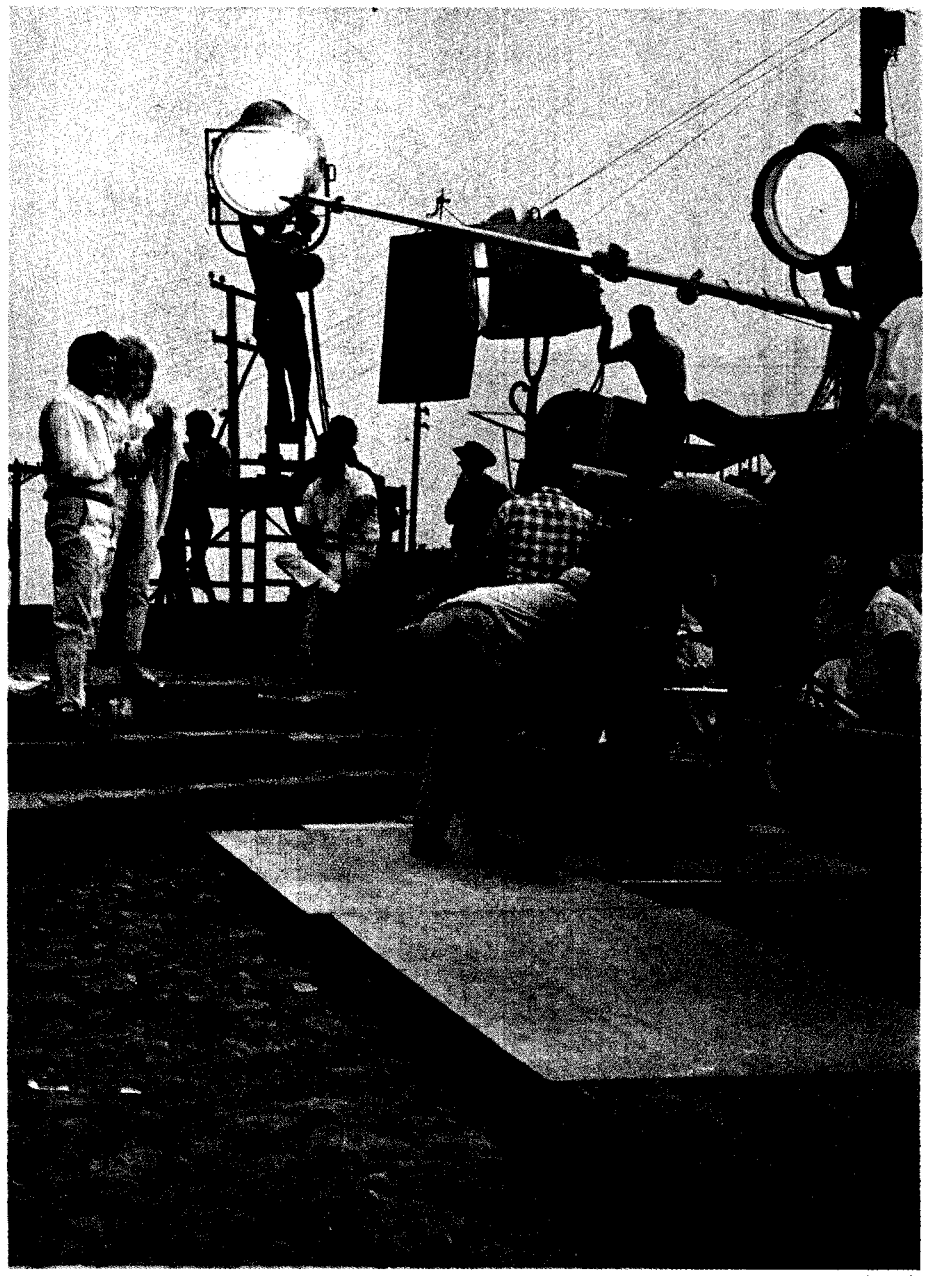
The most potentially explosive combination of people in motion-picture history was the company of 125 actors and technicians hat gathered in Mexico City last September to start filming Tennessee Williams's drama, *The Night of the Iguana*. For three months—first in the Mexican capital, then in the isolated west-coast city of Puerto Vallarta, finally on the neighboring, nearly uninhabited peninsula of Mismaloya—the moviemakers were thrown upon one another's nerves, while burning up a bankroll of $2.8 million.

One neutral party to the various wars-in-camp was Thelda Victor, a blue-eyed brunette who is a veteran executive secretary in the movie industry. Employed as an assistant on director John Huston's staff, Miss Victor also played a bit role in the film and—when nobody was looking—kept a running diary of the bizarre goings-on. Unlike press reporters who came and left, she was a privileged witness to the entire drama which took place when the cameras were aimed the other way. These are excerpts from Thelda Victor's *Iguana* journal:

CAST OF CHARACTERS

RICHARD BURTON: A Welshman of infinite variety. He plays the leading male role in the film.
ELIZABETH TAYLOR: A visiting actress.
JOHN HUSTON: The director of the film. Also Keeper of the Peace.
AVA GARDNER: One of the two female leads. She swears a lot.
DEBORAH KERR: The other female lead. She knits a lot.
SUE LYON: The female ingenue. She sulks a lot.
SKIP WARD: The male ingenue. He likes girls.
EMILIO FERNANDEZ: He is the Mexican "standby" director. He wears two guns.

Mexico City, September 21: Tomorrow is The Day. We peasants ave been sitting here for a week, making some tests on the bus we will use in the picture, but mostly waiting for the royal couple—Liz and Richard—to make their entrance. It ought to be impressive. Burton's salary for the picture is $500,000. Ava Gardner, who is making only $400,000, checked in today—but she came quietly. I think she looks perfect for her role of a beat-up expatriate hotelkeeper in a sordid Mexican town. She has huge dark bags under her eyes. She should have them removed. I also had a brief chat with John Huston's "standby" director, Emilio Fernandez. He's really one wild hombre. He wears two guns on a gun belt and a huge sombrero. He seems to have big eyes for Gardner already. He tells me he's grateful for this job because he has been blacklisted by Mexican moviemakers for the last seven years. Seems he shot and seriously wounded his last producer.



Burton asked Liz's permission before taking photos of Sue Lyon (on set with Burton here).

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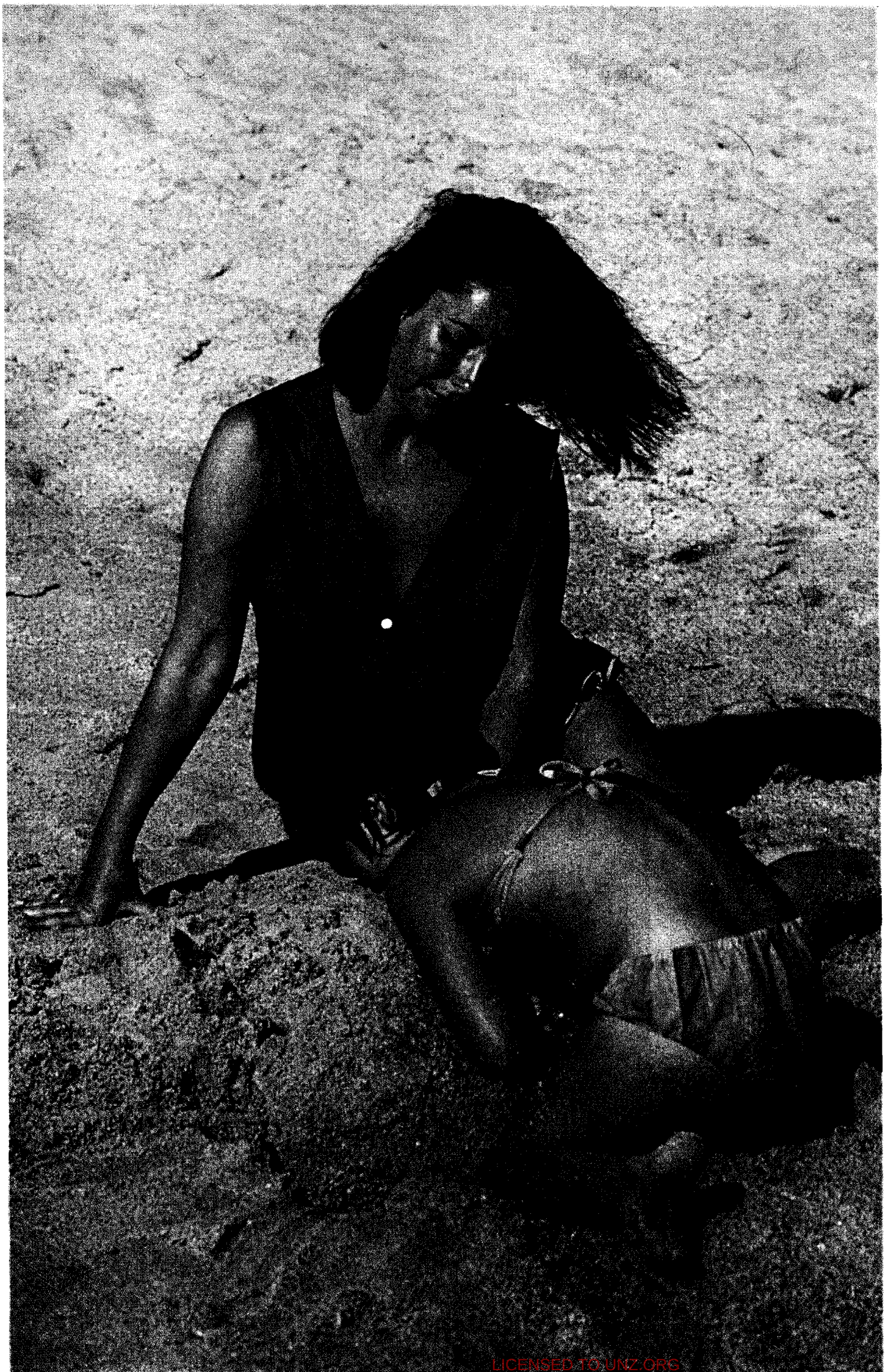
LIZ WORE FLOWERS OF HUMAN HAIR, BUT HER BIKINI



The Iguana Diary

I was told today that in addition to my duties as a secretary in director John Huston's office, I will be making my acting debut. I'll play one of 11 Texas schoolteachers touring Mexico on a bus Burton plays our tourmaster!

Mexico City, September 22: The Royalty and their entourage have arrived. *Not* quietly. I didn't witness the arrival personally, but everyone in the cast and crew knew what happened within an hour after it happened. Tennessee Williams couldn't have written the scene better. It seems that while they were still on the plane, they saw huge crowds waiting for them at the airport. Richard Burton wanted to leave the plane immediately and Elizabeth Taylor didn't. So they started yelling at each other. Then Emilio Fernandez charged onto the plane with his guns bumping his hips. He grabbed Elizabeth by the arm and shouted, "Follow me!" He scared her half to death, and she started screaming. Then Burton yelled, "Get this maniac off the plane before I kill him!" However, the newspaper quoted Elizabeth as having said, "I have always wanted to come back to Mexico. I like Mexico." They quoted Richard too. He wasn't so gracious. He said, "This is my first visit to Mexico. I trust it shall be my last."

Mexico City, September 23: Sue (Lolita) Lyon arrived today—quietly, since no one seemed too interested. She announced that all she wanted was money, added that she didn't know what she wanted to be in life, and then said that she was eagerly awaiting the arrival of Hampton Fancher III, her "boyfriend." He, incidentally, is married.

She's really luscious-looking. She has a lovely figure, is fairly tall and slim and her hair, which is silver blond, hangs perfectly straight and stops just short of her shoulders. She's sexy and provocative, but at 17, still has the dewy look.

I finished reading the script of *Iguana* today. It's the story of a demoralized American minister, the Reverend Lawrence Shannon (Burton), who takes a job as a bus-tour director leading a group of teachers through Mexico. The youngest member of the touring party (Sue Lyon) tries to seduce him, without success, but under circumstances which make him fear for his job. At last the young lady finds herself in the embrace of the tour-bus driver (Skip Ward). The minister detours the party to the ramshackle hotel owned and operated by a widow (Ava Gardner). There he meets a 96-year-old man (Cyril Delavanti) and his granddaughter (Deborah Kerr). After they get together, all hell breaks loose.

Tepozotlán, September 26: We're here in this tiny village, which has a magnificent 17th-century church, to shoot a big scene of Burton's. (Huston is one of the few directors who likes to shoot mostly in sequence—like doing a stage play.) Burton was magnificent in every way:

With Liz as she watchdogged Burton was Liza Todd, 6, daughter by third husband.

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EXPOSED BIG ROLLS OF FAT.

looks, acting, everything. This is where he screams at the people, while the rain pours down on his bare head—and it really did—"Go home . . . go home . . . close your hearts against the truth about God," and so on. Liz was with him constantly, wearing blue jeans, which she shouldn't wear with her behind, and a sweater, which she should. She nearly drove Burton's hairdresser crazy. Every time he fixed Burton's hair, Liz had to put the finishing touches on it. In a fit of pique, Burton finally grabbed a bottle of beer and poured it all over his head.

At one point Burton said to Taylor, "May I take some snapshots of Sue Lyon and the others?" She answered, "Of course. Why do you ask me?" And he said, "Because I'm afraid of you."

Mexico City, September 27: The sun isn't out today, so no location. Ava gave dress designer Dorothy Jeakins a bad time. Made her wait over an hour and a half while she sat in her hotel suite playing gin rummy with Sandy Whitelaw, who is assistant to Ray Stark, our producer. Then, when she watched her costume tests in the projection room, she began to cry. Somebody told me it was because she looked so awful. Someone else said it was because she thought she looked so beautiful. Anyway, even though she appears to be a heavy drinker, I must admit that she looks better than when she first arrived. I see her eyeing Burton a lot. But Liz is always there, ever watchful. Usually Elizabeth is wearing a fancy bikini outfit, and I noticed that she seems to have a wonderful time picking at her navel with a fingernail. (Sudden thought: I wonder why no one has ever commented on the two large white spots Liz has on the right side of her face and neck. They must be caused by some lack of pigmentation in that area, but they look very odd with her deep tan. Anyway, it is comforting to find a flaw in that face!)

Mexico City, September 29: At Ava's insistence, hair stylist Sydney Guillaroff arrived today from Hollywood. All he did was pull her hair back and leave a bunch of it sticking out in the back. Also, Hugh French, Burton's agent, arrived today with his assistant, Michael Wilding. Wilding, Liz's No. 2 husband, is setting up living quarters for her and Burton—and she's still married to Eddie Fisher, and Burton's still married to Sybil. What strange people!

Just heard that John Huston is changing Skip Ward's name to James Ward. More dignified for the film, I guess. Ward's a hulking young man from television, with dyed blond hair. He's going steady with John Payne's daughter, Julie, though he isn't divorced yet, and he .urns up with all the gals in town. Now Miss Payne is threatening to come to Puerto Vallarta.

Even more odd is Sue Lyon's 28-year-old companion, Eva Martin, a beautiful European whom the men all chase. Miss Martin, in an interview with British reporter Peter Evans, said that she had smoked opium for two months! Mr. Fancher III had better hurry here too.

Puerto Vallarta, October 1: At last, shooting is to start in earnest tomorrow. We got here today on two chartered planes. Closed in by the rain forest, Puerto Vallarta can't be reached by surface transportation. Driving from the airport to the hotel Playa de Oro, where we "teachers," Skip Ward and Sue Lyon are staying, we could see thatched-roof grass huts clinging to the steep slopes surrounding the town.

It's a perfect place for our headliners, because it's really secluded. There aren't even any telephones.

It has other nuisances though. There are nine billion varieties of bugs and mosquitoes. Scorpions and lizards scale the walls of my room.

Puerto Vallarta, October 2: Shot all day with the other teachers, Ward and Burton on the bus. It was terribly hot and our costumes didn't add to our comfort. We teachers are supposed to be a typical group of tourists from Blowing Rock, Tex., who have picked up souvenirs from all the different bazaars we have visited. We were all draped with woven palm fronds, heavy necklaces, peasant serapes, embroidered blouses and gaudy scarves. Mostly, though, we stood around for eight hours in the broiling sun—with bugs diving like Kamikaze pilots. Burton, wearing open leather sandals, got his insteps horribly sunburned.

Puerto Vallarta, October 3: Back shooting on the bus today. We quit early because the heat and the bugs were unbearable. Elizabeth and Richard came to our hotel from their rented house to have some drinks. Burton never shut his mouth all afternoon and evening long—what a raconteur! Well, I guess he did shut it once when he took an unexpected swim. Grayson Hall, who plays one of the schoolteachers, was drinking tequila—and decided to go swimming. She plunged into the ocean, got into some difficulty in the water, and we sent Skip Ward in to help her. But she wanted Burton to "rescue" her, so he stripped down to his shorts and went in after her. We finally got her to bed. (She is my roommate!)

When Burton got dressed, he came back to find Liz talking to her ex, Mike Wilding. He sat down with me and said, "I'm pretty fond of that Jewish girl." Then, as Liz came over to join us, Richard said, "Look at her. She walks and looks just like a French tart."

At five P.M. Liz said, "Richard, we promised Liza (her daughter by Mike Todd) we'd be home by three." He just looked at her and ordered what must have been his 22nd tequila. He announced loudly that the world is divided into two halves—those who drink and those who don't. He discussed the renowned method-acting teacher, Lee Strasberg, with Huston and producer Ray Stark, who had joined us. He thinks Strasberg is a good teacher but has a blind spot where his daughter Susan's talent is concerned. He also told us that at the famous Strasberg New Year's Eve parties, he always goes over to their house about three in the afternoon to hide some liquor because the Strasbergs' supply always seems to run out too soon to suit Burton.

At six P.M. Burton took off his pants and went swimming again in his shorts. Liz tried to shield him from all eyes, but didn't succeed. He just doesn't seem to care who's looking. Liz, though, quite obviously does not like anyone else seeing Richard in his underdrawers. When he finished his swim, he ordered more tequila and spun more stories.

He told about how the famous English actress, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, having spotted a handsome man, asked to have him brought to her, and told him he ought to be an actor. He answered, "Madame, I am Joseph Schildkraut." She said, "Oh, well, you can always change your name." Burton knowledgeably discussed baseball, prizefighting and soccer. The next day he couldn't remember how or whether he had even gotten home. Liz said, "Oh, we got you home all right." She sounded a little bitter.

Puerto Vallarta, October 4: Tennessee Williams arrived today with his friend, a German boy named Freddy. Budd Schulberg, who is working here on the stage version of his novel, *What Makes Sammy Run*? also showed up. Almost immediately Tennessee went in swimming. Elizabeth, Richard and I were sitting at the patio bar of my hotel watching him, and Elizabeth said, "Oh, look, Tennessee is in swimming wearing a bathing cap. I'm amazed he doesn't have one on his beard." Richard then said that Williams is still chafing about Burton's remark to him a few months ago that he cannot write rhetoric.

Sue Lyon is waiting for her beau, Hampton Fancher III, to arrive. Then maybe she won't go around looking so sullen. (I overheard Ava Gardner say to her the other morning, after Ava had greeted her cordially and Sue had barely replied, "I've been watching you, and I think that you're a very unfriendly girl.")

Puerto Vallarta, October 8: Tennessee Williams is rewriting the script every day. I spent two hours typing his changes in Huston's office this morning.

Later I joined the rest of the cast on the beach where Huston filmed Grayson Hall's hysterical scene when she sees Burton and Sue swimming in the ocean. It was a good scene, with Grayson shouting to be heard over the surf, "I command you to come back. . . . You get away from that man . . . your mother put you in my charge. . . ."

Elizabeth, as always, was there watching. Today she wore big black flowers on her head. They were made of human hair from Paris, beaded thongs made of turquoises on gold and a Mexican-made green-and-white shift over a bikini bathing suit. She has huge rolls of fat around her stomach.

I must say I was appalled when I realized we had only reached page 21 of our 140-page script.

Finished shooting early, and everybody congregated back at the hotel. Burton was drinking something called "ricia," which is stronger than anything else here. He was as usual in a very talkative mood. He said that Liz has a huge menagerie of animals wherever she goes and that, even here, she has a hare who sits in the bidet! He told about his childhood home in Wales—15 members of his family lived in four rooms, two up and two down—and one room was the kitchen.

After that, for a while, Burton read political articles in the Mexican newspapers—which he does with the aid of a Spanish-English dictionary. He says this is the easiest way to learn the language.

Then Burton told us the story of a play he had done with a repertory company

Watching her costume tests on the screen, Ava, for unknown reasons, began to cry.

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AVA KICKED THE FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER IN THE STOMACH.

The Iguana Diary

in England. It was Shakespeare's King John. Burton said he detested the director, who was constantly poking him with his pipe and telling him what he had done wrong. So Burton decided to fix him. Opening night, Richard explained, he stood at the side of the stage, yawning, scratching, reading his lines in a monotone and so on. The critics gave him fabulous reviews—said his concept was brilliant.

The subject of mumbling reminded Burton of something else. He told us, while belting his version of boilermakers—tequila and Mexican beer—that he once had a run-in with Marlon Brando. He said that one time in New York, at a little bar they used to hang out in around 55th Street and 7th Avenue, Brando had said to Burton, "You're getting fat." Burton said to Brando, "And you're getting bald." Richard says Brando hasn't spoken to him since.

Heard we may be leaving in a few days for the remote Mismaloya peninsula, which is 40 minutes by boat from P.V. Then we'll *really* be imprisoned.

Puerto Vallarta, October 10: Deborah Kerr and her husband, the writer Peter Viertel, arrived today. She is without a doubt the loveliest creature among us. She is beautiful in the quiet, English way. Her hair is very blond for the part, and she even seems happy to be here. She'll probably find something kind to say when a scorpion lands in her hair. Viertel is the one who wrote *White Hunter, Black Heart*, whose unsympathetic hero was supposed to resemble Huston.

I heard Skip Ward and his wife—who arrived uninvited and unannounced—going round and round last night. I think her trip was totally in vain if she thought she was going to get her husband back.

We teachers didn't have much to do today. After typing more script revisions, I sat around studying Huston. He usually wears a white duck two-piece slack outfit, and he looks a little like an aging intern. He seems very remote, but serenely courteous. He never yells. He just resorts to sarcasm when he's displeased. Once he got terribly annoyed with the script girl, Angela Allen, and he suggested that *she* might like to direct in his place. There's a scene between Ava and Grayson Hall where Grayson has to walk around the back of a chair and then sit down. She kept tapping her feet as she sat. Finally Huston said, "My dear Judith" (he calls everyone by their movie names), "that little time-step you persist in doing is *quite* unnecessary for the dramatic development of this film." She didn't do the tapping anymore.

Puerto Vallarta, October 12: I am still quivering wildly and thanking God for being alive. I even love the lizards crawling on my walls. This afternoon we were doing a scene in the bus. Skip was driving, and Burton and all the teachers were aboard. The scene was being shot on the top of the highest cliff in the area, about 200 feet above the sea. Skip only had to drive about 10 feet but, going around a curve, he got too close to the edge. The soft shoulder gave way, and the bus started slipping down the cliff. Burton and us ladies scrambled off the bus as it teetered back and forth, half on the cliff and half off. We didn't even dare hurry. After it was over, Burton walked over to the script girl, patted her behind lovingly and said, "I just wanted to make sure we were still alive."

Puerto Vallarta, October 13: Spent today, Sunday, drinking beer with Burton and Liz, who brought Liza Todd, age six, over from their house to the hotel to swim. Liza is very precocious and completely undisciplined, but very beautiful.

Out on the beach Liza said to another little girl, "Did you see *Around the World in 80 Days*?" The kid said no. Liza said, "My first daddy made that. My second daddy made a movie, too, and Richard makes movies and my only mommy makes movies."

Much to my amazement, as Elizabeth sat at the bar, she suddenly whipped out a huge magnifying mirror and proceeded to do a complete makeup job on herself. It must have taken her close to an hour. Then she began manicuring her nails. Richard sat morosely by, drinking beer and chomping on hard-boiled eggs.

Skip Ward and his wife came in. Liz is trying to help them patch things up.

Puerto Vallarta, October 18: It's raining here, so some of us are sitting in the cantina of the hotel, boozing and waiting to move to Mismaloya for further shooting. Liz's cook and chauffeur, the Richardsons, arrived from England. Hope they can cook tacos. I saw Elizabeth eat eight of them at one sitting the other night.

Mismaloya, October 19: After getting here, I'm sure I can now do anything. There are two launches that shuttle back and forth from Puerto Vallarta to Mismaloya. Dugout rowboats take you out to them, and you have to time your leap aboard the launch so the surf doesn't engulf you. To your left, as you approach Mismaloya, you can see a narrow strand of beach and some thatched huts—the Indian village where fewer than 100 Tarascan Indians live—the sole inhabitants of Mismaloya prior to the arrival of John Huston.

There is a narrow, rocky beach with a large sign stretching almost the whole length, proclaiming NO VISITORS. The rest of the peninsula of Mismaloya rises directly *up* from the beach and, apart from the road Huston's workmen have hacked out to the set (Huston had a whole hotel built for the film), it is all thick jungle. To get to the 26 specially-constructed bungalows where the cast and crew will live, you must plod up a steep and craggy path. It's 134 agonizing steps straight up.

Mismaloya, October 20: Deborah Kerr worked for the first time today, and now I know why everyone considers her such a fine actress. It was a simple scene. She and her grandfather, played by 75-year-old Cyril Delavanti, arrive on foot at the Costa Verde Hotel, of which Ava Gardner is the proprietress. They are gentle itinerants working their way from resort to resort with Deborah scraping out a living doing sketches of tourists. Her grandfather is a poet. I'll never forget the quiet desperation she managed to put into one of her opening speeches when she said, "I think you may have heard of us. We've had a good many write-ups." She says this to Ava, as she tries to register in the hotel without paying.

"My grandfather is the oldest living and practicing poet. He gives recitations. I pass among the tables during lunch and dinner slowly. I wear an artists' smock picturesquely dabbed with paint. . . ." And on and on she goes, begging her way in.

Mismaloya, October 21: Dear John Huston gave me a line to speak today. We schoolteachers are arguing with Burton about his detouring us to Ava's decrepit hotel. I shout at him, "Your whole shameful past." I only had to do my line three times before Huston was satisfied.

Mismaloya, October 22: All teachers required on the hotel set today for a big scene of Ava's. She seemed nervous. It was a long scene, filled with action and dialogue, but she was magnificent in it. She had to push a cocktail cart, heavily laden with booze, straight toward the camera, talking all the time and stopping the cart just before she ran into the cameraman.

By tonight Burton seemed pretty tanked. He started reciting poetry. Then he said, "The only thing in life is language—not love—not anything else." Liz lapsed into weeping melancholy and wailed about how roughly the reporters treated her in Montreal, when they asked uncouth questions about her relationship with Burton. She went off to one side of the patio in the bar with the production company's still photographer, Josh Weiner, who massaged her feet and commiserated with her. While she was away, Burton said, "It is ridiculous to get married or have a contract of any sort, because you feel tied and want to get away from it; whereas if you feel you can walk away from anything, it's better. I'm not going to marry Liz. Of course I haven't told her that yet." Then he started looking all over for her. He asked his male secretary, Jim Benton, "Where am I?" Benton said "Mismaloya." Burton said, "God, NO!"

Mismaloya, October 23: Some action today. It's the scene where Ava interrupts a tête-à-tête between Burton and Deborah. Ava winds up telling Burton, "You go to hell, why don't you?" In between shots the famous photographer, Gjon Mili, was constantly taking pictures of Ava and Richard. Ava was patient for a long time. Then she said, "That's enough." Mili went right on shooting away. Finally she blew her top, hauled off and kicked him smack in the stomach. When he regained his wind, he went trotting over to John Huston and said, "They sent for me. If I can't take pictures, I go home." He was ignored. The next day he *did* go home.

Also, svelte, tawny-haired Julie Payne, Skip's girl, who finally arrived here, came down with a bad case of dysentery (which we all have in one degree or another) and had to be sent to a doctor at Puerto Vallarta.

Elizabeth arrived on the set wearing a loose top and bikini bottom of sheer white batiste trimmed with red embroidery. She had no bra on, and you literally could see the complete upper structure. Imposing. She was also wearing a magnificent antique gold ring loaded with pearls and what looked like either pink diamonds or rubies. She said the King of Indonesia gave it to her. Richard said, "She's seducing me again." Prediction: He *will* marry her.

Mismaloya, October 25: The heat and the humidity have subsided considerably, and we are now about halfway through the script. We are not shooting today, because the actual writer of our screenplay, Anthony Veiller, has come down, and he and Tennessee are making more changes. Tennessee's friend, Freddie, just hangs around while Williams writes. *I* just hang around waiting for an occasional page to type. Deborah's husband is supposed to be writing too (allegedly finishing his new novel), but every time I look up, he seems to appear with a surfboard under his arm, announcing loudly, "I'm going after barracuda."

Mismaloya, October 26: Had good shooting today—five pages—with Ava, Burton and Grayson Hall. Usually we only manage three or four. Ava has to shave Burton as he lies in a hammock. While she is doing that, Burton says to her, "I'm going to tear the telephone out of the wall." And she was supposed to say, "In a pig's eye you are!" But she blew the line, and the set roared. She said, "In a pig's a-- you are!"

At lunch Mike Wilding arrived with Liz and Liza. In his hands he carried an immense picnic hamper. It was *Burton's* lunch. Tsk.

Mismaloya, November 2: Richard fell out of a chair while sitting near the set and badly slashed the back of his thigh. The doctor patched him up, but he had to do a scene in which he carries Sue Lyon out of his bedroom. They shot it about 10 times, and each time Sue unfailingly hit him in the sore leg with her foot. Burton told her, "You're a real method actor. Stanislavsky would be proud of you for making me suffer."

Someone started a rumor that Ava was going to marry Emilio Fernandez. It got on the wire services. John Huston asked Skip Ward, who was always hanging around Ava, if he was going to be the ring bearer or the pallbearer. Of all the rumors about this movie company, this was the most ridiculous. To my knowledge, Ava couldn't stand him.

Mismaloya, November 4: In between shots today we discussed some new gossip about Budd Schulberg, who frequently comes over from Puerto Vallarta to visit us. This was *not* his day. We heard that last night he and his wife had a brawl and are now separated. Then Liz was furious with him over something he said to her. And then Ray Stark jumped him about some past slight. When we all went to the rushes, they wouldn't let Schulberg come. Ava, who likes him, took up the cudgels for him, but she was ineffective.

Mismaloya, November 5: Liza was on the set today, and she jumped into Burton's lap and started kissing him and calling him "daddy." He said, "Don't ever call me daddy again. I am *not* your daddy.

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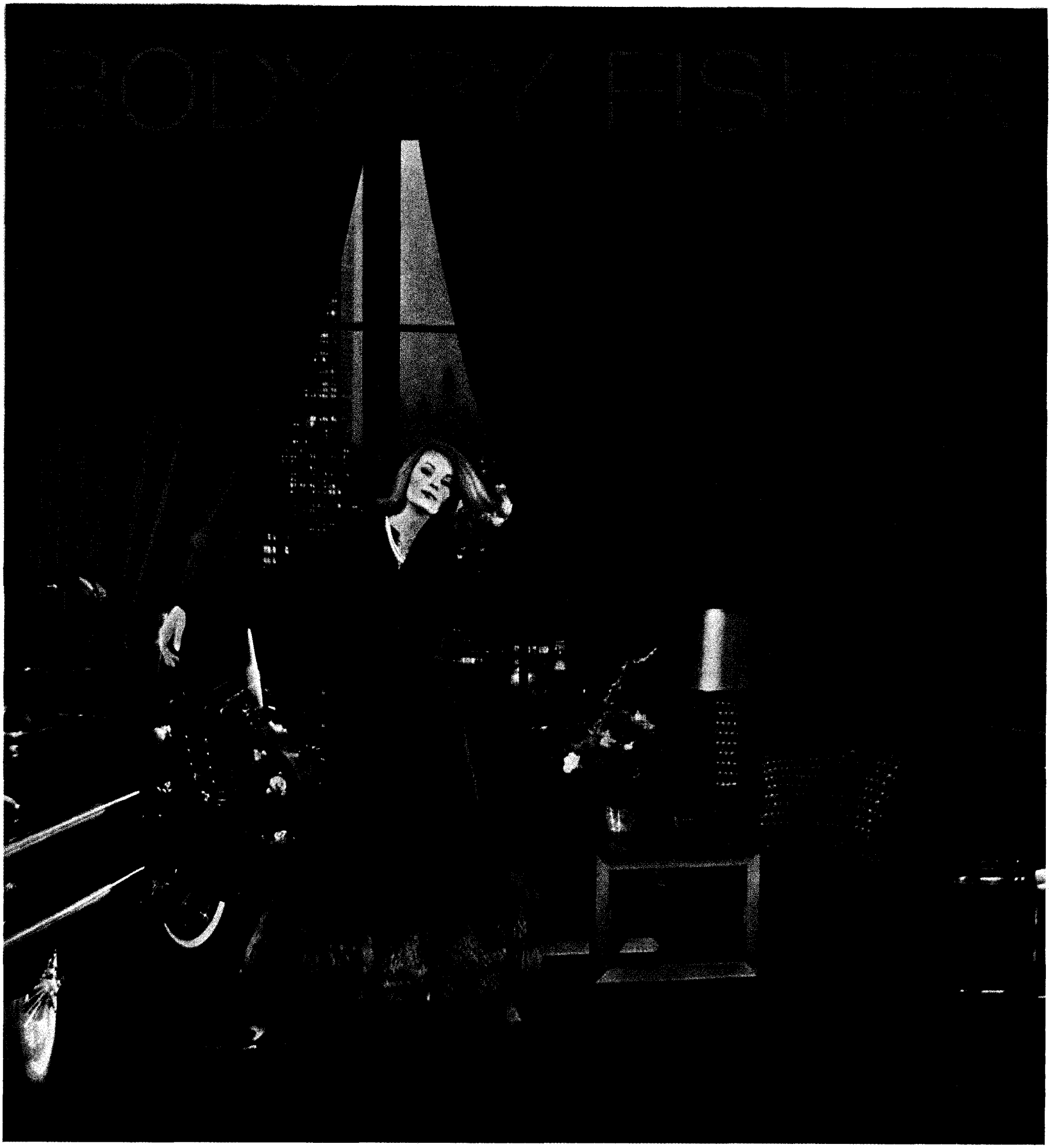

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THE GIMMICK ALMOST ELECTROCUTED BURTON.

The Iguana Diary

Your daddy was Michael Todd, and he was a very wonderful man, and don't you ever forget it."

Deborah Kerr just flew back here from Los Angeles, where she had gone to the Western Costume Company to fit several smocks she wears in the film. Right now she is doing a scene with Burton in which she is helping him remove glass from his feet and also trying to persuade him to put on his clerical collar. Again she is wonderful. She's so patient. Only once did she almost lose her temper. Huston kept changing bits of action she was to do. Finally she asked him, "How would you like me to balance a glass of water on my nose?"

Her husband came out to the set today and brought her a picnic hamper of lunch. You'd think he'd brought a hamper of diamonds, she was that grateful.

When she isn't in a scene, Deborah knits sweaters for her three daughters, Melanie, Francesca and Jane, or writes letters to them.

I spent a ghastly night. Spiders falling in my hair, cramps and dysentery. All this for $100 a week.

Mismaloya, November 8: More reporters here from all over the world. It's harder than ever now to get an interview with Ava after that stupid rumor about her marriage to Fernandez. She usually tells off reporters with a colorful stream of very tough words. She appears everywhere with her maid, Rene, who sits and drinks with her at the bar. But she seems to be thriving under the brutal conditions here. She looks so much better than when she first arrived. She says that this is the happiest picture on which she has ever worked. I really feel Burton inspires her to surpass herself. She is livelier and lovelier around him. Wonder what would happen if Liz weren't constantly in attendance. Which she is.

Mismaloya, November 10: Thanks be to God and a broken generator. We've got a day off. We've worked six days a week since the beginning. Workmen came into my bungalow today and found it riddled with termites. Had to get out while they sprayed. I asked them to spray me, too, and they did.

Mismaloya, November 14: Barnaby Conrad, who usually writes about bullfighting, is on the set today photographing Ava, Burton, Deborah and everybody. He will peddle these to magazines, I suppose. Also someone else is here doing an article for *The New Yorker*. And it seems that everybody, cast and crew included, is keeping some kind of diary or journal on this picture. Skip Ward even goes over and sits down like an avid movie fan to listen in on everyone else's interviews, listening avidly. Someone here is also supplying Los Angeles columnists with all the dirt, some true and some not.

Elizabeth went fishing with Viertel today in exchange for his giving her his spaghetti-sauce recipe!

Mismaloya, November 15: Our company restaurant, a charming, spacious building put up by our carpenters, costs more than $2,000 a week to maintain. In addition to feeding the 130 people in our cast and crew, we must also take care of a lot of freeloaders—visitors and ladies and gentlemen of the press.

Burton had a fight with Huston's assistant, a wonderful, if gruff, guy named Tom Shaw. Burton, Liz and two men had been sitting drinking in the bar. Shortly after lunch Tom called Burton for a shot with Deborah in which Deborah is supposed to be sketching him. He hollered that he hadn't had lunch yet. Tom said he didn't give a damn whether he had or not, just get on the set. Burton "got" but did some more screaming. Later they both apologized. It's amazing that tempers don't flare more, what with the dysentery, bugs and filth. But as I said before, Huston realizes he has an incendiary combination with these people, and I think he knocks himself out keeping his *own* temper and treating them like the pros they are. After the costs of *Mutiny on the Bounty* and *Cleopatra*, I don't believe anyone can get away anymore with the kind of tantrums that actually bring a production to a complete halt for days on end.

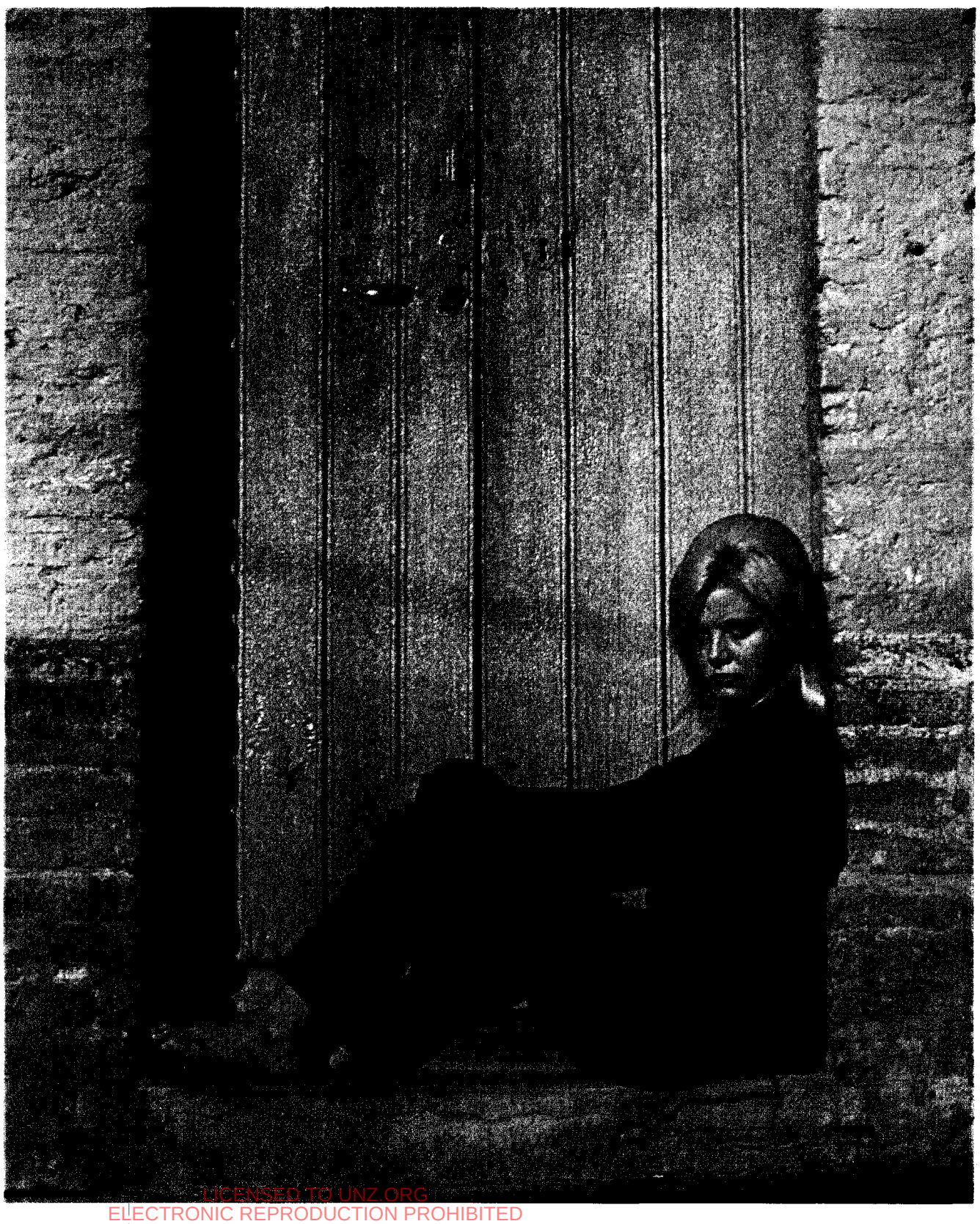
We have now reached page 114 of our 140-page script. I never thought it would happen so smoothly, but we are now more than two-thirds finished.

Mismaloya, November 16: Sue Lyon's mother arrived. She's a trim little woman in her mid-fifties with gray-streaked blond hair. She looks at her blond young daughter with an amusing mixture of bewilderment and love. "I don't know how Sue got so intellectual," she said with typically maternal blindness. "None of my other children are at all like her."

Mismaloya, November 17: Hampton Fancher III has arrived. He turns out to be a tall, skinny, Lincolnesque young man with a heavy thatch of unruly black hair. He looks as if his true calling ought to be modeling posters for off-Broadway poetry readings.

Hampton Fancher III's wife came with him. She is here to get a Mexican divorce so Sue can marry her husband. Fancher III's wife is sharing the quarters of Sue's mother. Sue's mother seems to like Mrs. III very much.

Mismaloya, November 18: I finished my typing early and watched Deborah and Burton do the key symbolic scene of the picture in which Deborah talks Burton into releasing an iguana, which has been tied up by Mexicans to be cooked and eaten. The liberation of the ugly creature didn't work out as Mr. Huston had planned. Twice Burton untied the



Sue Lyon broke out with pimples following the arrival of her boyfriend and his wife.

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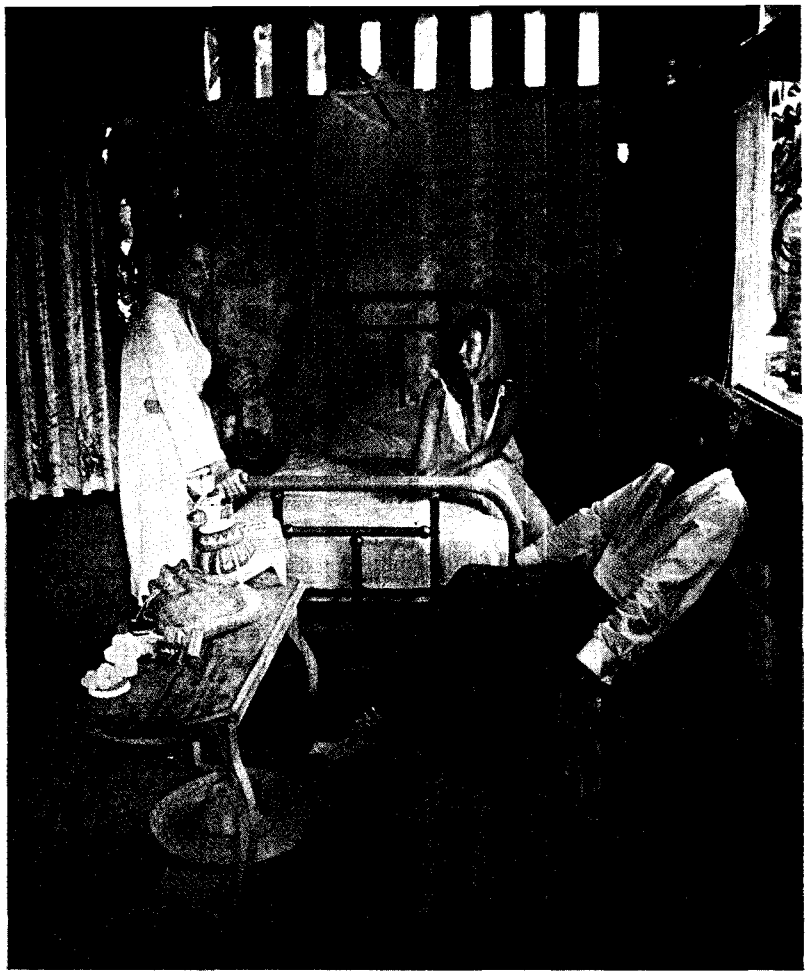

Liz and Richard pay a call on Deborah Kerr, the actress who kept her serenity.

"AVA, BEWARE," SAID BURTON, "OF MEN WITH BLEACHED HAIR."

The Iguana Diary

iguana, but it just lay there looking baleful instead of running off into the jungle as it was supposed to do. Finally one of the electricians rigged up two wires to prod the animal with 110 volts of electricity. The gimmick worked—but it nearly electrocuted our star. Burton was holding the iguana at the time; the electricity passed through the animal and into his hands; Richard shot up into the air like a character straight out of a Bugs Bunny cartoon.

Burton had a long session at the bar tonight, and Elizabeth couldn't get him home to Puerto Vallarta. She borrowed a nightgown from the script girl and stayed on Mismaloya.

Mismaloya, November 19: My acting job is over now, and I don't have too much typing to do, so I go to the set as often as possible to watch the final scenes. There was a touching one today involving Cyril Delavanti as the dying grandfather. He finishes the poem on which he has been working for more than fifty years.

After the scene we all rushed over to him to tell him how splendid he was. He beamed and said, "Thank you. Let's hope it's a step up the ladder for me."

I don't quite believe this, but we're actually getting to the end of this picture.

We started night shooting tonight. Broke for dinner at 10 P.M., and Ava's housekeeper, Petronilla, brought all of us fried chicken. The booze flowed like booze, and everyone seemed euphoric.

Mismaloya, November 20: A terrible tragedy happened after we finished shooting at 2:30 this morning. Assistant director Tom Shaw and *his* assistant, Terry Morse, were sitting on the balcony of their bungalow when the balcony just sort of disintegrated. Tom and Terry went crashing down about 15 feet to the earth below. Terry is not so seriously hurt. He just has a gash in his forehead. But Tom suffered some bad injuries and had to be flown to Mt. Sinai Hospital in Los Angeles. It took 12 of the crew members to get Tom on the launch. They carried him on a stretcher improvised out of a bed. They had to lift him high in the air in water almost over their heads. Huston was so agonized and furious over this awful happening that he came back to my bungalow, went out on my porch and with a single kick, knocked over the balustrade.

Just heard that the roof caved in on Cyril Delavanti's bungalow.

Mismaloya, November 21: People here from a television show shooting the shooting. Writers from the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Show* magazine, a London *Times* reporter and the BBC. Everyone is here but the *Police Gazette*.

Mismaloya, November 22: Ava goes water-skiing, whenever she isn't needed on the set, with a little local beach boy named Tony. Burton told her to stay away from him, that he bleaches his hair, and any man who does is trouble. She pays no attention, however.

Ava just completed a tough scene where she goes in swimming with two Mexican actors, Roberto Leyva and Filedmar Duran, who play her beach-boy lovers in the film. She was terribly nervous about doing the scene, and that great guy, Huston, knew it. So he had a few belts with her to relax her, and then he stripped down to his shorts and went right into the water with her to rehearse. The two of them were splashing water and ducking around like a pair of kids. Then Huston came ashore and directed the scene soaking wet. Ava did fine.

Mismaloya, November 26: Sue had a falling out with her teacher-companion, Eva Martin. Eva wanted Sue to use a photographer friend of Eva's to shoot pictures of her wedding in Hollywood next month to Hampton Fancher III. Sue refused. Eva then said she wouldn't come to the wedding. I can't figure out why Eva is so upset. After all, she can probably have her friend shoot other weddings of Sue's.

Sue and Hampton's wife very chummy together, but I notice that Sue's face is all broken out with pimples. I guess this is the kind of thing that happens when you're 17, and you think you're sophisticated enough to tolerate a situation where your fiancé's wife is living happily with your own mother.

Mismaloya, November 28: Thanksgiving. We're doing retakes. The reason for some of these is that the Mexicans object to the lines used in the script by Ava when she refers to dysentery as "Montezuma's revenge" and "the Aztec two-step." We have to get less offensive substitutes and dub them in.

Elizabeth's two young sons, Michael and Christopher, are here. At six P.M. they were sitting in the bar watching their mother and Burton swilling tequila with beer chasers.

Terry Morse, who was in the balcony accident with Tom Shaw, has had a running fever and terrible headaches, so he was sent back to Los Angeles today. Tom is still in shock at Mt. Sinai, we hear, with multiple fractures.

Mismaloya, November 30: This is the last day of shooting. Apart from some pickup shots and a few retakes, we are finished. We are shooting in the Indian village today, and it's Sue's big scene. She gets drunk and does a wild drunken dance, then Skip appears and has a fight with the beach boys. Sue and Skip are both awfully good.

The end-of-the-picture party, given by Huston for the cast and crew, began at four P.M.. Everybody got all dressed up. The smells were pretty elaborate too; a mixture of citronella and Jungle Gardenia with tacos and enchiladas and booze, booze, booze. A 15-piece mariachi band played Mexican folk songs. A 20-year-old German girl, whose function on the picture I could never figure out, executed a solo dance—very sensual and wild—and wound up on the floor, writhing and screaming. Ava arrived, looking absolutely beautiful. She was wearing a Pucci harem-type outfit which Ray Stark had given her. (He also gave similar outfits to Deborah and Elizabeth.) Liz and Burton arrived at about eight P.M. Richard was wearing a 15-year-old green cardigan sweater (he wears this color as much as possible, because it makes his eyes look light green); Elizabeth wore a white jersey blouse with slacks to match, and she was sporting a large diamond-encrusted rose-shaped pin at her bosom. Mike Wilding also arrived at about the same time, with a strange blond girl.

It was a swinging party. We drank up everything in sight, and then we began to draw on the supplies of tequila brought by the more than 200 Mexican townspeople from Puerto Vallarta who had been invited. As an extra bonus Ray Stark had flown in all the food for the party from a delicatessen in Los Angeles, and I heard some of the Mexicans complaining about "the spicy American food." One of the highlights of the evening was when Huston told us that he had given gold-plated pistols to all the principals in the cast and how gratified he was that none of them had used the weapons on each other. He said, "If this were *Cleopatra*, it would have been a massacre." The party broke up at four A.M.

As I write this, I am watching the magnificent sunrise come up over the mainland hills for what may be the last time. I'm lonely and I want to go home. But then again I have a strange feeling of sadness that it's all over.

Los Angeles, December 5: I'm home. I'm deloused and my feet are almost clean. I'm luxuriating in my sparkling apartment. It's funny, though. I awoke this morning, and for a minute I thought I was back on Mismaloya and that I had to dash into my clothes for the first shot of the day. Felt peculiar about having to get dressed instead to go to my regular job as an executive secretary at Four Star Productions.

Los Angeles, March 16: My alarm-clock radio informed me this morning that Elizabeth Taylor Hilton Wilding Todd Fisher became Mrs. Richard Burton last night in Canada, where Burton's *Hamlet*, staged by John Gielgud, is already a big hit. I'm glad, but the news has set me to thinking all day about the crazy *Iguana* experience. It's funny about a movie location. In this case, we spent 76 days in a God-forsaken, miserable, uncomfortable corner of the world. We all shared the same misery and got to know each other intimately for a brief period of our lives. Suddenly, however, it's all gone, like a dream.

John Huston went back to Ireland to become an Irish citizen and is preparing to move on to Rome to film *The Bible*. Deborah flew to London and then to her villa in Switzerland. Ava is back in Madrid with her bullfighter friends. Skip Ward is making another picture, *Kitten With a Whip*. Sue Lyon and Hampton Fancher III got married. Tennessee Williams and Freddy flew up to New York to see Tennessee's play, *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore*, flop for the second time. Tom Shaw and Terry Morse, the two assistant directors who were hurt in the balcony accident, are out of the hospital and working again, although Tom must wear a brace on his back.

All these people are gone, and we'll probably never see one another again. John Huston once told me, "In this strange movie business, we come together for a time, and we make moving shadows on film, and when we disperse, the shadows are all that is left of our close association. If the shadows are good, our trip together was worthwhile."

The other night I saw a rough print of *The Night of the Iguana*.

The shadows were good. The trip was worthwhile. THE END

Needing cool head, director John Huston worked with the river cooling his feet.

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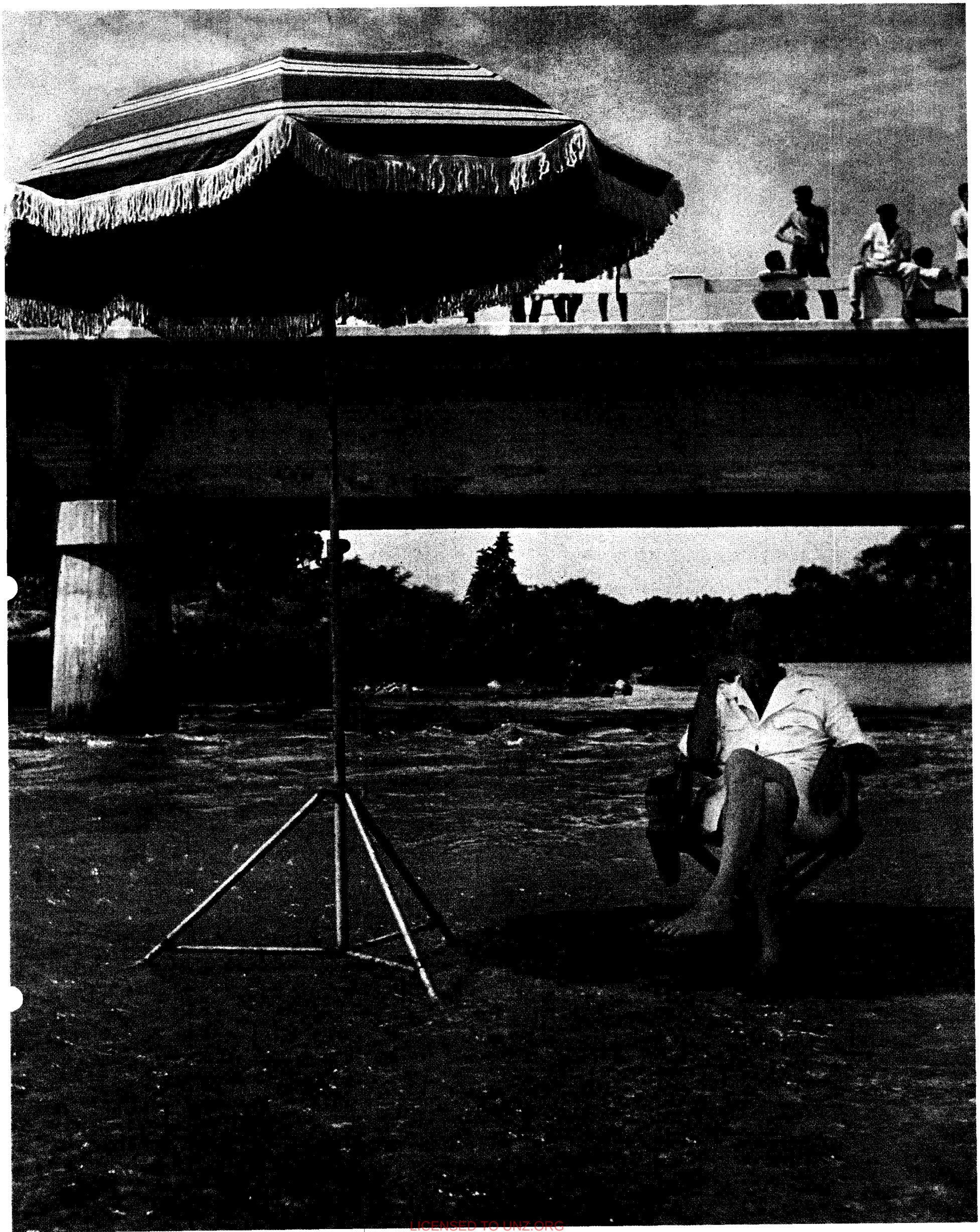

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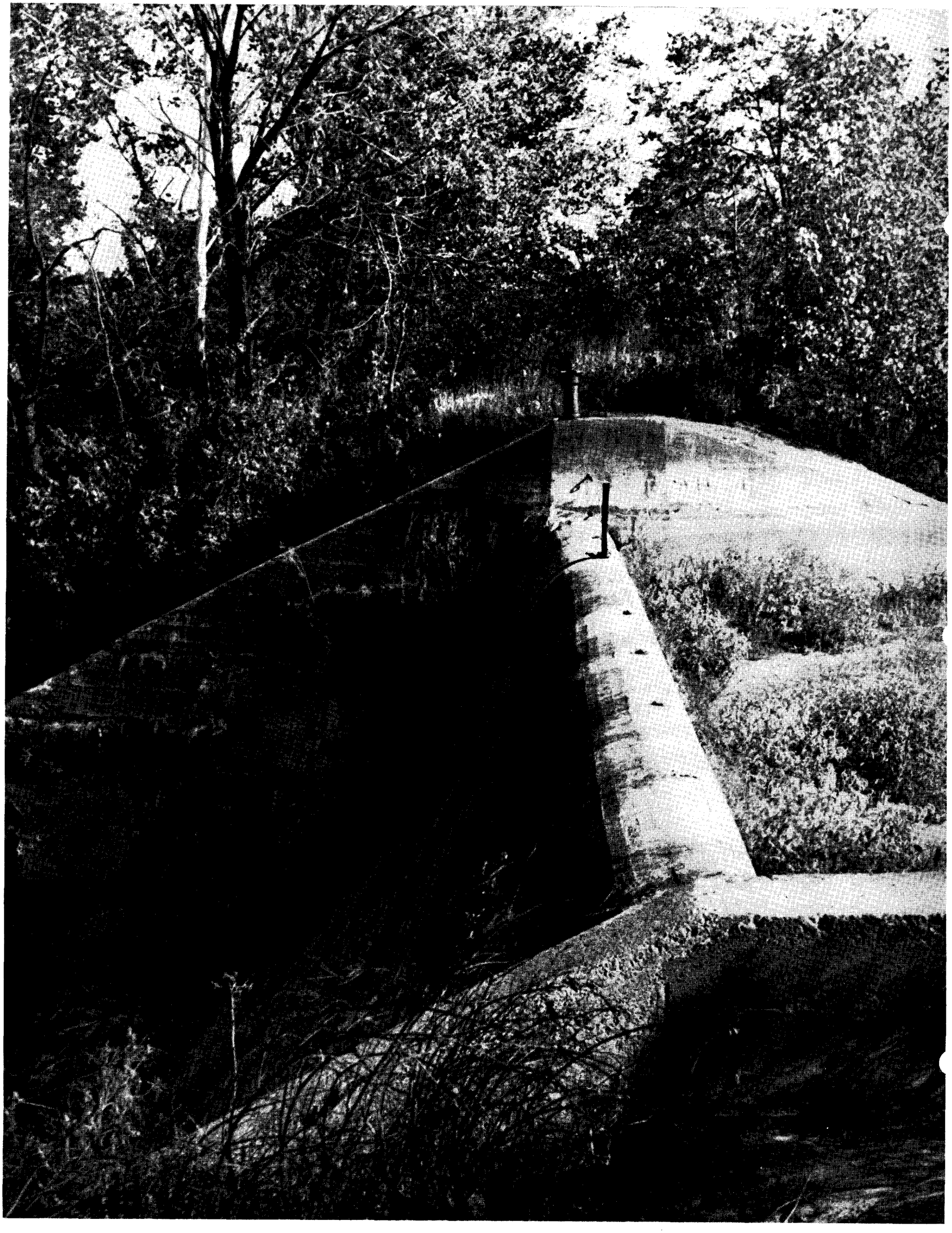

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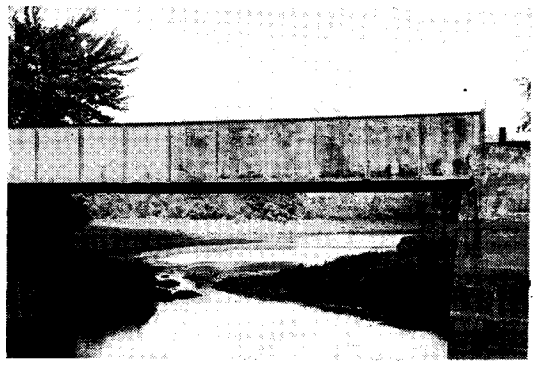
When they added water they added 2000 new jobs

A few years ago, Paris, Illinois, was water-poor. New industry didn't consider Paris. Existing businesses looked elsewhere. Young people not only looked—they left. As the water supply dwindled, so did the town's hopes. But the people of Paris solved their water problem.

In the searing summer of 1954, residents of Paris watched helplessly as one lake went dust-dry. The only other water source was going down fast. The drought ran on into August's dog days. First, boating was banned. This hurt a community used to its weekends on the water. But when there wasn't enough water to fight a major fire, a seeming annoyance became an acute problem.



Relief—in large doses

The back of the drought was finally broken—but only by a disastrous downpour. A 10-inch deluge ripped four feet from the dam of one of the lakes; one fourth of the lake's water supply was lost.

With too little water, Paris's growth was stymied. The people rejected proposed water improvement and by the late 1950s the problem was critical. Industry was discouraged. One major employer—an auto body manufacturer—looked elsewhere for a plant site . . . for a town with more water.

New industry wasn't giving Paris a second thought.

The people act

Tom Trogdon, Amos Mahan, Bob Gibson—to name just a foresighted few—spearheaded a new drive for more water. They represented the city government and the Paris Chamber of Commerce. They called in civil engineers and pondered all possibilities. Run a pipeline to the Wabash River, 18 miles away? Sink wells? Dredge the two existing lakes? Their conclusion: create a new, third lake by building a dam on nearby Sugar Creek.

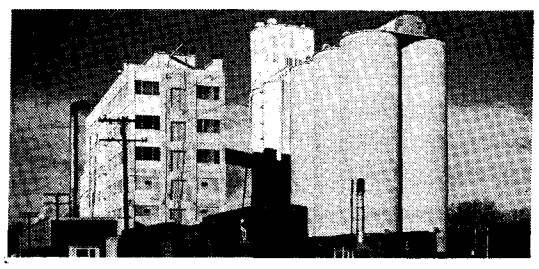
They took the fight for water to the citizens—in newspaper advertisements, in coffee klatches, in person. New taxes weren't necessary, they explained. Water rates—already low—would be boosted to pay off revenue bonds.

A vote for the future

May, 1959: The "Third Lake" plan was offered to the people in a referendum. Approval was decisive: 70% voted "yes."

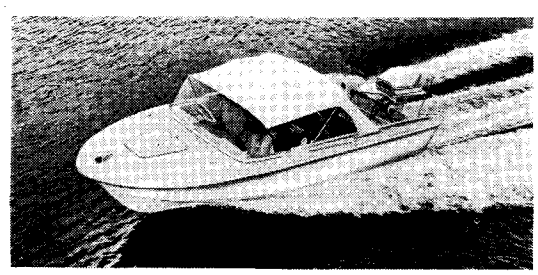
Two years later water was running over the new spillway. Municipal water supply was doubled. Now there's enough water to meet Paris's needs until the year 2000.

And with water, came industry. Robert Woodrick, President of the Paris Chamber of Commerce, estimates that abundant water has meant 2000 jobs for the town. An electronics firm created 500 jobs. A new steel fabricating plant employs 75 more. The auto body manufacturer decided to stay.



A processor of grains and corn used 73 million gallons of water last year and is building six more silos. There's a new industrial park on the west side of town.

The new lake added six miles of shoreline and public parks. The Paris Boat Club sponsors an annual water show. Water skiing is a favorite sport. And the bass come big.



Enough water where you live?

What's the water situation in your community? By 1980 our nation will need twice the water we're now using. Yet even now parts of our country are parched for water. Others are flood-ravaged. Available water is often shamelessly polluted.

The problem is best solved, as it was in Paris, by informed, concerned people. For information on what needs to be done and how you can help, write for "WATER CRISIS, U.S.A.," Dept. P-34, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.

MACHINES THAT BUILD FOR A GROWING AMERICA . . . **CATERPILLAR**

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A DAY OF JOY AND SADNESS

As the big open car moved past the waving crowds of smiling Irish faces, the young man standing in back steadily flashed the famous Kennedy grin, obviously enjoying the city's enthusiastic welcome. Thousands of cheering Dubliners shouted greetings, and the visiting American President seemed as much at home as if he had been touring the Irish wards of South Boston during a boisterous election-night celebration. Away from the glittering ceremonies presided over by Ireland's Brooklyn-born President Eamon de Valera, the trip became an informal family reunion. At the ancestral homestead in Dunganstown, County Wexford, presumably where his great-grandfather Patrick J. Kennedy was born, the President received a warm hug from his cousin Mrs. Mary Ryan, who lives there now. Drinking tea, Kennedy toasted "all the Kennedys who went and those who stayed." The little farmyard was jammed, and Kennedy remarked that he was "glad to see a few cousins who didn't catch the boat." Departing amid happy confusion, he quipped, "We promise to come only once every ten years."

On May 29th, eleven months after the President's visit and on the day that would have been his 47th birthday, John Kennedy's youngest brother stepped from a B.E.A. Vanguard at Dublin Airport. In London an hour and a half before, Sen. Edward Kennedy had been just another fresh-faced young man in a dark-blue suit waiting for a plane that was nearly two hours late. But as he whizzed along behind the same six-man motorcycle squad that had escorted his brother a year before, he began to realize clearly that this was something more than just a private visit to raise funds for the $10-million Kennedy Library to be built at Harvard. Sitting in the closed car beside Ireland's handsome, burly Prime Minister Sean Lemass, who looks like a colonel in civilian clothes, Teddy saw little knots of people all along the six-mile route from the airport. Drivers stopped their buses so that passengers could get out and wave; leather-jacketed youths with odd haircuts cheered; schoolgirls screamed, and policemen saluted. A delighted Irishman, smiling over a large glass of stout, observed, "Aren't they treating him like a bloody Beatle now, God love him?"

Less than a month later Teddy was lying in a Massachusetts hospital, his back fractured in a plane crash. But during the months of painful convalescence that lie ahead, the memory of that glorious day will do much to sustain him.

The sky was a brilliant blue when his cavalcade drew up before Dublin's 19th-century Gothic procathedral on Marlborough Street. It took police several minutes to clear a path through hundreds of people unable to get inside the church for the memorial mass for President Kennedy. As Ted moved down the aisle to the front pew, people reached out to touch him or to say a word of greeting. "You could feel the emotion in that church," says a Kennedy aide. "They saw in Teddy a reincarnation of the President. This laying on of hands, the incredible need to touch him, was overwhelming."

When Kennedy emerged from the church 45 minutes later, the crowd waiting outside had doubled. He had only 20 yards to go to a reception at the presbytery next door, but it took him five minutes to move through the milling, cheering women who surged against a line of sweating policemen. One stout Irishwoman was knocked to the ground, and several guests were unable to reach the presbytery at all. "It was," an aide said afterwards, "as wild a demonstration as I've ever seen, even in American campaigning. You could see in that crowd the hope that, although John Kennedy was dead, perhaps in this young Kennedy their tribe of Irishmen again might rise."

The senator was deeply touched, and although no preparations had been made for a speech, he spoke to the crowd from the steps of the presbytery. "Today is a day of joy and sadness for me," he told them. "Joy because I am in Ireland on a beautiful spring day, sadness because today is the President's birthday. My brother will not be able to come back and enjoy any more spring days here."

Teddy Kennedy's voice broke. He stopped speaking, and the crowd was utterly silent. Tears welled in Kennedy's eyes and for a moment he could not continue. Some listeners began to cry. "In all the time I've known him," said Justice Department lawyer William vanden Heuvel, who represented Attorney General Robert Kennedy on the trip, "I've never seen Ted as deeply moved. He just stopped. And then he got hold of himself and went on."

"Today is the President's birthday, and if he were here he would want you to enjoy yourselves," Kennedy continued. "If he were here he would tell you that the little spaniel, Shannon, and Leprechaun, Caroline's pony [gifts from Ireland to the President's family last year], are doing very well." The crowd laughed with him, and Kennedy left the cheering crowd to go inside the presbytery, where he chatted with a smiling, excited group of Kennedy

In the Limerick town of Adare, where relatives of the senator's mother had converged for a gathering of the clan Fitzgerald, Ted grasps the hands reaching out to touch him.

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Less than a month before his near-tragic airplane crash, Sen. Edward Kennedy retraced the triumphant journey that his brother had made to Ireland almost a year before.

By EDWARD BEHR

kinsmen. Asked how many relatives were present, Mary Ann Ryan, a cousin who has the Kennedy eyes, said, "Sure and we must be at least twenty or twenty-five." Then she grinned and added, "but there's fifty at least in this room right now."

Mobbed again as he tried to leave, Kennedy finally started for U.S. Ambassador Matthew McCloskey's residence in Phoenix Park. People along the streets called out, "There's Teddy." A crowd of parents who had brought their children to see him waited at the embassy gates, and Kennedy spent five minutes chatting with the ruddy-cheeked youngsters.

Inside the two-story embassy residence—Ambassador McCloskey was in Washington accompanying President de Valera on an official visit—a pile of mail was waiting. There were rosaries, Irish currency sent as donations for the Kennedy Library, and several poems. Going through them in his bedroom, Kennedy seemed amazed and touched by the continuing grief of the Irish public. He took a stroll in the garden before lunch, walking past a statue of Lincoln set among blossoming rhododendron. An elderly embassy waiter brought him a glass of tomato juice. As he turned to go, the old man looked the young senator in the face to tell him how much the President's death had affected him and his family, that the love that Ireland had held for the President was now the senator's, and that their hopes for the future lay with him.

"It was a brilliantly eloquent little talk," recalled Bill vanden Heuvel, "but it was like a blow in the solar plexus for the senator. I just walked away, because it was a moment so emotional that he had to have it by himself. He just stood there, looking into the distance for several minutes before he went in for lunch."

After a luncheon with Irish businessmen, Kennedy left for the city hall, where another screaming crowd was waiting. Tired after a fund-raising tour that had taken him to seven countries in nine days, Kennedy was exhilarated by his enthusiastic welcome. Teen-agers sent up the shrill, ear-piercing yell that they usually reserve for popular singers, and Kennedy smiled agreeably when someone said, "This is as good as Ringo Starr."

Received by Dublin's Lord Mayor Sean Moore, who had greeted President Kennedy and made him a Freeman of the city, Kennedy remarked that the three days spent in Ireland had been "the happiest days in the President's life." After being presented with a Kennedy coat of arms, the senator went outside into Dawson Street to be mobbed again. Massachusetts Rep. Edward Boland, who had flown to Ireland to be with Kennedy—a worthwhile trip in an election year—promised the crowd that Teddy would speak "if you don't tear him apart."

The senator stepped up on a low wall and gave much the same speech that he had made earlier. Then, behind a police phalanx, his car moved off toward the barely completed U.S. embassy chancery at Ballsbridge. Once again he was held prisoner by a hysterical group of schoolgirls. Asked why she wanted Ted Kennedy's autograph, Janie Doyle, 16, said breathlessly, "He's a lovely, lovely man. I mean he's so *handsome*. And then he's the President's brother, isn't he?"

That evening Kennedy attended a reception given by the prime minister at Iveagh House. It was a dressy function where members of the government, bishops, the papal nuncio and a few selected dignitaries clustered around the visitor. At eleven o'clock he left, but not for bed.

At Paddy O'Donoghue's, a Merrion Row pub frequented by university students, Kennedy slipped in through a back door, propelled by a close friend of the family, Irish-born Dorothy Tubridy. The place was jammed and the Ludlow trio were singing their heads off. The hostess, Maureen O'Donoghue, a tough woman weighing about 200 pounds, promptly shuttered the pub and barred the gates to keep the crowds out. And Kennedy, quietly sipping a half-pint of stout that he didn't finish, sat in a corner, tapping time to the music. The Ludlow trio struck up *The Boys from Wexford*, considered a Kennedy tune because Ted Kennedy's great-grandfather sailed from County Wexford, and schoolchildren there had sung the song for the President on his visit. As they sang, Kennedy wrote in O'Donoghue's autograph book: "Next time I'll know the words."

Kennedy and his party then drove back to their quarters in Phoenix Park, where the senator wandered into the kitchen to get a midnight snack. "The girls working in the kitchen had a helluva time," says Congressman Boland. "They were staring at him while they tried to slice bread and cake. I don't think anyone had ever been served in the kitchen before."

The following morning, Ted Kennedy left for Shannon Airport, by a roundabout route. At Borris-in-Ossory, he made an impromptu stop for tea at a roadside pub, and was received like a long-lost son by the publican, Bernard Cavanagh. News of the unexpected Kennedy arrival spread through the town (pop.: 1,500) and soon the crowds were massing outside the pub. Prominent at the door were nuns and some children returning from their first communion. Looking rather like a first communicant himself, Kennedy listened to the nuns lead their charges in song. To each child he gave an autograph and a PT-109 pin. Resuming the jaunt, Teddy continued to smile and wave as his convertible covered the 80 remaining miles to Adare, where the clan Fitzgerald was expecting him. Cousins on his mother's side plied him with cold ham and chicken—among them 89-year-old Jim Hogan, who wore a bowler hat. "Hullo, Grandpa," said Kennedy. "You look like my grandpa Honey Fitz, only thinner." "You bet I'm thinner," said Hogan. "I probably worked harder."

During an impromptu stop for tea in a rural village, he gives nuns his autograph.

When Kennedy went on to his final reception in Limerick itself, he received the wildest welcome of all. From the balcony of Cruise's Hotel, Kennedy looked down on about 40,000 cheering people. He listened to an emotional speech by the mayor, Mrs. Frances Condell, who had welcomed President Kennedy with a talk he called "the best speech that I have heard since I came to Europe."

Senator Kennedy rose to respond with a brief speech that Bill vanden Heuvel heard. "No one was making any noise," vanden Heuvel recalls. "There was rapt attention and just the voice booming out. And it was *really* the voice of President Kennedy—it was eerie. And I can't tell you how many times on that trip, when people reached out their hands, it was to touch the President."

When the time came to leave, police had to battle with the crowd to let the Kennedy car through. It was covered in handprints, and, unaccountably, its tailpipe was missing. Though unscathed, Ted Kennedy showed the strain for the first time when he finally got to Shannon Airport. He looked tired and slightly disheveled. But Ted Kennedy knew that in mobbing him the Irish were paying tribute to the man they loved and admired perhaps more than anyone else.

Since his death, John Kennedy has acquired the characteristics of an Irish saint. In thousands of Irish homes colored pictures of him hang alongside those of Pope Paul and the late Pope John. And Kennedy relatives, long ignored, now have immense social status in Ireland.

"It's not just that he was the first U.S. President of Irish descent," Gareth Fitzgerald, a Dublin sociologist, explained. "I think there are other reasons. When he came to Ireland last year, there was immediate rapport. He and the crowds understood each other. It was a relationship that no one who is not Irish can ever fully understand. The Irish, contrary to common belief, are not a sentimental people, and they have no time at all for those third- or fourth-generation Irish-Americans who return to Ireland, believing it to be full of leprechauns. John Kennedy was unsentimental too. He was tough, loved a laugh, and treated us as we really are. That's why he was different, and that's why we worship the Kennedy family." THE END

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MAKE THIS EMBROIDERED "WEATHER VANE" BAROMETER

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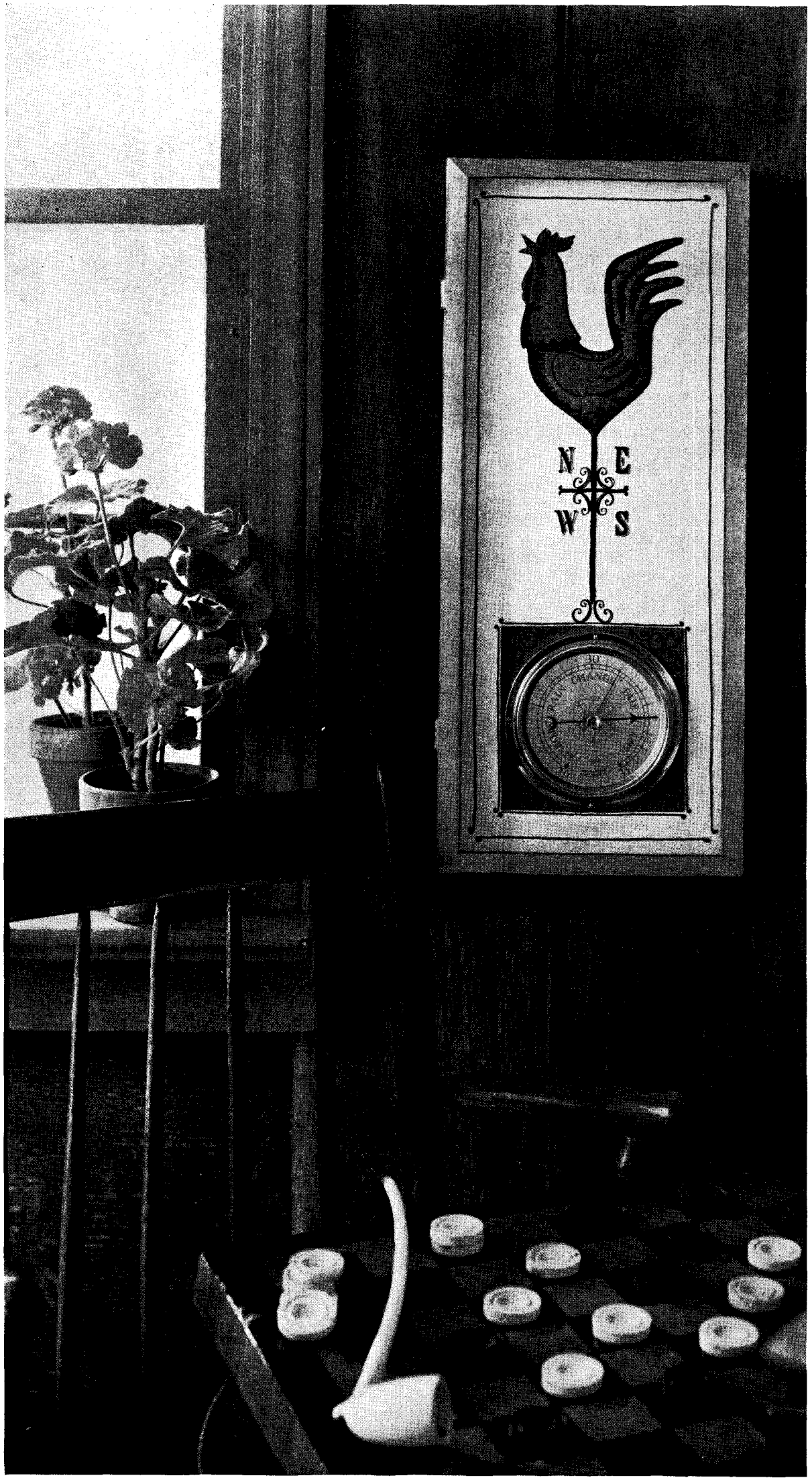

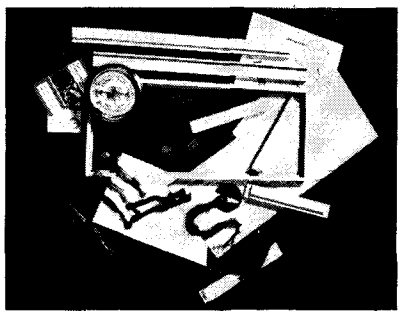

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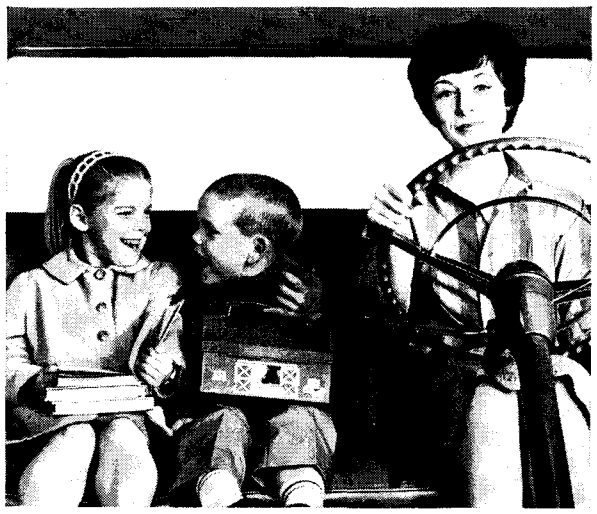

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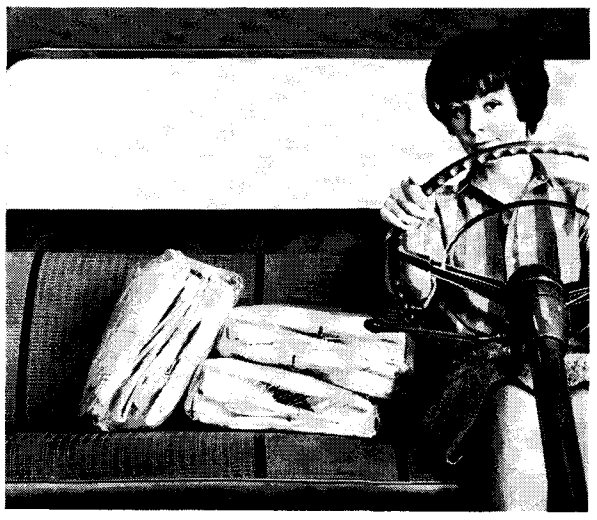

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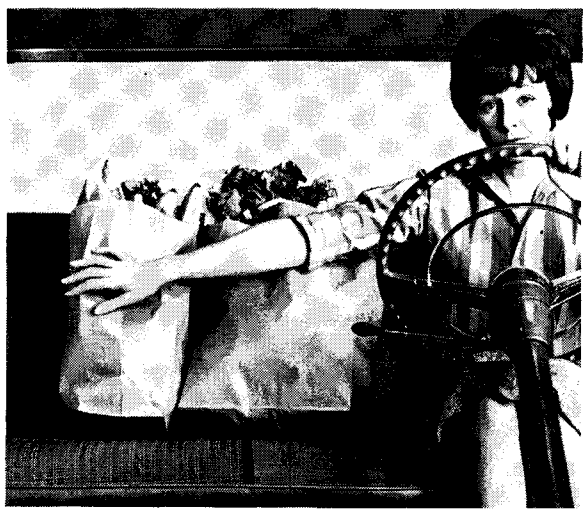

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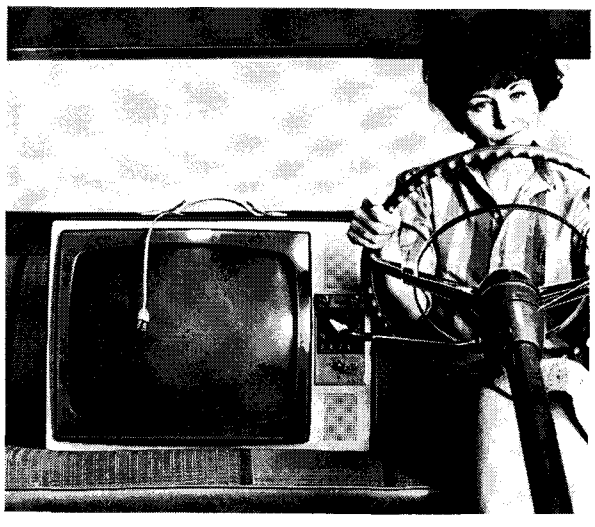

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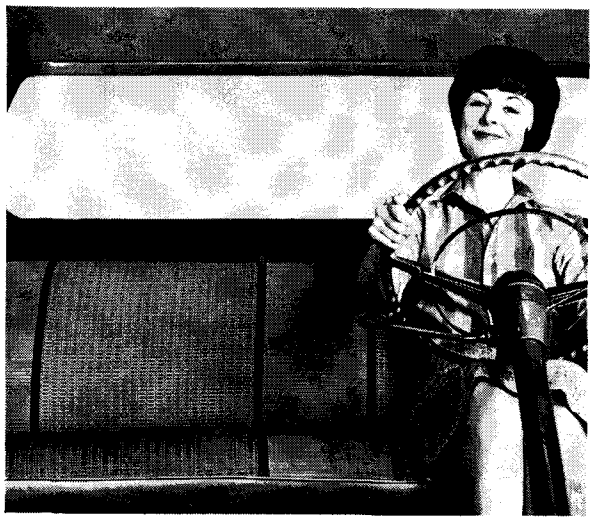

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JAMES GOULD COZZENS was born in Chicago in 1903, graduated from the Kent School and spent two years at Harvard, leaving in 1924. His first story was published in Atlantic *when he was sixteen; his first novel,* Confusion, *appeared in 1924. The next year he spent teaching at an American school in Cuba, but since then has devoted his entire life to writing. His novels include* Michael Scarlett *(1925),* Cockpit *(1928),* The Son of Perdition *(1929),* S.S. San Pedro *(1931),* The Last Adam *(1933),* Castaway *(1934),* Men and Brethren *(1936),* Ask Me Tomorrow *(1940) and* The Just and the Unjust *(1942).* Guard of Honor *won the 1948 Pulitzer Prize for fiction. When* By Love Possessed *was published in 1957, it was enthusiastically received and became a best seller.* The New Yorker *said of the author, "No other American novelist of this century could bring to such a task the resources of intelligence, literary technique, and knowledge of the ... ways of the world that Mr. Cozzens commands," and called the book "a masterpiece."*

ONE HUNDRED LADIES

Sadder by far than a divisive war is the cruel reunion that follows.

By JAMES GOULD COZZENS

Elation was the proper word for what he felt. Owen Fulton felt it with an urgent, unreasonable completeness as soon as he got into the depot at Washington and saw the special train for Fredericksburg. Every car was elaborately swathed in fresh, vivid, red-white-and-blue bunting. The bunting made long formal festoons gathered at the center under plaques of painted and gilded wood. The plaques bore alternately from car to car the old First Corps disk, and the combined First and Fifth Corps badges of the last Virginia campaign.

Owen Fulton's simple pleasure assured him that, after all, he had been right to come. Hattie was wrong for once. It would do him good, just as Alfred promised. In the great crowd he looked around, not recognizing anyone, but glad to see that something was left of the army, that many people still remembered. As a rule he disliked and avoided crowds—that was what Hattie knew and meant when she told him he was foolish—but he liked this one. He had avoided it, if anything, too long. He had been letting himself forget that, whatever might be said about the present he had once been a soldier.

The May day was very warm. A rumor that President Arthur was to join the group of guests from the Senate and House probably kept people out of the cars. Anticipating inconvenience with his leg in the last-minute rush sure to result, Owen Fulton clutched his bag tight and pushed on cheerfully. It would hardly be possible to find Alfred Bostwick before the train started.

Choosing steps at random, Owen displayed his Society of the First Corps card. He lifted his bag and threw it onto the car platform, preparing with complicated agility to follow it. On level ground his injured leg gave him practically no trouble. He knew how to manage it. But stairs he had to take sideways, keeping the knee straight while he stepped patiently up with his right foot. After all these years he could do it so expertly that, unless the stairs were long, he would be up before anyone could help him—supposing there was anyone who would think of troubling.

One of the those who would have troubled was the conductor who had asked to see his card. Like everyone else, the conductor was watching for President Arthur, but he turned belatedly and cried, "Here, Captain! Wait. I'll ——"

Panting on top, Owen answered, "Thank you, but I'm handy at it."

The conductor, perhaps conscious of his railroad uniform, said, "I'm an old First Corps man myself, Captain. Eighth Pennsylvania Reserves. Magilton's brigade."

Owen looked down, surprised, at the full mild face. Those, he remembered, were Meade's Third Division men who broke Jackson's line, almost won the battle before it began. When no one was ordered to their support, they had in turn been broken. Remembering that bad December morning well enough, Owen could recall vividly the Pennsylvanians' alarming, unexpected reappearance about noon. They were falling back from the railroad through the brush and smoke in little groups—one or two behind stopping to fire, though surely at nothing visible. Others, showing the rough spite of defeat, herded ahead varying small numbers of ragged Rebel prisoners.

With that liberty of opinion which distinguished the volunteers, they felt that they had been senselessly sacrificed. They greeted the line with jeers and curses. "What were you waiting for, dummy? Carriages to take you up?" some small-respecter of shoulder straps had roared in Owen Fulton's face.

Not knowing for what he was waiting, nor what was coming next, Owen Fulton, a second lieutenant at the time, let the company left in his charge get out of hand several times during the next half hour. Their panicky bursts of firing must have killed some men of Meade's, who had missed the first order to fall back, or been hampered by wounds. Down on one knee, staring in agony of attention, Owen would shout to stop it as soon as he could be sure. Even, rising, he would race down the line, flailing backs and buttocks of absorbed shooters with his sword flat ——

This enlivening of memories, complete with all small sights and sounds, with tensions and anxieties as fresh as ever, certified the past to him, and Owen valued it as a foretaste of what he might expect when he saw Fredericksburg, saw the position of the Left Grand Division. He found himself shaken by the mingling of regret and joy and pride. Holding the rail, he answered: "I was in the Ninety-seventh New York, the Second Division. It's twenty years since I've seen Fredericksburg ——"

With a quick, overwhelming crash, a band which Owen had not noticed before broke into "*Dixie*"—*old times there are not forgotten.* . . . Paralyzed by the fine blare and bray of horns and bugles, the matchless roll of military drums in expert hands, Owen Fulton could feel the blood come up in his face, tightening his cheeks, tingling at the roots of his moustache. The locomotive blew its whistle. Plainly President Arthur was not, and probably never had been, coming. Owen raised his hand in a quick wave to the conductor. Limping in his haste to get out of the way, he entered the car, dropped down in the nearest seat.

A few people were in uniform. Owen noticed a hardy little old man with a forage cap set on the back of his head. He noticed him because the crown of the cap still carried a corps badge in the faded color of Owen's own division. Sergeant's stripes had turned almost white on the ancient sleeve. Down the aisle went also a distinct perfume of whiskey, and Owen hoped that there would not be too much of that, especially by men who had elected to wear a uniform which would unmistakably identify them with the First Corps. Alfred had told him that the committee and the officers of the Society had suggested civilian clothes. You would not expect Fredericksburg to be exactly delighted by the old associations. Furthermore, General Longstreet was to be present as a speaker. He would not be likely to appear in a Confederate uniform.

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Illustration by Thomas Vroman

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Though the car, in rapid shaking motion now, was greatly overcrowded, no one had made a move to take the seat by Owen. The aisle was full of men standing. Forming boisterous circles, others perched on the arms, hung over the backs of seats. Left alone, Owen did not feel out of it. He could not really expect anyone to pick him out and greet him. The truth was that during the first years after the war he had been unable to find either the time or the money to attend army reunions. Later it had seemed to him too late. Some of the soldiers' organizations had begun to take on a pension-seeking political aspect with which he would have been ashamed to associate himself. Then, too, his wife exercised an adverse influence. Hattie's disapproval was certainly not based on unpleasant political aspects. To the best of Owen's knowledge, it was not even based on any appropriately feminine abhorrence of war and slaughter. Once or twice he had marched in Memorial Day parades in Brooklyn. He might even, Owen admitted, have liked to march in more, to talk about old days over a glass or two in some uniform-crowded saloon after the speeches. Like most women, Hattie was instinctively against this. She did not oppose him in words, or show bad temper; but she could adeptly make him realize, at first, that she would be left alone for most of one of his few holidays; and then, the desirability of taking the chance for a quiet outing with the children. She had even expressed anxiety over his joining, as this year at Alfred Bostwick's insistence he had, the Society of the First Corps.

"Mr. Bostwick," she said—it was perhaps significant that in fifteen years' acquaintance she had never thought of calling him Alfred—"I do hope that this won't be something with long conventions Owen has to attend. I'm sure it would be very tiring for him. It wears him out so when he has to travel on business."

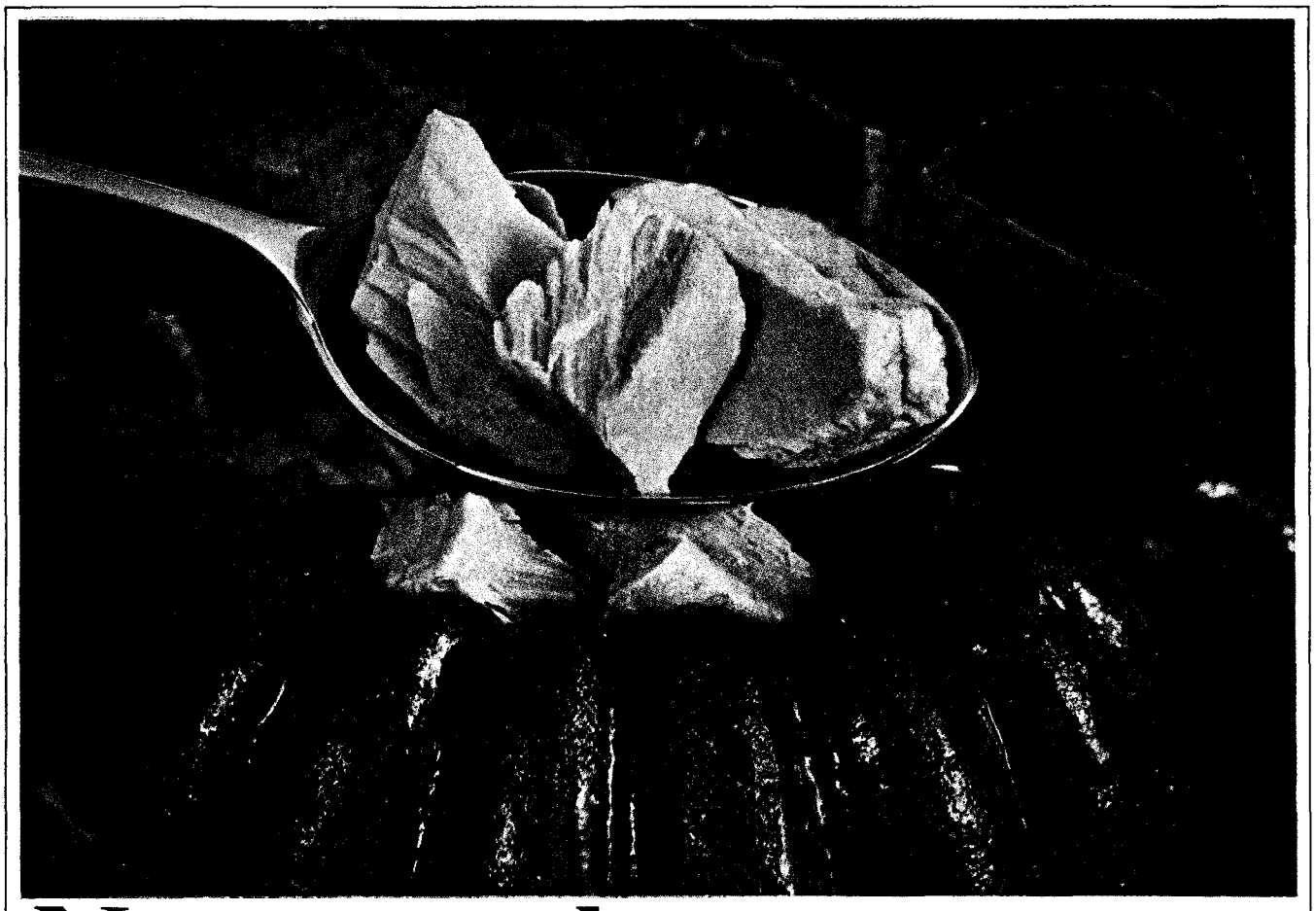
Alfred, who arrogated to himself the brusque privileges of a long bachelorhood, grunted: "You should have seen Owen in the old days, Mrs. Fulton. He's pretty well domesticated now, but he used to march the farthest-traveling company in the division."

Hattie didn't miss obvious opportunities. "Yes," she said. "It might be different if it weren't for his wound. You aren't likely to forget the army, are you, Owen?" She went out then, for Alfred liked a glass of bourbon with his cigar and wouldn't hesitate an instant to drink the one and smoke the other regardless of her presence. He considered her place to be in the parlor.

"Hattie just hates to have you where she can't run you," he said, grasping resentfully at his bushy, still-handsome auburn side-whiskers. "That's all right. Or at any rate, it's a woman's nature. Only oughtn't to let yourself get to like it ——" He went on blowing and grunting for some time, doubtless appalled by the narrowness of certain of his own escapes from matrimony.

In cooperation with a Sixth Corps man named Hunter, who had settled in Fredericksburg after the war and done well in the foundry business, Colonel Bostwick was even then scheming about this visit to the battlefield. His friend Hunter had just financed the building of an opera house, perhaps only moderately grand, but suitable for a big banquet. Alfred had interested General Doubleday. He had written to General Longstreet and received an agreeable reply, which he showed to Owen.

Alfred had assumed right along that Owen was going; but, up to this point, Owen hadn't planned to. He was reasonably certain that Hattie would find the trip unwise, or inconvenient, or both. By not mentioning it to Hattie, he had left, he found, a loophole. Unaware of the matter, Hattie had not been given the opportunity to settle it once and for all in the negative. When he saw Longstreet's letter accepting the First Corps' invitation, Owen Fulton was curiously stirred. It was astonishing to hold in your hand a note with conventional salutation and subscription, amblingly courteous, the ordinary cordial phrases scrawled in an even, unnotable handwriting—and this was Longstreet! A name at once remote and thunderous; the formidable direction behind battle lines which, too often impregnable to assault, were always impregnable to the imagination. Owen discovered that he had a desire to see Longstreet—perhaps shake hands with him. None of this could very well be explained to Hattie. She could not be expected to see why a glimpse of General Longstreet in the flesh would be worth something to him, or what would be gained if he saw again the actual spot where he had stood that December day, on the left, at Hamilton's Crossing. It would be very impolitic and ill-advised if he told her that he would like somehow to get in touch again with a time of his life when he was more important—yes, more noble; a man playing a man's part in the trying and dangerous realities of the fighting which had ended by preserving the Union. She would cer-



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tainly presume that he meant to criticize her, to imply that she was not of any importance or interest to him ——

Least of all would Hattie think it natural for him to wish to visit Fredericksburg again. He ought to remember it painfully. A hostile town, overflowing in heat and dust; one vast hospital, to which the wounded came up by the thousand from the lines of Spotsylvania to join those thousands from the Wilderness not yet evacuated. Owen Fulton had spent the whole month of June there in '64, expected, and expecting, to die. They told him he could not possibly live unless his leg was taken off. Perfectly pictured in his mind still was the face gleaming with sweat, the big red beard (his apron often bloody from beard to knees) of some regimental surgeon appearing about every ten minutes (or so it seemed) day and night saying: "Now, Captain, you're going to be reasonable about this, aren't you? You ought to think of me. Do I want your death on my conscience? You're committing suicide as wantonly as if you put a pistol to your head ——"

Owen Fulton, raving, yelled: "Just give me a pistol and see what I use it for, you damned butcher!"

Afterward, when it became apparent that he was going to live, and that his leg, which they had wasted not a minute on, was finding some slow and incredible way of repairing itself, Owen was moved out to a tent in the garden. The tent stood close to a brick building which had been the slave quarters of the big house. Here the ladies of the family had established themselves. Lying on his back under the partly lifted canvas flies, Owen saw them frequently, frequently overheard their conversation. By degrees (it was all he had to do) he could identify them by voice; then, by sight. Mama was easy enough. So was Olivia, with her distinctively young tones. Sarah Ann and Lou he was less sure of—which was which he couldn't say, for he was never given a chance to assign the voice directly to the face. They spoke only when, imagining they could not be heard, they were indoors. When they came out, they passed down the path frigidly silent, looking neither right nor left. The part Mama had chosen for them to play was the preposterous, necessarily self-conscious one of being unaware of the tent in the garden, of their house from which they had been expelled to make room for Yankee wounded, of the wagons and artillery often passing on Princess Anne Street—even, of the sentries who, amused, were accustomed to present arms when they went through the gate.

The conversation indoors, usually quite clear, troubled Owen at first. Not only because it sometimes concerned intimate matters unsuitable for him to hear, but because listening at all was ungentlemanly and could not be defended. However, he did listen and he came to mind these aspects of it less. His leg was almost constantly painful and he could find a certain distraction in adding bit by bit to his acquaintance with the speakers. He corrected his impressions of them. He engaged silently his sympathy in their private concerns. He waited with interest to hear the outcome of the trivial plans or projects discussed.

In the end he knew them very well. Perhaps sometime he would marry some girl; but it was strange to think he would know far less about any girl he married than he knew about Olivia, who was engaged to a Rebel major in Ewell's Corps. Olivia, despite some charms of manner and speech, was selfish and irritable—like everyone else. Seeing these bad qualities in their right relation to her private life, Owen believed that he could condone and understand them better, and so perhaps evoke them less often. Less often than her major ever would be able to, when their appearance in a character, presented to him as only amiable, surprised and irritated him.

Able to see in Olivia's impersonal good looks the humanizing traces of her weaknesses and shortcomings, Owen was filled with a deep compassion and tenderness for her. Love, he knew, was reputed to overcome all obstacles. If not at the time, at least through the years since, an understanding between a Yankee officer and a southern girl had been shown in many books and plays to be the completest commonplace of romance. In his case it did not work like that. The uselessness of attempting to make Olivia notice him, or of hoping to exchange even a word with her, kept Owen from so much as considering it. When they came to move him to be sent North, she certainly did not feel sad to see him go, for she had never known that he was there. That would be twenty years ago, next month; but, very likely, if he cared to, Owen Fulton could today look at that house and garden again, find them little changed.

"I guess you wouldn't remember me, Captain."

The statement, close to him, broke through Owen Fulton's preoccupation. With it came again the scent of whiskey and he turned his head, startled. The little man with the forage cap and sergeant's stripes had wandered back from wherever he had been going. On the corner of the seat he put a shocking hand. The very old injury was smoothly healed, but he had only two fingers. Jolted, Owen Fulton looked from it to the face. This was familiar enough. Everyone knew it. It had the thick, bending nose and knobby chin of a ruddy, aged little Punch, but Owen could not connect it with any person of his acquaintance. Embarrassed, he said, "I hope you'll excuse me, Sergeant. I've a poor memory for faces."

The little man said, "That's all right, Captain. I guess we've all changed some. I just saw your head there by the window turned a certain way, and I said, 'Lord, that's Captain Fulton!'" He grinned and nodded a few times, plainly hoping that Owen might suddenly remember him. Finally he said, "My name's Mintern."

"Mintern," said Owen, perplexed, for he had certainly heard the name before.

The little man laughed. "That's what it all comes to in the end," he said. "Lord, Captain, once I spent three whole days trying to get up nerve enough to shoot you. You had me reduced to the ranks

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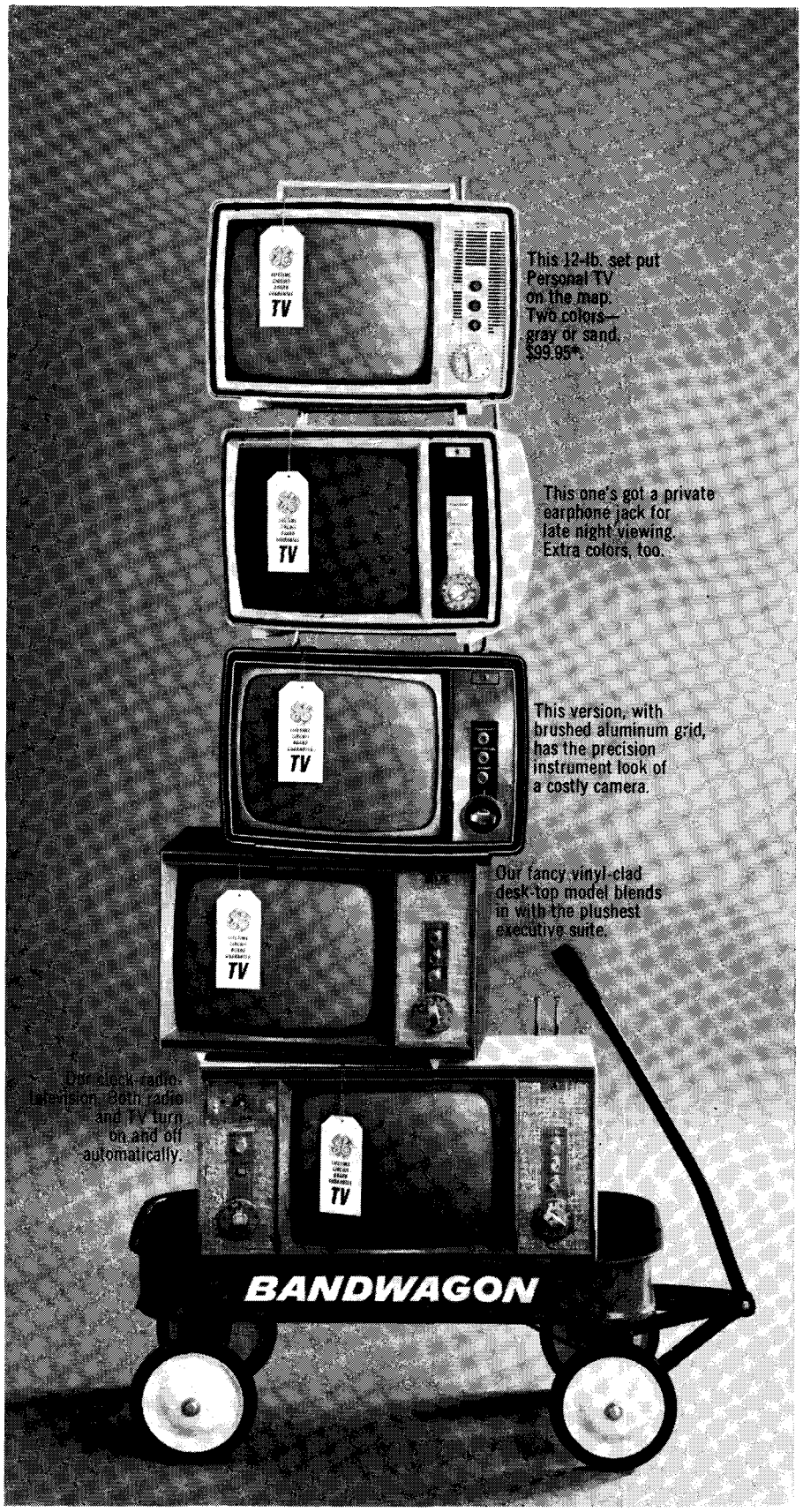
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going on to Mine Run. Me and Corporal Howard. We were out skirmishing with a keg of corn and we happened to find a horse belonging to General Warren's staff. Only trouble was, a man was sitting on the horse, so we took the man off. I remember Howard saying three was too many for one horse: it wasn't right to the horse. We borrowed his sword and pistol, and Howard happened to sell them to a sutler. I can still remember riding in, the two of us on the horse, staff blanket and all. Then the fireworks began."

They certainly had begun. In the rush of recollection, Owen Fulton saw it all again. General Warren himself came blazing over to brigade headquarters with his abused officer to have the regiment paraded. Corporal Howard had been sent to military prison for larceny.

"I remember," Owen said. He found himself laughing, glad to remember. "It made us a lot of trouble. But I don't know what you wanted to shoot me for. It was all I could do to keep you from going with Howard."

Sergeant Mintern cackled cheerfully. "Captain, I wouldn't know myself, now. It just seemed pretty hard. Just a little joke like that, with nobody hurt and Howard offering to pay the officer the money he got for the sidearms. Well, they gave me back my stripes at Petersburg, where I lost my fingers. Of course, I know now I really owed you a lot. If it hadn't been for what you called my distinguished services at Gettysburg—Lord, do you remember getting the boys back through town that first day?"

Owen remembered. It was one of those things you don't forget. "You were a good man in an engagement," he said. "By Mine Run, we were beginning to get the scum and I hated to lose a good man." He was silent a moment, recalling the consternation, really the despair, which a line officer had to feel when he saw the consignments of human rubbish sent down by the fantastic state bounties and the draft to replace the volunteers, the veterans of the Peninsula.

Mintern said at once, "You were another good man, Captain. Everybody knew that. Even when I was thinking of gunning for you, I never thought different." He shook his head sadly. "Well, there was a lot of good men in the original First Corps. I've never seen or heard of better men than crossed the river down here in 'sixty-two." He made a melancholy sucking sound. "The ones we left here were like teeth pulled. No more coming. I thought when I read how old Burny died a year or so ago, he'd been here like a young fellow running through a fortune. And not his fortune, at that. Ever after, we kept losing tricks because those that would have taken them were stopped for good at Fredericksburg ——" He cocked his eye upward and got to his feet. "Why, hello, Colonel Bostwick. How are you?"

Alfred Bostwick said, "I'm well enough, Mintern. Don't let yourself get too high, this trip. Captain Fulton will have you on the chines. Come along, Owen, I want you to meet General Doubleday."

"See you again, Captain," Sergeant Mintern said.

Proceeding down the aisle with a hand under Owen's elbow, Alfred Bostwick grunted, "He'll see you again all right when he runs out of cash and has to touch someone for a drink. Regular pest. Never been to an army meeting of any kind yet where he didn't turn up in that uniform. He's got a pension for his hand, so he can get around. Makes a business of it. I'm told he was even seen out west somewhere at a Fifteenth Corps reunion, passing himself off as an old Army of the Tennessee man. He did so well, they say he managed to borrow five dollars from General Sherman. You have to admire his confounded impudence."

"He was the best sergeant Company D ever had," Owen answered uncomfortably, raising his voice above the noise of the train. "I suppose he hasn't known what to do with himself since the war ——"

"Humph!" said Alfred. "You'd better look and see if you've still got your watch and wallet. Those are the sort of things he does know what to do with."

From the high bridge across the Rappahannock, Owen could see the shimmer of sun, gold on the water, a finer gold in the hazy air around the same church steeples. There was, naturally, a new Hanover Street bridge; but in the brief glimpse it seemed to him he could see the long-repaired scars of shellfire on the riverside buildings.

Pouched eyes screwing up, still-curly, coarse gray moustache drawing down in an amiable grimace, General Doubleday said, "Here it is, Slocum. Little less trouble getting over this time."

Major General Slocum agreed. "Why, I understand from Alfred here that a hundred ladies have kindly consented to greet us at the banquet. It seems to me it was Barksdale's Mississippi boys in the cellars on the bank there who did the greeting when Burnside came to town." Their laughter, the hoarse perfunctory laughter of old men, reached Owen. He had been introduced to both of them. They were both, they said, very pleased to meet any friend of Alfred's; but they soon saw that Owen was of little interest and no importance, and took up their previous conversation. Owen did not blame them and certainly expected no attention from them. It meant much more to him to meet someone like Mintern.

The train had run past the station, for they were to go down to Hamilton's without stopping. Looking sharp through the window to his right, Owen marked the gradual fall away of ground, the abrupt tree-covered rise of hill. At the top, three parts hidden, he could see the wink of white columns of the portico of a house—Marye's, of course! Here, then, was the scene of Sumner's and Hooker's repulse on the right. Owen's eyes, going lower, stopped suddenly on a distant, hardly noticeable section of overgrown stone wall. Up his back went a kind of quiver as the train, with a prolonged sad whistle, began to veer away. Bushes, trees, houses, intervened, left him the sharp brief picture of the neglected back lots, the gardens and outhouses, the obscure low line of stones in the sunlight. He heard Sergeant Mintern saying: *like a young fellow running through a fortune.*

On December 13, 1862, at one o'clock, the Second Corps moved out from the streets of Fredericksburg across the old canal—brigade front, intervals of two hundred paces! Owen supposed that, had it been the First Corps on this wing, instead of the Second, he would somehow have managed to make himself do it. With the aid of good men like Mintern, the company could doubtless have been made to do it with him. Hancock's division lost more than two thousand, a hundred and fifty-six of them officers. French, succeeding him, lost twelve hundred; Howard, almost nine hundred. After an hour and a half, the Second Corps, ruined, gave way to divisions of the Fifth Corps—it hurt Owen even to think of it; but, shaken, he was very proud, too. It might be horrible, it might even be stupid; but it was an honor to belong to the same race, the same army as those men ——

He realized that the train had stopped. Alfred was standing up with his customary agreeable assurance and he called out, "Gentlemen! If I may have your attention a moment!"

Conversation fell away, and Alfred continued, "We are now at Hamilton's, on the old First Corps battlefield. It is half past eleven o'clock. Remember that General Longstreet is to make an address which I am sure you all want to hear, in front of the Marye mansion at two o'clock. Those who care to, may easily walk back, following the lines. The distance is about four miles. Those who do not care to, may take the train back. Assembly will be blown when it is to leave. At half past three o'clock, the mayor and city council, assisted by many ladies of Fredericksburg, will receive us at the new opera house. The banquet begins promptly at four. Members of the Society, and our distinguished guests, will spare the committee sorrow and confusion if they will please be punctual ——"

The woods, the field, the road down from the Crossing toward the hidden river were full of men straggling here and there, moving in groups in the clear hot sunshine. Forced to limp by this uneven ground, Owen paused to rest his leg, breathe, and wipe his hot face. Looking back, he could see the massed bunting of the long train, the crowd by the big refreshment tent at the road. Once or twice he had thought that his surroundings looked vaguely familiar, but he saw now that he was not yet nearly far enough from the railroad. Men were too plainly visible on the higher ground behind the tracks, moving through the trees along what had been Jackson's line.

Coming at last upon a large log, Owen sat down and fanned himself with his hat. Many men were making the effort—he could hear their loud argumentative voices across the fields--but he knew that no regiment's position would ever really be found. The growth of twenty summers changed all small features of bush and tree and field. There were new fences, probably new roads.

Owen sat still, discouraged, gazing at the low rain-worn rise of bare earth to his right. He might have been in any open, sparsely brush-covered field, anywhere. Then, curious, he got up, walked a few steps and managed to stoop awkwardly. From the red gravel he picked up a thin oval of metal. Brushing it off, he made out the big faint lettering U.S.—a belt buckle. The heat of the sun impressed itself on him now. Owen replaced his hat and, pocketing his little trophy, limped slowly back toward the train.

Sergeant Mintern said, "I was looking for you, Captain. It don't take long to see all there is left, does it?" He had, however, seen a bottle or two in the refreshment tent. That was apparent.

Owen, sitting alone in the shadows of the hot, empty car, realized that he must have been drowsing. A bad night in the Washington hotel, the early start, the heat and exertion of his vain little journey over the fields had exhausted him. It was just as Hattie said; he ought to conserve his energy. He wasn't fitted for Alfred's easy bustle and cheerful activity—Alfred, he supposed, would be in the refreshment tent having a drink with people of importance. Out of the pleasant meeting would come more meetings, more honors and benefits for Alfred in an ever-expanding future. Owen must see that his own life was the antithesis of that. He survived, like a sort of stump, blighted at Spotsylvania. He had only the past. Like Mintern, all he had to his credit was in the past.

Probably able to feel in the short silence Owen's sympathy for him, Mintern said, "Come and take a drink, Captain. What they have at the tent isn't bad."

Owen thanked him and said that he was sorry. "I never drink spirits during the day. It upsets my stomach. I had to give it up." That was quite true. Except for a glass with Alfred on evenings when Alfred dropped in, Owen had practically ceased to drink. As Hattie pointed out, he felt better for it.

That was too bad, Mintern told him. "But come and have a good cold glass of lemonade," he urged. "They have it."

"Thanks. I'm not thirsty," Owen said. Long unaccustomed to such throngs of talking, expansively cheerful men, he knew that he would only be ill at ease—a conscious specter at their feast; the very man they talked and laughed and drank to keep from being.

Owen saw now that he had unconsciously forestalled Mintern in Mintern's ordinary method of approach. Checked, Mintern was not routed, however. He was not even abashed by the exposure of a real intention behind the roundabout tactic. "Captain," he said. "I wonder if you'd care to do me a favor? Could you lend me a V note until we get back to Washington? I went into a little game with some of the boys, and ——"

"Certainly, Sergeant." Owen unbuttoned his back pocket and took out his wallet. At least, he reflected, he was in General Sherman's distinguished company.

Mintern took the bill, beaming, the little Punch's face rosier still. "I surely appreciate that, Captain," he said. Heat of triumph seemed to rouse the fumes of alcohol, for he became instantly much drunker. "I always said you're a good man, Captain. I always said Company D was the best company and had the best Captain ——"

With Mintern so far past shame, Owen had to be ashamed for him. He was also ashamed for himself, and angry. Alfred, if for any contemptuously tolerant reason Alfred decided to give Mintern the money, would have done it in such a way that Mintern could not consider him a simpleton. Catching Owen still wordless in vexation the sudden clear notes of a bugle sounding assembly somewhere ahead stiffened him in automatic response. Mintern, taken unawares, started, too. Caught thus in so eloquent a demonstration of their common past, Owen said, "Get along, Mintern! You have what you came for."

"Lord, Captain," Sergeant Mintern said with amiable reproach, "you wouldn't be sore at me, would you?"

Owen delayed, as usual, to let those who moved more quickly go first. The train had dropped them at the curve of the railroad, and it was necessary to pass along the narrow dirt road behind the fatal stone wall before turning up the slope to the Marye house. Dust still hung in the air from the passage of the crowd before him. Countless footprints flattened the whole soft surface. It was like trying to

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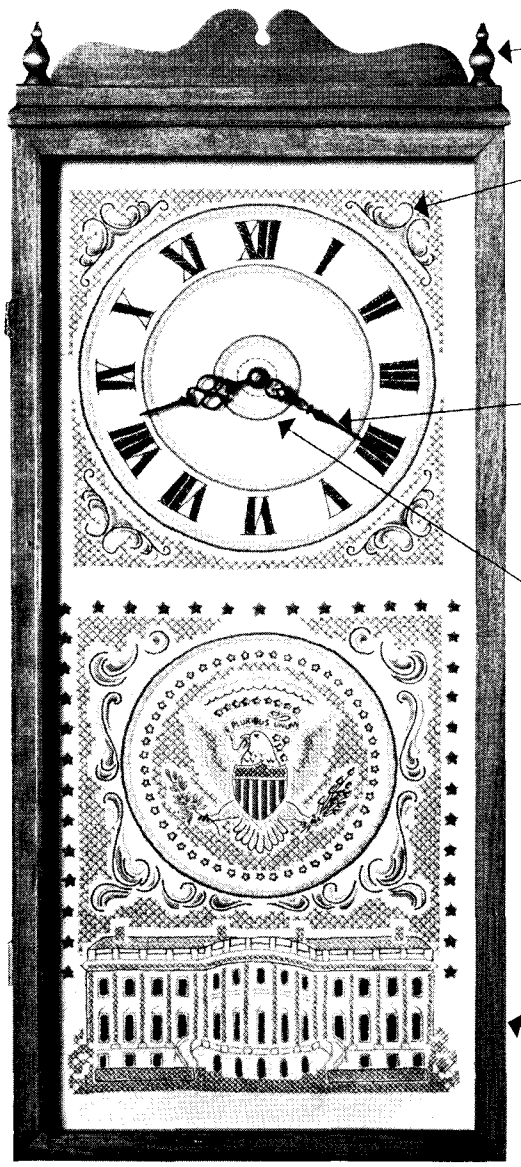

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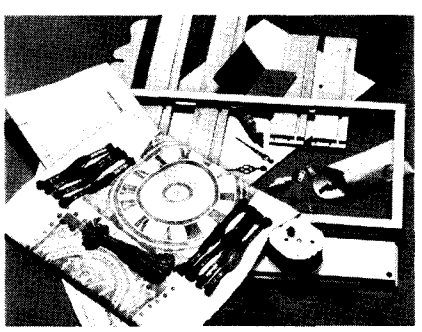

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overtake his regiment in a marching brigade column—Owen could almost expect to hear around the bend of the road the monotonous harsh calls through a thicker dust haze: "Close up, men: close up!"

Reaching finally the top of the low rise, and turning in under the trees toward the house, Owen found the crowd so extensive that he stopped. There was a good chance that Alfred would be holding a seat for him in the few rows of folding chairs arranged directly before the portico, but he felt too tired and out of breath to attempt to push his way through. Peering between the nearer heads and over the ranks of farther ones, he supported himself against a tree trunk, trying to catch what the speaker under the big white pillars was saying.

It was not possible to hear well. The men around him had discovered that and ceased to pay attention, conversing among themselves. Owen caught several ringing but remote and incomplete references to a united nation, the healing of old wounds. He did not know the speaker—probably some politician introducing General Longstreet, but unable to let pass an opportunity for extensive remarks of his own. Prolonged applause broke out, partly because the sentiments expressed were proper and popular, partly because what must be Longstreet showed himself. He stood erect, his full, neat beard moving on his linen and cravat, as he inclined his broad, finely formed forehead repeatedly in acknowledgment of his reception.

Owen had wished to see Longstreet, and now he could see him well enough—a handsome, elderly gentleman with humorous eloquent eyes and a straight nose. It was not possible to be disappointed in him, for he had a face and manner which would be liked everywhere on sight. One look told you why Longstreet, of all the former Confederate generals, had been most successful in obtaining posts and honors in the government against which he had rebelled. Not disappointed, Owen could still feel letdown, dissatisfied, for he had expected—he did not know what: Maybe, something grimmer; something more like a soldier; a more formidable face; a presence which would command respect rather than invite cordiality.

What he had come for was eluding Owen once more. The others, even those who could hear no better than he could, seemed to be getting what they came for. They were obviously content, glad they had come. They were satisfied with the present, with their holiday. Owen reflected that it would be necessary to walk into Fredericksburg when this was over, and it occurred to him that he might as well start now. If he got there much before the others, he could go along Princess Anne Street and try to find the house and garden where he had spent that month wounded.

It was not really a great distance, but Owen's leg was throbbing before he reached the outskirts of the town. He dragged slowly down Princess Anne Street, not, for a moment, sure about the big house. Undoubtedly the brick had been red when he was there. Now it was a pale yellow, or cream. A long veranda in modern style had been added to the side, relieving somewhat the plainness common to houses built long ago, as likely as not before the Revolution. Moving along the shoulder-high brick wall, alternately in the midafternoon sun and the shadows cast by the trees across the street, Owen saw the old slave quarters. Those, too, were changed. The lower part had been given double doors and made into a carriage house. The little back gate at which the sentries had solemnly presented arms for Mama and the girls was gone. Instead there was the necessary wide opening for the drive, with an iron lamppost on each side.

Resting his elbows on the wall top, Owen looked at the old Negro in frock coat and worn silk hat who was absorbed in adjusting some buckle, ducking about an indifferent pair of bay gelding hitched to a sort of surrey with an oblong fringed canopy. Right behind there would be the spot where he had lain in the tent. The Negro finished whatever he was doing, straightened up, and turned. Owen Fulton found himself saying, "Would you be able to tell me if Mrs. Ferris lives here?"

The Negro gazed at him a moment and said, "There ain't no Mr. Ferris, sir. Unless you mean Colonel Ferris. The colonel visits here sometimes, but this is Mrs. Baylor's house. Mrs. Baylor and Miss Lou live here. Colonel Ferris ain't here now."

"I see," Owen answered, embarrassed by the difficulties of proceeding further. Obviously Olivia had married her major and sometimes came to visit. "I was inquiring about Mrs. Ferris, the colonel's wife."

The Negro looked at him with a reticent, not disrespectful suspicion. "The colonel never had no wife, sir. He's an unmarried gentleman."

Finally Owen said, "I was here, wounded, during the war. I remember that Miss Olivia Baylor was to marry a Major Ferris."

"She surely was, sir," said the Negro astonished. "You wouldn't know, then, Miss Olivia died the year the war was over?"

"No, I didn't know," Owen said.

After a moment he realized that the Negro was speaking to him. He said, "Excuse me, I didn't hear you."

"I say, would you like I should take your name in to Miss Lou, sir?"

Owen shook his head. "She wouldn't know me. I was a Yankee."

The old Negro smiled. "Oh, I know you was a Yankee, all right, sir. Mrs. Baylor wouldn't have dealings with you; but Miss Lou don't feel that way. I have this team out here now to take her to the big entertainment. She'd be happy to see any friend of Miss Olivia's."

"Thank you," Owen said, "I wasn't a friend of Miss Olivia's." He turned quickly, limping away, leaving the Negro staring after him.

Owen passed slowly back up the street. A distant band must have begun playing some time ago. Becoming aware of it, Owen was also aware of torpor and silence in the dusty, sunny street. Leaves moved in the wind. An odor of wisteria reached him. Out of a gate ahead stepped three ladies with parasols and, not wishing to overtake them, Owen limped still slower.

Soon the ladies were gone around a corner and Owen could hear the band again, gay and brave, but remote, as though it played back across the years. Sadly, sentimentally, he could think of it attempting to muster in, not this handful of First Corps veterans, but all the innumerable dead of the Army of the Potomac who lay not far beyond earshot, west and north and south, from Wilderness

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Run to Spotsylvania, to the Massaponax, scattered who knew where in one great uncared-for, unmarked, unordered cemetery.

Thinking of that, Owen thought suddenly that he could probably find Olivia's grave if he liked, and read her name on the stone. Yet he knew he would not bother. The fine melancholy afternoon light made everything seem long over, of little importance. Several carriages had passed him, and wondering how late it was, Owen began feeling for his watch. Finally he stood still, felt in other pockets.

How Mintern, tipsy as he was, had managed it, you couldn't guess; but Mintern had, all right—doubtless while Owen was dozing. Alfred was, as always, right.

Two more carriages filled with the light colors of ladies' dresses went by. The watch was a gold hunter, an expensive one. It had, too, a sentimental value. Hattie, on the occasion of a legacy from an aunt of hers, had given it to him. In the back cover under a small oval of glass, it contained an ingeniously plaited lock of Hattie's hair. Mintern might have found a way to dispose of it here in Fredericksburg; but, on the other hand, drinking more, he might have neglected to.

Being always right, Alfred, in these circumstances, wouldn't wait a minute. He would denounce Mintern, have him arrested and searched. If it were not on Mintern's person, Alfred would shrewdly follow up every possible avenue of disposal until the watch was recovered and Mintern's guilt established. In his own case, Owen had even more reason to take these steps. Hattie, displeased about the trip anyway, would find the loss of his fine watch the last straw. It would be just what she had expected and he would be a long time hearing the last of it. She would say that it seemed a high price to pay for a silly and expensive trip which had worn him out. If he had listened to her, or cared at all for her opinion, he would have stayed home and still had his watch.

Distressed and doubtful, Owen turned the corner. Before the opera house were many carriages, a crowd of people, and the band whose music he had heard. A big, red-faced, cheery man with a paper in his hand was calling out something. It proved to be: "Now, Baxter's brigade, gentlemen! Anyone from Baxter's brigade? Any members of the Twelfth Massachusetts Regiment? Table number five, please. Anyone from the Eighty-third and Ninety-seventh New York Regiments ——"

Owen started to answer, to raise his hand; but the words did not come. He let his hand fall. In the foyer he caught a glimpse of Alfred with General Doubleday and General Longstreet. They were being introduced to some ladies. Jostled, he looked the other way in time to see the old Negro, the bay geldings, and the surrey which had been in the Baylors' yard come to the curb. Someone pushed through the press and very courteously assisted two flustered but smiling old women to alight. One of them must be Miss Lou, Owen realized, suddenly reminded of her and Sarah Ann, of Mama and Olivia, prim and frigid, going down the garden path. Both of these women were now older than Mama had been then. Who could doubt the war was all over; and, as the speaker on the hill had said, how glorious, how inspiring to see North and South one again!

Anxiously, the man on the steps was still calling. "Now, please, gentlemen! The Eighty-third New York Regiment! The Ninety-seventh New York Regiment! Isn't there anyone from ——"

"No, no," thought Owen, "no one ——" A movement in the crowd gave him a last sight of the simpering old faces of the two ladies. It was wrong, it was even wicked of him to think it, but, in indignation, he had to think of three hundred and fifty thousand Union dead: of Longstreet reduced in the end to speeches and funny stories; of the First Corps persisting only as a crowd of fatuous jolly banqueters; in the place of the Army of Northern Virginia, one hundred ladies of Fredericksburg ——

Owen turned away. The man on the steps had given up the Ninety-seventh New York. As he limped down the street, Owen could hear him, fainter and fainter, as though in parody of the Army of the Potomac's roll, calling the names of other regiments. At the station he learned that there would be a train, though not a fast one, for Washington in an hour.

Recovering his bag from the guard in charge of them, Owen carried it painfully back along the siding where the bright cars of the morning stood deserted. The platform of the station was empty. Owen sat down on a bench to wait and the wonderful comfort of being off his feet, able to rest, filled him slowly with a kind of content. The shadows lengthened. Musing, yawning, he reflected that things might be worse. By leaving this way, without waiting for the tour of the Spotsylvania and Chancellorsville battlefields, he would be home a day, perhaps two days, early. This would please Hattie so much that he felt sure she wouldn't make too great a fuss about the lost watch. THE END

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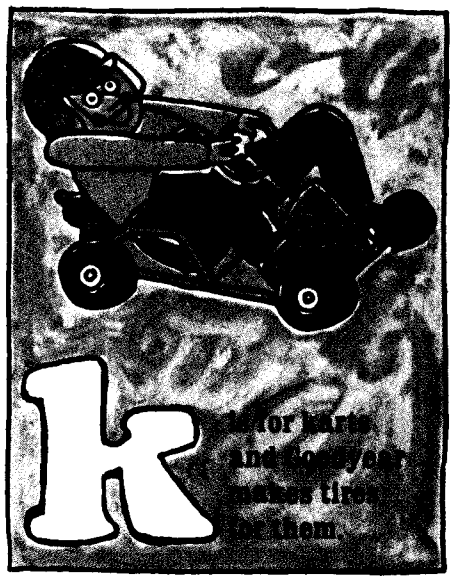

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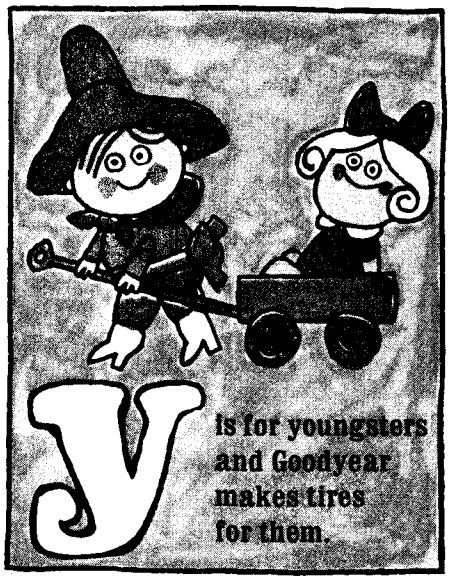
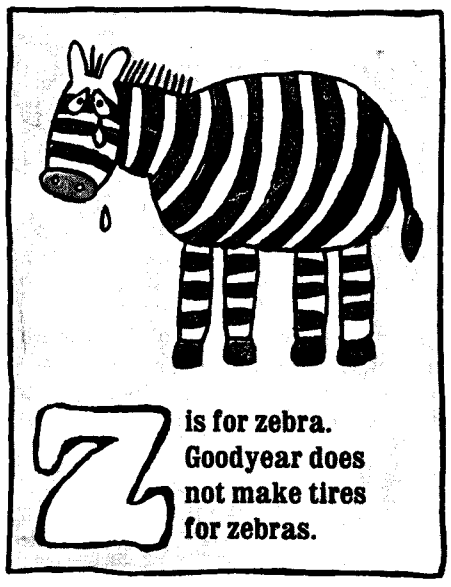


y is for youngsters and Goodyear makes tires for them.



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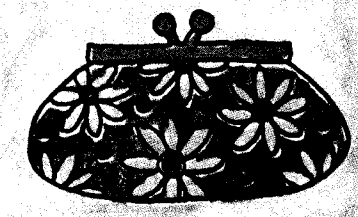

I for the money.

2 for the road.

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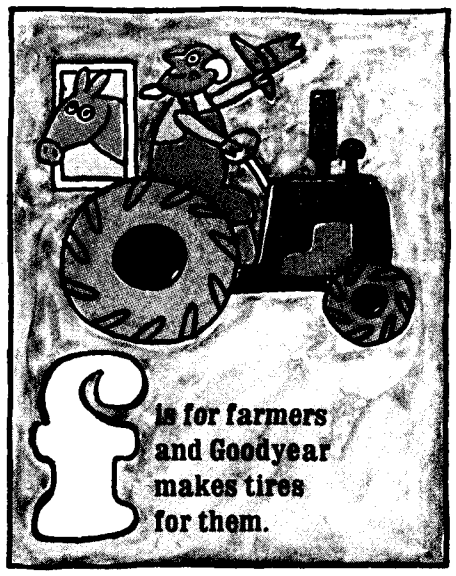
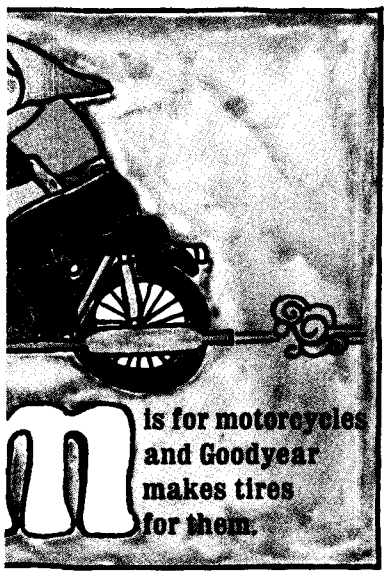
e is for earth-movers and Goodyear makes tires for them.



f is for farmers and Goodyear makes tires for them.

g is for golf cars and Goodyear makes tires for them.

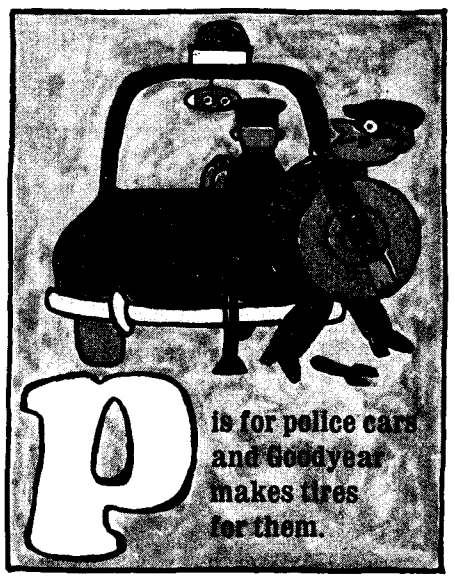
h is for hand carts and Goodyear makes tires for them.



m is for motorcycles and Goodyear makes tires for them.

n is for nowhere. The place you get to, without Goodyear tires.

O is for older cars and Goodyear makes tires for them.



p is for police cars and Goodyear makes tires for them.

U is for Utah Salt Flats. Goodyear tires broke land speed record here.

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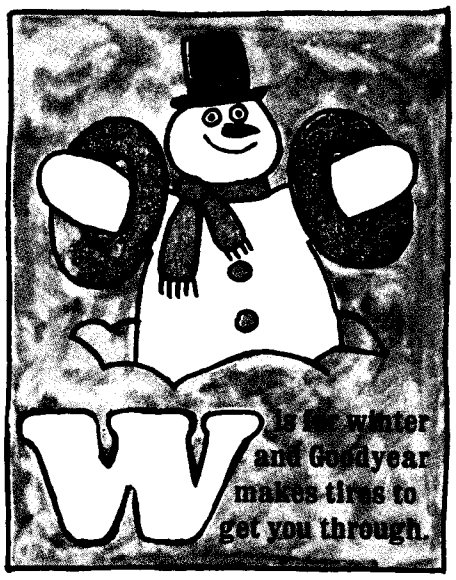

W is for winter and Goodyear makes tires to get you through.

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Coming Home

Folks just get a yearning sometimes to go back home again to the empty room, settle down with a bottle of Pernod and a few phenobarbs, and start a good quarrel.

By Joan Didion

"Charlie," the girl said. "I'm tired. You know perfectly well why I stayed six weeks instead of four and let's please not talk about it. Let's please be nice to each other for maybe five minutes until my baggage comes. Because I'm tired."

"You're always tired. You worked maybe three weeks and you've been sitting out there by some pool for the past three."

The girl did not speak. Instead she folded her coat with elaborate care, sat down on the edge of the baggage platform, and extended one leg reflectively.

"*Damn*," she said suddenly.

"What is it now?"

"Nothing. There's a run in my stocking."

"Nothing. Exactly. That's pretty interesting. That's making a real effort."

She closed her eyes. "There's a run in my stocking and I had three drinks with the network people at the Los Angeles airport and two more on the plane so I could sleep and my neck hurts from sleeping against the window. And when I woke up they were out of coffee and I had this idea the landing gear wouldn't work. And it's cold here. It's cold and it's six-fifteen in the morning."

"Anything else? Anything else at all? That's what we need, a little more self-pity."

"I'm sorry," she said after a while. "You know how I get in the morning."

"I thought that was going to stop." He ignored her outstretched hand.

"You thought that was going to stop. I thought a *lot* of things were going to stop. I thought we were *both of us* going to make an effort. I thought maybe possibly, just possibly, I could go out of town for once without your. . . ."

She stood up, brushed at her skirt, and laughed breathlessly. "I'm all wrinkled. I thought I'd wear this dress and look pretty. And now here I am. . . ."

Her voice trailed off and she suddenly smiled at him, smoothing her dark hair back from her forehead.

"It's a pretty dress," he said carefully. "It's a little Cali*for*nia but it's a very pretty dress."

She took a pair of dark glasses from her bag and began polishing the lenses strenuously with a used tissue. "Actually it's not a little Cali*for*nia, at all. Actually I bought it at Bendel two weeks before I left. Actually if it weren't for your many dis*trac*tions you'd remember forwarding me the bill instead of paying it."

"You want to stop it, or don't you?"

She blew on the lenses, polished them again, and replaced the glasses in her bag. "I'm sorry," she repeated then, and took his arm. "Listen. How are you really? I mean never mind all that, is it all right? About the baby? Were you really pleased?"

"I was pleased." He looked away. "You been getting that tone in your voice, though. You're going to end up in the hospital again, you don't cut it out. You're going to end up in the shape you were in that night you called me, you don't watch ——"

"Which night I called you? Which night was that? That night maybe three weeks ago when I had the great pleasure, the unadulterated—that's some kind of pun—pleasure of getting honey-chile on the line? *That* night I called you?"

"We've been through this."

"It was like getting the weather on WSB At*lan*ta."

"Listen. I don't want any more of this from you."

She said nothing, then touched his coat. "I'm sorry."

"I meant the night you called to tell me you were going to drown yourself in the Pacific Ocean. That was cute. That was original dialogue."

"Ah. *That* night I called you. Well, see, Charlie, I was in a very bad way. I was scared. I was meeting Mousie Jenner's husband. Ex-husband. So anyway I was in this bar above Sunset and there was this awful couple there ——"

"You were drunk."

"No, baby," she said patiently. "I wasn't drunk. They were drunk."

"Who?"

"This couple. He was an unemployed writer—his last half-credit was on the original *Lucy*, so you see he was really unemployed, I mean not like you—and she looked like Miss America of 1944. She talked that way, too. Ver-ry Mod-you-lat-ed." She paused. "As a matter of fact she sounded very much like ——"

"Cut it out." He lowered his voice. "Speaking of credits, they giving you the credit on this?"

She shrugged. "What difference does it make?"

"No difference, Mary, no difference at all. You been around this business about eight years, you

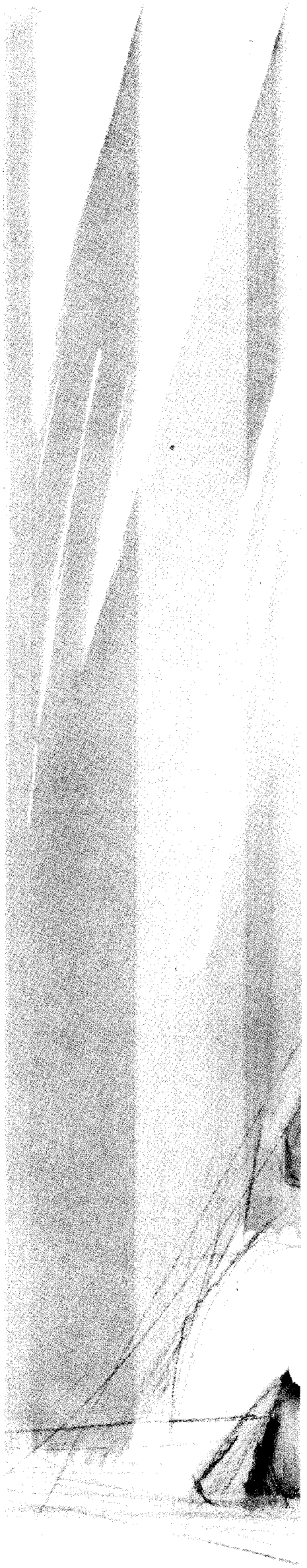

Illustration by Joe Cleary

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Joan Didion writes, "I was born in the Sacramento Valley. In 1956 I graduated from the University of California at Berkeley, was awarded Vogue's *Prix de Paris, and came to New York to work for* Vogue. *Although I made an improbable* Vogue *editor, we kept up the ruse until last winter, when they generously allowed as how I could do a monthly column of movie reviews for them, and stay home. In January I married an editor of* Time, *and we live intermittently in New York and Los Angeles. (We are spending the summer in a house on California's sea, not far from Marineland, where I like to watch the dolphins.) My first novel,* Run, River, *was published here last year and in London this spring; I am now working on a second, set in Palm Springs and Reno and called* Play It As It Lays. *That is a gambler's phrase, but the book is not about gambling but about varieties of love."*

---

know it doesn't make any difference. Maybe a thousand-dollar jump on your next half hour, *no difference*."

She said nothing.

"OK, forget it. So there you were, by yourself, talking to this pair of lushed-up has-beens. That's a pretty picture."

She closed her eyes. "You're missing it. I wasn't talking to them. I was waiting for Pete Jenner and listening to *them* talking. She kept asking the piano player to play *Moon River*. Then she'd take a big drag on her cigarette and say, real earnest, 'I can go all the way with Hank Mancini, believe me, *all the way*.'" She paused. "It was a piano bar."

"Naturally."

"Anyway. So all of a sudden I got scared. I got so scared I thought I was going to faint. So I went into the ladies' room. And that," she added dispiritedly, "was when I called you."

He said nothing. After a while he picked up her coat and tentatively wrapped it around her shoulders, and she slumped against his chest.

"Anyway," she said without inflection, "that was before I knew. Not that it makes much difference to you."

"Don't be that way," he whispered helplessly. "Listen here. Listen here to me, Mary Monroe. Don't be that way again."

When Mary Monroe Sweet's father died, she was a junior at Barnard; she flew to the funeral, landing first at Lexington and then traveling by bus into the little eastern Kentucky town where he had for twenty years operated the Black Diamond mine. "Teach us to number our days," the minister muttered in the Masonic Cemetery; touched, Mary Monroe's mother had numbered her days and found them unpromising, had deserted the grave that same afternoon and fled to kinder country, the Gulf Coast of Florida, where one month later she married a retired Air Force colonel and settled in a place named Sunshine Keys. From then on Mary Monroe spent her holidays in New York, visiting classmates whose parents had large dark apartments and collections of Impressionist paintings on Park Avenue and Central Park West, and the last she remembered of Kentucky was rain streaming off the yellow hardpan in the Masonic Cemetery. That spring it seemed to her that there was no one left, since her mother's defection, to certify

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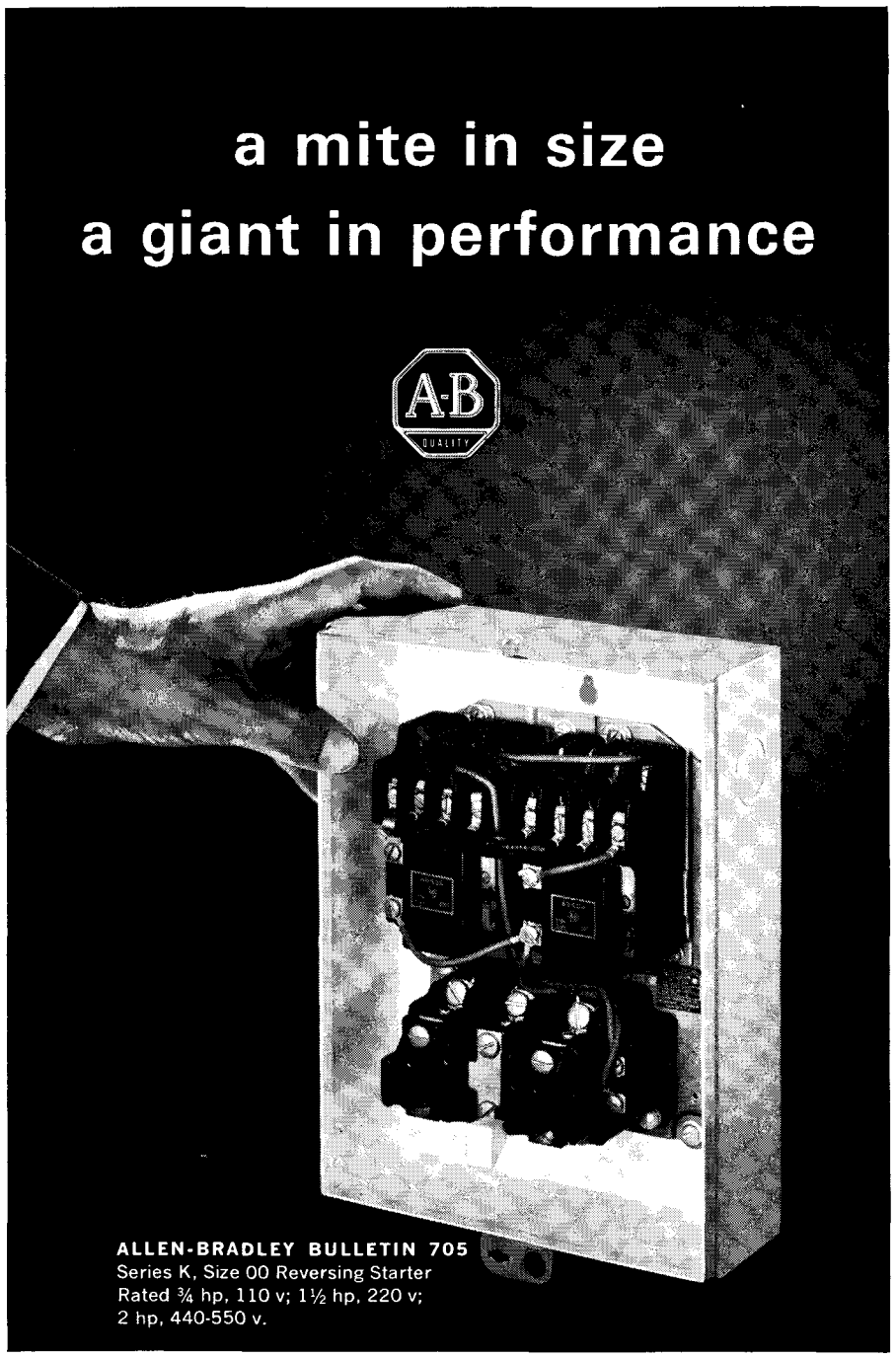

ALLEN-BRADLEY BULLETIN 705
Series K, Size 00 Reversing Starter
Rated ¾ hp, 110 v; 1½ hp, 220 v;
2 hp, 440-550 v.

■ Whether *your* application requires 10 reversals per minute or 10 reversals per hour, this makes no difference to the Allen-Bradley Bulletin 705 Size 00 reversing starter—so long as the published rating of the reverser is not exceeded. In fact, here is where all Allen-Bradley Bulletin 705 reversing motor starters really prove their "plus value"—they provide *extra millions* of trouble free operations.

The new Series K solenoid design is rugged . . . and so simple, nothing can go wrong. There's a new magnet—it's cushioned to eliminate destructive pounding. It also boasts of a built-in air gap that remains permanent. Consequently, magnetic sticking cannot occur . . . ever! The coils are pressure molded . . . they won't cause you a moment's trouble even where chemical atmospheres are very bad. Naturally, the weld-resistant cadmium oxide silver contacts never need servicing.

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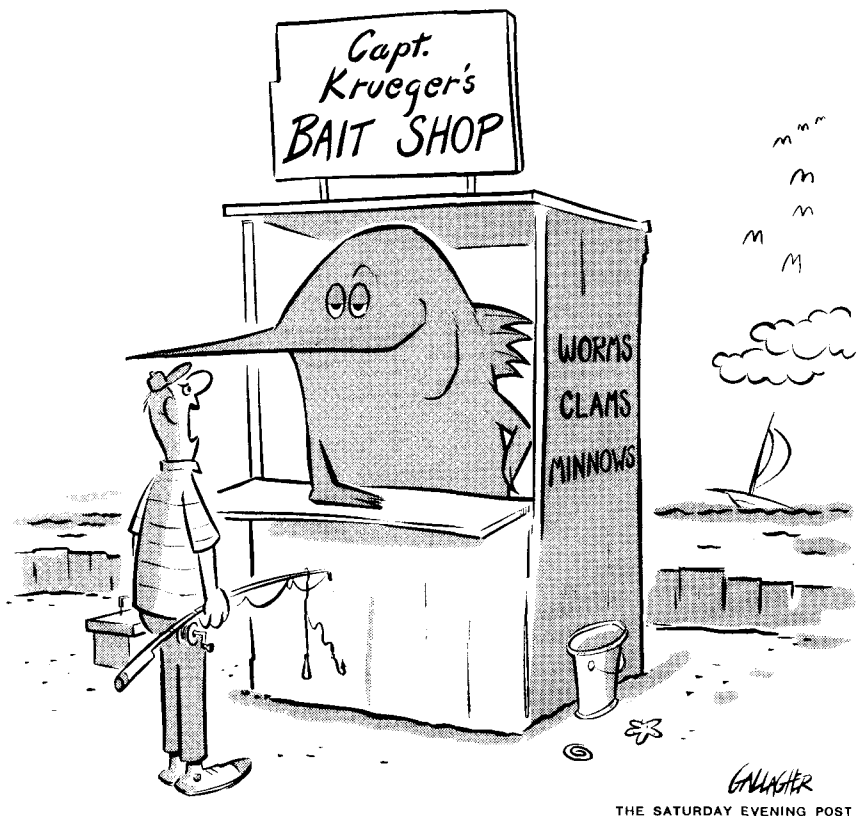
QUALITY MOTOR CONTROL

Coming Home

her childhood—no one who remembered the rabbit that froze to death or the night she woke screaming with an earache or the songs her father improvised about her on the Chickering in the dining room (*Pack up my sweet Mary Monroe, here we go, swingin' low, bye, bye, Mary*)—and therefore that in certain respects she had ceased to exist. Examining this fact, she found it increasingly difficult to talk to those girls who, with their diamond engagement rings and their plans to spend a year with a French family and their parents' collections of Impressionist paintings, so palpably did exist.

The following year she deliberately lost her scholarship, failed to register (how could she pretend to a future if she had no past? How could she sit next to those girls if she could not talk to them?), and spent the small checks she received from her father's estate on one third of the rent for an apartment on West 113th Street and on small loans to the boys who took her to drink beer in the West End Café. What she had found was the camaraderie of failure, and for a while it comforted her. In June of what would have been her senior year, however, she emerged from this fringe world (her father, she recalled abruptly, would not have admired the fact that no one she knew had the means to take her to Connecticut for dinner) and, through a roommate's father, obtained a job on the training program of a large advertising agency. Although she was only a moderately competent copywriter (for one thing, she was on a packaged-cake account, and the photographs of smiling women and flawless cakes saddened her so that she could not work, made her feel that the simple glory of life was in some way denied her), at the end of two years it was discovered, by a network story editor named Charlie Sloane, that she had a gift for devising the kind of television drama known as "controversial," those programs which lend the viewer the illusion of virtue by enlisting him on the side of some unexceptionable proposal and then suggesting that the proposal is hotly opposed by the enemies of free thought. ("Negro Nobel Prize scientist Paul Crocker is the obvious choice to head the university's new Institute of Foreign Affairs. But his nomination splits University City in two—and reveals dangerous hatred in an extremist trustee. 60 min.") The year Mary Monroe was twenty-seven, she made just under $25,000. She rented a river-view apartment on Gracie Square in which she both lived and worked, sitting on her king-sized mattress in an old Shetland sweater and typing out dilemma after dilemma with a fluency which sometimes depressed her. That she worked on her bed was no idiosyncrasy; there was no place else to sit. The apartment looked always as if it had been abruptly vacated, by a tenant who had left behind a few unwanted curios, one rickety table and the king-sized mattress. "I mean to do something with this place pretty soon," Mary Monroe would say confidently; pressed, she would equivocate. "I'll drive out 9-W to auctions, come summer," or: "I wonder whatever became of the rocker I had in Kentucky. I do like a rocker."

In fact she had no intention of furnishing the apartment; furniture was for families. To buy a rug, or a piece of china larger than an ashtray (ashtrays, after all, could be construed as personal effects), would be to throw her shameful uselessness into even more vivid relief—for there was indeed a thorn in the roses Mary Monroe received every Friday from Charlie Sloane: she felt a pointlessness so keen that it verged upon despair. Less-fortunate girls were not pointless; less-fortunate girls were useful. She imagined them in Altman's on their lunch hours, buying bathing suits for Quogue and smart lacquer trays for their attractive little apartments; imagined them sharing confidences over their hamburger Stroganoff, heading toward further usefulness with a beautiful inevitability which did not seem to apply to her own life. There were days on which she looked with uneasy desolation into her engagement



"What have you done with Captain Krueger?!"

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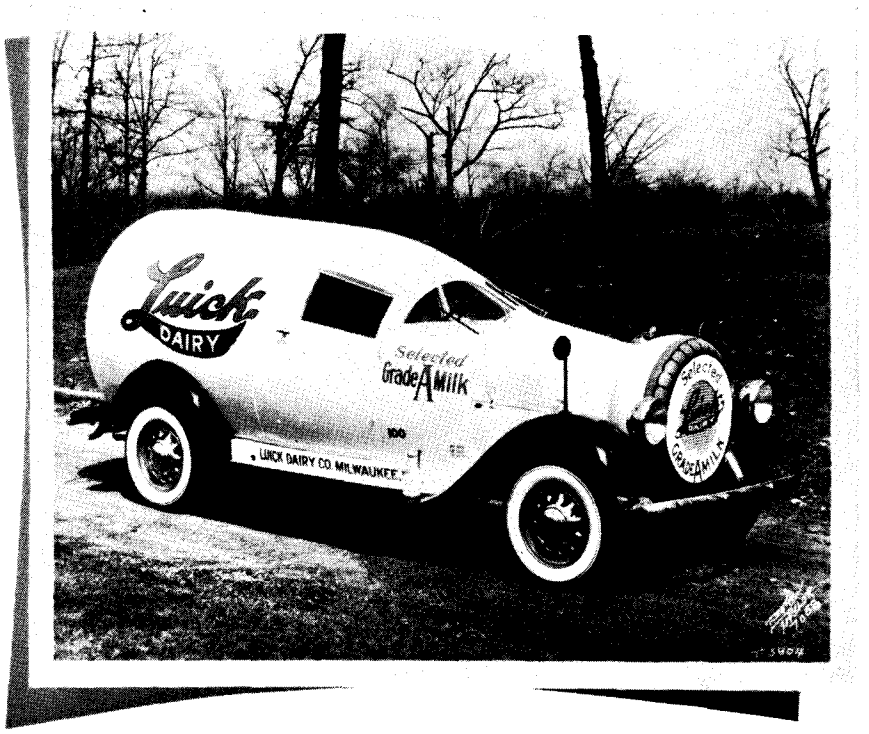


The picturesque vehicle up above was a Dodge truck owned by a Milwaukee dairy back in the early 'Thirties. Obviously, it was designed to make it stand out in a crowd.

Today Job-Rating is done differently.

See your dependable Dodge truck dealer. Tell him what you want your truck to do. Then we'll build you a Dodge with the right engine, transmission, drive train, springs and axles.

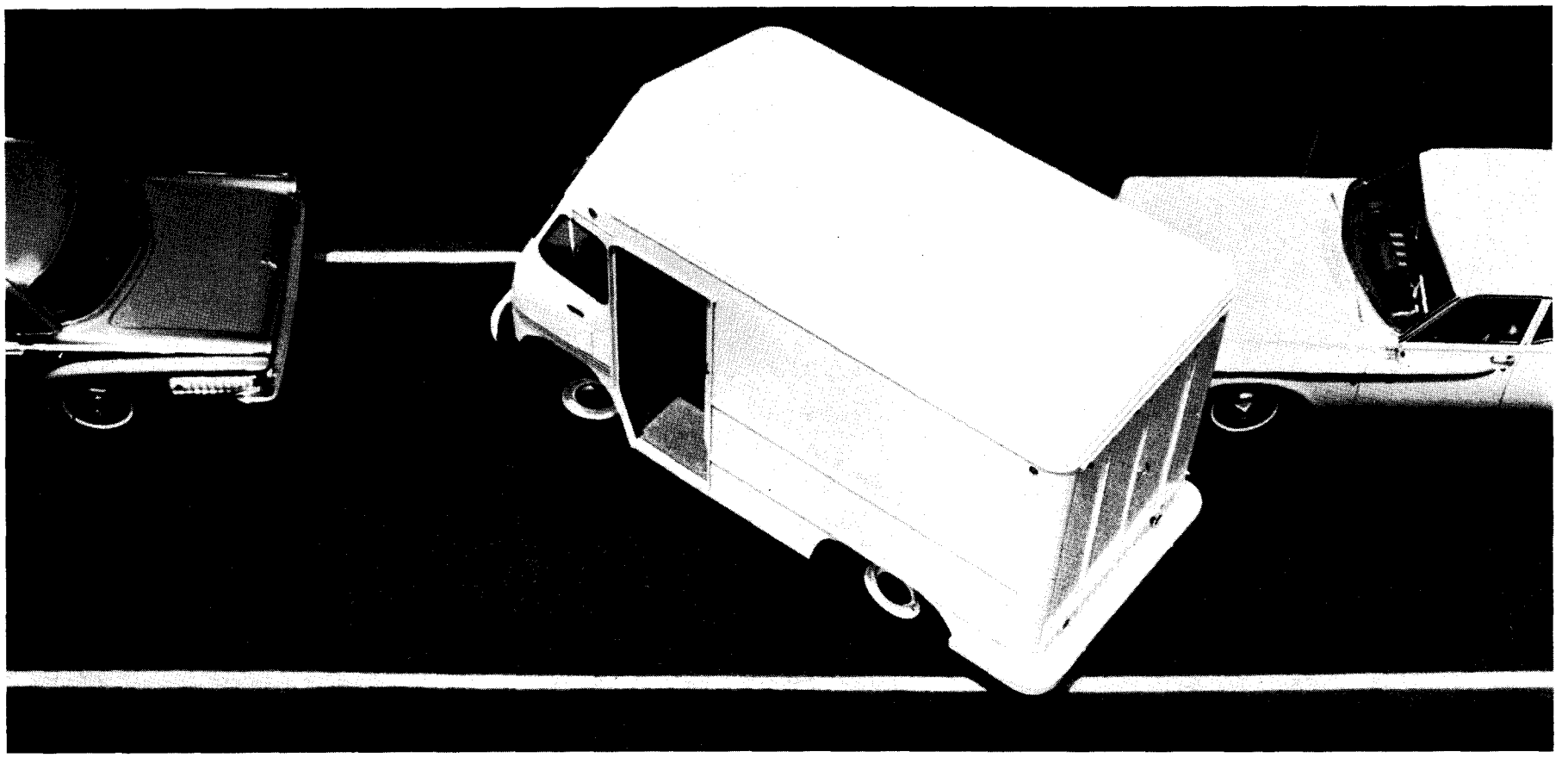
That's Dodge Job-Rating.

You'll find yourself doing the job with a lot less trouble and expense than you've been used to. And when you ask about prices, you'll find them nose to nose with Ford's and Chevrolet's.

Take the Dodge below—also a dairy truck. It has a Slant Six engine, LoadFlite automatic transmission, leaf springs and Oriflow shock absorbers all around. Yet it costs no more than competition.

Maybe you should ask about prices first!

JOB-RATING DOESN'T COST ANY MORE ANYMORE



Dodge Builds Tough Trucks

DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

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Advertisement

New kind of Health Insurance Plan

PAYS YOU FOR STAYING WELL

Cash to help with hospital and medical bills when you're sick or hurt.

Generous cash benefits when you're sick or hurt . . . yet money back if you stay healthy

Steadily rising medical costs have put millions of Americans in a dangerous spot. Their present health insurance is no longer enough. (Recent figures released by the American Hospital Association show that the average cost of one day's stay in a hospital has more than doubled in the last 10 years—from $18.35 to $36.83.)

Today, when sickness or accident strikes, most folks will find that instead of their health insurance paying the big share of the bills, they have to come up with the lion's share out of their own pocket. Until now there have been only two ways to solve this serious problem: You could gamble on never being sick, or take out more health insurance that you might never use.

Now, all this is changed. The insurance company that already protects thousands of Californians and their families has come up with a new answer. A new kind of policy that pays off sick or well . . . that says you must collect.

Like ordinary health insurance, this plan pays generous cash benefits for covered sickness or accidents off the job. These benefits are paid directly to you in cash . . . over and above what you get from any other insurance. But, unlike ordinary policies, with this plan you don't have to be sick or hurt to get paid! If you stay well . . . if you don't need the protection, you get money back. Instead of simply paying premiums which return nothing if you have no claims, you get a cash refund at maturity. In effect, you have built an extra savings account.

Even if you use up part of the benefits provided for hospital room, doctor bills and surgeon's fees, you still get a refund when your policy matures. All the unused benefits come back to you in a lump sum cash payment. In other words, the policy *must* pay off. You *must* collect.

This revolutionary policy, NC-701, is offered by Certified Life Insurance Company as part of the famous White Cross Plan of low-cost, high-quality protection. Thousands of Californians and their families now look to the White Cross emblem for security and peace of mind.

The complete story of this remarkable "money back" plan is told in the Blue Book, an interesting and informative booklet offered to you absolutely free by Certified Life of California.

††To get your copy of the Blue Book, simply fill out and mail the postage-free airmail reply card bound in next to this page. There is no cost or obligation for this service.

Life's more fun when you feel secure against medical bills. It's twice the fun knowing you'll get money back for staying healthy. Sick or well you must collect.

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book, imagining the pages dissolving into falling leaves and apple blossoms as they did in old Bette Davis movies. Such television commercials as those which began "Say, Mother, wondering what to pack in those lunch boxes tomorrow?" could strike dread into the pit of her stomach. Had not Week April 5–11, after all, slipped by exactly as Week November 8–14 had? Was she not, after all, a hopeless outsider, never having packed a lunch box? She pinned a baby-food advertisement beside her bed, and sometimes when she was tired and when Charlie Sloane had gone home she would lie in bed, staring into the baby's larger-than-life eyes and imagining that the baby was hers, forever to lie beside her and depend upon her. The baby never grew older, never had a father.

In the fall of Mary Monroe's twenty-eighth year, when Charlie Sloane's wife had obtained an Alabama divorce, Mary Monroe pressed him to marry her. He did, and it was six months before she awoke one morning alone (they had fought again, and she had told him to leave, to *get out of here*) and admitted what she had never imagined: that a wedding ring and a four-slice toaster and the name of a little upholsterer who works for a song did not necessarily bring the bluebird to nest in one's backyard. She stayed in bed all day, shivering even under the electric blanket that had been a wedding present, and when Charlie came home he stroked her hair and urged her to get dressed and come out for dinner. (He seemed to sense that she had no heart for *The Joy of Cooking*, no interest in the one-dish meal planner shaped like a verb wheel which had so delighted her at first.) She only cried, and did not speak. Late the next day, when she still had not spoken, the doctor came.

Once, on a cold morning like this one when she had just come home from somewhere (the hospital, maybe, although she did not like to think about that and anyway it could *not* have been the hospital because that was in spring, not cold at all, last spring, just before Charlie left the network), she had suggested that they separate: "We could be friends then," she had said. Although it had not seemed probable, it had seemed no more improbable than any other solution.

Now, as Charlie fumbled with his keys, she closed her eyes and imagined crosses to bear, *things to forgive*. He did *not* want the baby; she could tell, even if he could not. He *had* brought some girl home; she would, if she did not refrain from looking, find her crumpled cigarette packages in the wastebaskets, her mindless backhand notes in among his collar stays. She had never actually found one of those notes, but it soothed her to think that she would, if only she would look; it lent a certain focus.

She opened her eyes. "You're trying the wrong key. You can *see* it's the wrong key."

He swore softly.

"You'll have to watch that kind of language," she said absurdly as he pushed the door open for her. "When the baby comes you'll really have to change your way of talking."

"Don't be an ass."

"There," she said quickly. "You see. You *don't* want it."

He held out his hands for her coat.

"You *never* wanted it."

"Cut it out. Just cut it out."

"*Cut it out yourself*," she whispered, near tears, and pulled away from him.

He followed her into the bedroom. "You're tired. You have a drink and then get to bed."

"I'll have a shower," she said miserably. "I don't feel like a drink. It's seven-thirty in the morning."

"OK, then. Have a shower. Have a good cry for a change. Have whatever the hell you want." He paused. "There's some Pernod. That's good in the morning. That'll pick you up."

"I don't like Pernod, baby. I've never been able to abide Pernod. That must be somebody else," she added mildly. "Who likes Pernod. In the morning."

"OK. Act that way."

She sat on the edge of the bed and unbuttoned her dress. "I'm sorry," she said after a while. "I'm always saying it, but I really am."

"Listen," he said. "Get in bed. Get undressed and I'll get you a drink."

By the time he came back she had pulled the curtains closed, shutting out the cold morning light, and was sitting cross-legged on the bed, brushing her hair. She had taken off the slip she had worn on the plane and put on a new one, a blue silk slip she had bought in Los Angeles the day before.

"I feel better," she said, and smiled. "I feel better already."

"We'll go somewhere tonight. We'll have dinner out. It'll be all right."

She sipped the Pernod, and lay back. "Hold me," she said finally. "Hold me awhile."

He kissed her forehead, then stood up. "I have to go downtown, Mary. I have to go right now."

"At eight o'clock in the morning?"

He looked away. "It's almost eight-thirty. I have an appointment. An early appointment."

She tried to cover herself with a comforter.

"It could mean something important."

"So nice you could meet me." She sat upright, clutching the comforter, and raised her voice: "*So nice you could find time to meet me.*"

When she heard the door close she got up, pulled off the blue silk slip and put on a nightgown, smoked a cigarette until it burned her fingertips, and then took two phenobarbitals from the bottle in Charlie's medicine chest. Walking barefoot into the kitchen, she filled a glass with ice and poured what was left of her Pernod into it, and then got into bed, holding the cold glass against her temple. Gradually warming, she thought drowsily of men who had wanted her; quieted herself with a litany of passes resisted, overtures not encouraged, of temptation and of virtue and of opportunities that might come again. (Only last week, someone had mistaken her for Audrey Hepburn. A year ago a director had asked her to spend a weekend on Antigua with him. Once, when she was seventeen, a stranger at a wedding in Kentucky had asked to paint her; her complexion, he said, was "pure Botticelli.")

When she was almost asleep she was able to conjure up the image of the baby, not her own unknown baby (she did not think about that) but the loved baby in the baby-food advertisement, and as she burrowed deeper under the blankets she imagined herself singing to that baby, day after shining day, singing until its larger-than-life eyes closed, just for her, *Pack up my sweet Mary Monroe, here we go, swingin' low, bye, bye, Mary.*

THE END

"Decaffeinated" Cigarettes? Much the way caffein is removed from coffee, King Sano's exclusive extraction process reduces nicotine and other elements in the tobacco leaf itself.* In addition, King Sano uses a new high-efficiency filter, specially treated to mellow the smoke and add to your flavor enjoyment. King Sano and King Sano Menthol. Try them today.

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For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain – without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all – results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

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This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters.

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Your dog depends on you. Help guard his vitality and good spirits—enjoy the fun of his companionship.

Sergeant's Worm-Away offers safe, sure protection against the common large roundworms (ascarids) which infest most dogs from time to time. Simply mix Worm-Away with your dog's food according to directions.

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Worm-Away is only 98¢ at drug-stores or pet counters. Keep in mind, too, that Sergeant's offers you a complete line of tested dog-care products.

FREE Dog-Care Book. Packed with facts on feeding, training, ailments. Send a postcard with your name and address to Sergeant's, Dept. E, Richmond, Va. 23230

If product or performance defective, Good Housekeeping guarantees replacement or refund to consumer

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A good ambassador can make much ado about

HIS EXCELLENCY

Miss Tasmer obviously had something on her mind. She had made two unnecessary trips to the office in less than an hour, and now here she was again.

Norman White looked up from his desk. "What is it, Tazzie?"

"Oh, just this," she said. She placed a letter in front of him. "It's from Miller and Ralston. They want to know if you're planning to go ahead with the blacktop."

"Oh, hell, I'm not going to worry about that now," said Norman White.

"A lot of work piled up while you were away," she said.

"It certainly did, but that was to be expected."

"The first week back, there's such a pile of it it hardly seems worthwhile taking a vacation."

"Well, it was worthwhile to me. I'll tell you what we can do, though. Things like this Miller and Ralston letter, and the one from Chalmers, don't give them to me one at a time. They can all wait till the end of the week anyway, and I can take care of them then."

"Notice it says in the Miller and Ralston letter, if they don't get an answer by the fifteenth, they're going to have to go ahead with another job."

"Then let them. I'm not that anxious to spend twenty-two hundred dollars. Not as anxious as they are to get me to spend it. The same way with Chalmers. I know what he wants to see me about. So do you, for that matter. These guys aren't busy just now, but I am. This week let's concentrate our efforts on making a buck instead of spending it, huh?"

"Well, I just thought, Miller and Ralston said the price will go up after the first of the month," she said.

"I know. And if the price goes

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...othing all end well.

BY JOHN O'HARA

up they don't get the job. I can put the whole thing off for another year. So if they're pressuring *you*, Tazzie, you just tell them that."

"Oh, they're not pressuring me," she said.

"Then what's on your mind? I can always tell when you have something bugging you. You haven't gotten pregnant again, have you?"

"Mister White! That's uncalled for. I don't think that was called for at all."

"Well, is your mother lushing it up again?"

"That either. Now you just stop *saying* those kind of things."

"I don't know, Tazzie. You have these problems all the time, and I can usually ——"

"What if there was somebody listening? Salesmen come in and sit out there, or one of the men. The salesmen I don't care, but if one of the men heard you

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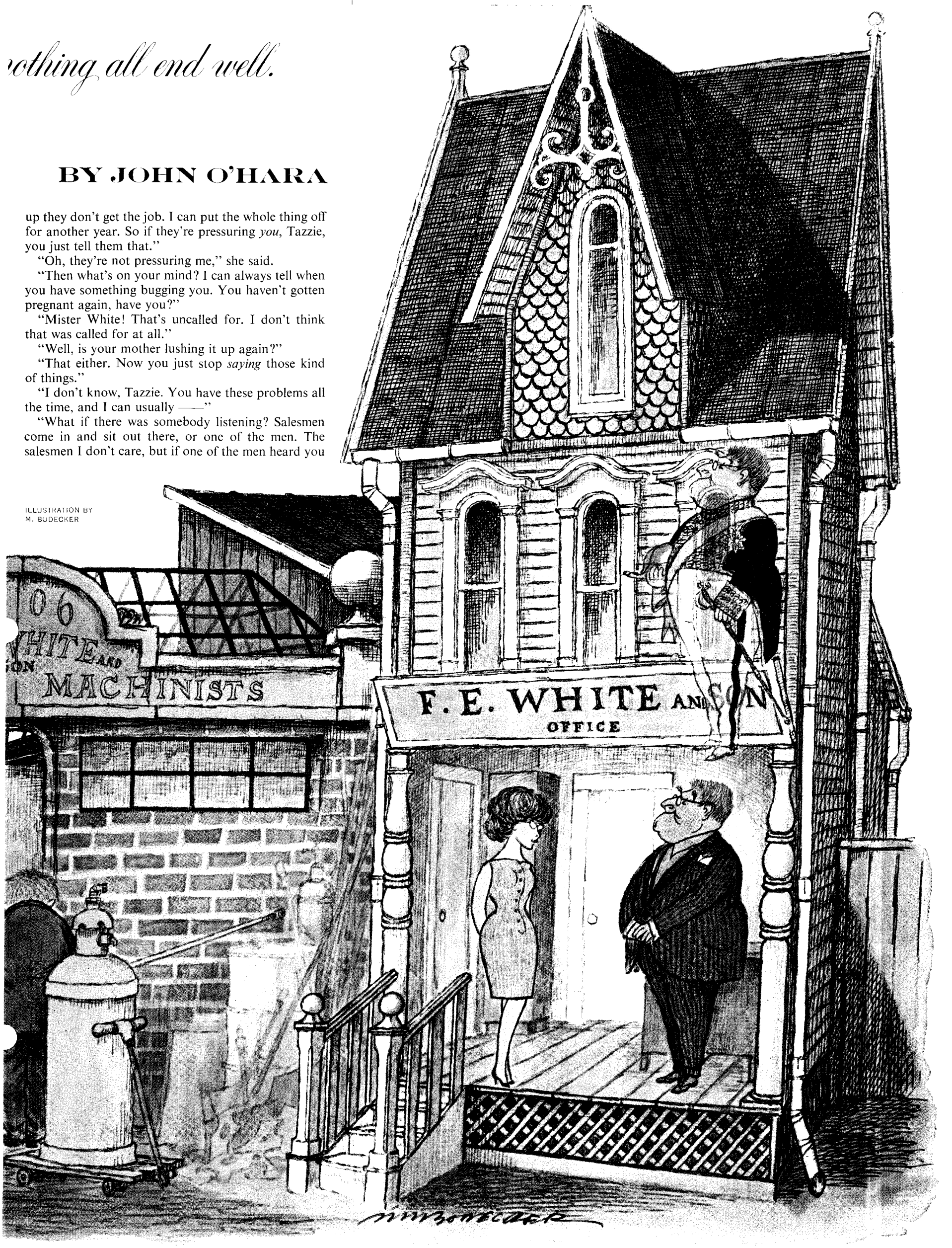
M. BODECKER



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Are you using the most modern way to relieve hemorrhoids?

You can be sure—with The PAZO Formula in convenient suppository form . . . most modern way to shrink hemorrhoid tissue without surgery. Here's why . . .

MODERN IN FORM. PAZO suppositories are ideal for today's active people. Handy to carry in pocket or purse, simple to use wherever you go. Foil-wrapped. Stainless, pure-white. No messy applicator, no messy stains.

MODERN IN FORMULA. Some products claim all-purpose ingredients which are expected to do many jobs. PAZO suppositories, however, are a scientifically developed *combination* of tested ingredients . . . each chosen for its ability to do one *primary* job with full-strength effectiveness.

Primary Function of Specific Ingredient	PAZO	Most Heavily Advertised Brand	Petroleum Jelly
Pile Tissue Shrinkage	√	√	
Lubrication	√	√	√
Antiseptic Action	√	√	
Pain Relief	√		
Itch Relief	√		

Use the most modern way to soothe and shrink hemorrhoid tissue without surgery, PAZO suppositories.

The PAZO. FORMULA

Also available in ointment form.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF GROVE LABORATORIES

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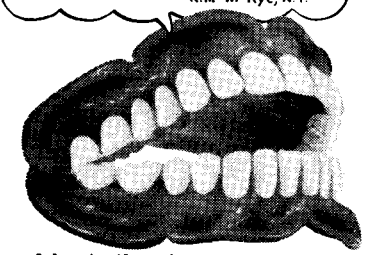

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His Excellency

talk that way, the story'd be all over town. It's bad enough as it is."

"What is?" he said. "Now we're getting somewhere."

"Well, I'm not a tattletale, but the new man, that Heckman, he talks worse than you do. It's got so I just dread going out in the shop, the things he says."

"Heckman? What kind of things?"

"Fresh things. And right in front of the other men. I told him to stop or I'd report him to you, but he just goes right ahead."

"What kind of things?"

"About *me*," she said.

"You mean about . . . your *person?*"

"Yes, my person. He says things about my person. And not only about my person."

"Well, you know he's only kidding you. It's a sign he likes you. But if you want me to, I'll give him a bawling-out. What would you like me to say to him? You could have complained to George Skillman. After all, he's the foreman, and he could ——"

"That's just the trouble. George Skillman laughs, and that only encourages Heckman. You'd think George Skillman, married to my cousin, it was up to George to put a stop to it, but instead of that he laughs. I almost quit while you were away."

"Oh, come on, Tazzie. These guys are—they're just kidding you. Putting you on. You're the only woman among six men, and ——"

"They never used to do it before Heckman started working here."

"The others do it, too?"

"No, but they laugh," she said.

"Well, I hope you don't want me to fire Heckman. He's a good mechanic."

"I didn't say anything about his work, and I don't want to cost anybody their job. But it upsets me whenever I have to go out in the shop."

"Listen, Tazzie, we're all out here on the edge of town, and you're the only female surrounded by six men. If they didn't take some notice of you, that wouldn't be much of a compliment either."

"I have no illusions about that, Mr. White. If I were some glamour girl, some Brigitte Bardot or one of those. But I'm practically the same age as George Skillman and not a glamour girl. If I was a glamour girl I would of been married long since and not working for a living."

"They work. I understand they work very hard, at certain things."

"You think this is something to laugh at, make a joke of, but if I can't go out in the shop without this Heckman and George Skillman making their insulting remarks. They should have more respect."

"All right, Tazzie. I'll speak to both of them."

"Don't say anything to George. Don't do that. But I don't care what you say to Heckman."

"OK," said Norman White. "The only thing is, Tazzie, Heckman is going to know you complained. He's never said anything out of the way while I've been in the shop. Therefore, he'll know you complained to me. Wouldn't it really be better if I got George to speak to him? Just dropped a hint to George to tell Heckman to cut it out?"

"No, no. I don't want George brought into it," she said.

"But a minute ago you were just as mad at George."

"I'm mad at him, but I don't want him brought into it," she said.

"He'll be brought into it, one way or another, the minute I say anything to Heckman. He'll tell George I bawled him out. He may even quit. Good mechanics are pretty darn independent these days. So why don't you let me have a quiet word with George and let him handle it? Frankly, I don't like to bypass George. He's been my foreman since I started this business, and I just don't like to bypass him. He'll be sore if I do, I know he will."

"Mr. White, I'd rather you didn't say anything to anybody if you're going to drag George into it," she said.

"*Drag* him into it? Come on, now, Tazzie. *I* never dragged him into it."

"Oh?" The sound she made was a moan of bewilderment.

"You know what could happen, don't you?" he said. "I could give Heckman a bawling out. He could tell me to go to hell. George would get sore, and he could quit. Or if they didn't quit, they would start kidding you again because you reported them. Then you'd quit, and I don't want that."

"Well what shall I *do?* I have to go in the shop, in and out of there fifty times a day, and I'm a nervous wreck. I really am. All the time you were away that Heckman was saying things, and George would laugh every time. How can I go in the shop?"

"It's a real crisis," said Norman White.

"I can't tell whether you're serious or not, but it is for me."

"Sit down a minute, Tazzie. Sit down and tell me what kind of things Heckman says."

"I did tell you. Things about my person," she said.

"You didn't say that. I did. I put the words in your mouth. Suppose you tell me in your own words. Or Heckman's own words."

"I wouldn't repeat what he says."

"You're making it tough for me," he said.

"Tough for *you?* How about for me?" she said. "I've been here over twelve years and always behaved like a lady. Never gave anybody any cause to make personal remarks, and nobody *did*, till you hired Heckman. Even when you had that Rodriguez. He used to look at me, but he never said anything."

"Rodriguez? I can't remember any— oh, Rodriguez. Yeah. He was only here a few weeks. God, that was a good five years ago. George fired him. Was that because of the way he looked at you?"

"No, of course not. George fired him for coming in late. He never knew anything about how Rodriguez looked at me."

"Looked at you. Is that all?"

"No, it's not all. He made gestures, too."

"What they call lewd gestures?"

"Lewd? Yes. Lewd. Personal."

"Well, now, Tazzie, I know how old you are. To the day. All this red tape we have, I have to know. Right?"

"Oh, sure."

"So I happen to know you're forty-one years of age. I also happen to have a good pair of eyes. Right?"

"Reading glasses, that's all. Yes, you have good eyesight," she said.

"What I'm getting at is, I've known you just about all your life and it just doesn't seem possible to me that the only time you ever had any comments on your shape were right here. In the shop."

"I can't help it if I'm overdeveloped, in certain ways."

"You don't want to help it, do you? After all, look at all these Italian movie actresses. Sophia Whatever the Hell Her Name is, and the other one? Gilda Brigitola. I never get time for the movies anymore, but I see their pictures in the *Life* magazine. What have they got that our own Irma Tasmer hasn't got just as good?"

"I'm not pretty, and I can't act."

"Well, the point is, Tazzie, you're not much different now than when you used to be the cheerleader at the basketball games. I remember you then. I'm surprised you didn't get married."

"I could have."

"I'm sure you could have. Still could. Forty-one is nothing."

"I had other offers, too, but they all treated me like I was some kind of freak. I'd rather be an old maid than just because I—well, I'd rather stay single."

"Uh-huh," he said. "What I'm trying to get at is, do these personal remarks bother you more because we're out here on the outskirts of town and you're outnumbered six to one? You're not afraid, are you?"

"Afraid? Afraid of what? I could hit that Heckman one on the head and knock him down."

"Maybe that's what you ought to do— when I'm not around," he said. "Although I'd hate to miss that."

"Honestly, Mr. White, you're trying to make a joke of the whole thing and it's no joke. Not to me it isn't."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Dr. Caprio is a practicing psychiatrist and author of many best selling books on medical and psychiatric subjects. He has been a staff physician at Walter Reed Hospital, and received post graduate training at George Washington Univ. and in Vienna, Austria.

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His Excellency

"Not making a joke of it, Tazzie, but I honestly don't see why you have to get so upset over a thing like this. I remember the first week you were here, several truck drivers whistling at you, and you telling me you just laughed it off."

"That wasn't the same thing. Truck drivers. I'm used to that. But this Heckman, he whistles at me and makes personal remarks in front of George Skillman and all George does is laugh. I'm just not going to put up with it anymore."

"I don't like the sound of that. It sounds as if you were thinking of quitting your job, and we'd practically have to close down if you did that. My goodness. You're not thinking of quitting, are you?"

"I'd give you time to break in a new girl, but yes, I've thought of going someplace else."

"You just now said Heckman makes these remarks in front of George. Is that what embarrasses you the most, because it's George? Was George an old sweetheart of yours, Tazzie?"

"George Skillman? An old sweetheart of mine? Huh."

"Well, was he?"

"George Skillman. Where'd you ever get that idea?"

"From you," he said. "I may be wrong, but it kind of seems to me that you don't mind Heckman as much as you do George laughing."

"Well, he's married to my cousin."

"I know that, and you still haven't answered my question."

"All right if you must know. I dated George a few times before he married Geraldine Singmaster. A few times, after he got out of the Army."

"You see, Tazzie, I didn't want to pry into your personal affairs, but now I know how to handle the thing."

"But don't you say anything to George."

"One more question. Has Heckman ever asked you for a date?"

"I suppose you could call it asking for a date. But I'd never go out with anybody that asked me the way he did."

"Now there's where I think you're making a *big* mistake," he said.

"Go out with somebody that says, 'Wuddia say, babe?'"

"Never mind about how he asks you. The point is, he has asked you. Just think it over a minute, Tazzie. You have nothing to be afraid of. As you said a minute ago, you could clout him over the head the minute he got fresh."

"I sure could," she said. "And would, gladly."

"All right. Now suppose you go out with him, have a date with him. Just shut up till I finish. The next day, you come to work, the two of you. You know as well as I do that he's not going to make any personal remarks if you go out with him. Why not? Because either you get along fine, and maybe agree to have other dates with him. Or else you don't get along at all. But either way he won't make any more personal remarks."

"If we didn't get along he'd make worse ones," she said.

"No he wouldn't, and even if he did you could laugh at him. You could tell the other men that Heckman went out with you and got nowhere. But he'd know that himself. He wouldn't want to look like a bad loser, if you know what I mean."

"Yes. Yes," she said.

"And our friend George—well, the only person he could laugh at would be Heckman. Not you. The question is, does Heckman still try to date you?"

"Only every day is all."

"There's your problem, all settled. Go on out in the shop, now, and if Heckman says anything about a date, you just fool hell out of him. You say something like, 'All right, if you think you're man enough to go out with a real woman.'"

"You mean right now?"

"There's no time like the present, Tazzie."

"I don't have any excuse to go out there now," she said.

"Here," said White. He picked up a piece of yellow paper. "Here's his time sheet on the Gruber job. Tell him I wanted to be sure it's OK. That's a good enough excuse. Just walk straight to him with the time sheet in your hand and tell him the boss wanted to check this. If it doesn't work this time, we'll think of something else."

"You know, Mr. White, you should have been some kind of an ambassador."

"Oh, that takes money, Tazzie. But I used to think about it when I was younger. That was one thing I always wanted to be."

"An ambassador. Well, you'd have made a good one," she said.

"Maybe," he said. He took off his glasses and chewed the sidebar. "His Excellency, Norman J. White." THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We're looking for something with a higher ceiling."

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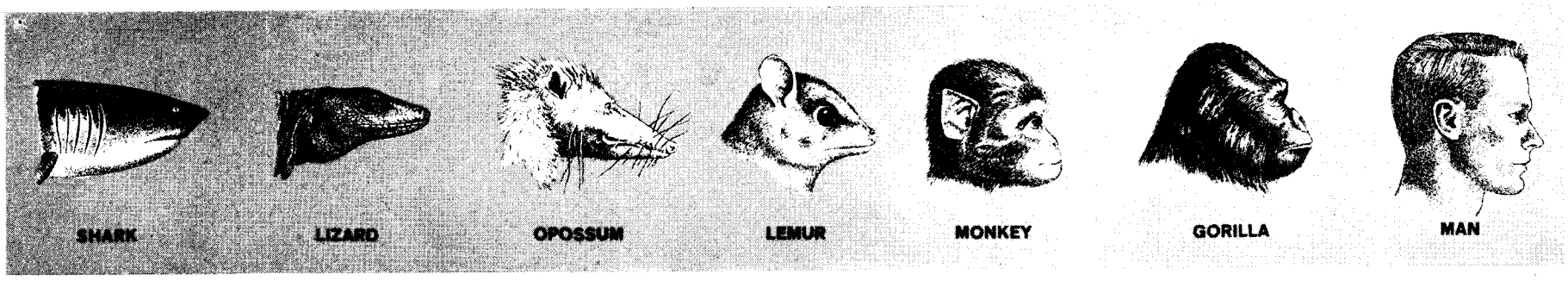

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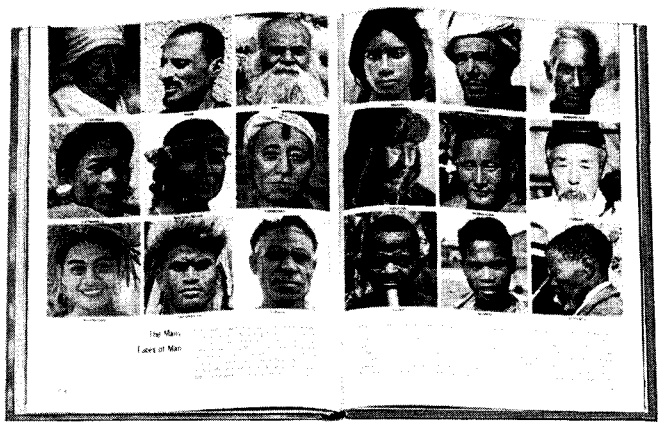
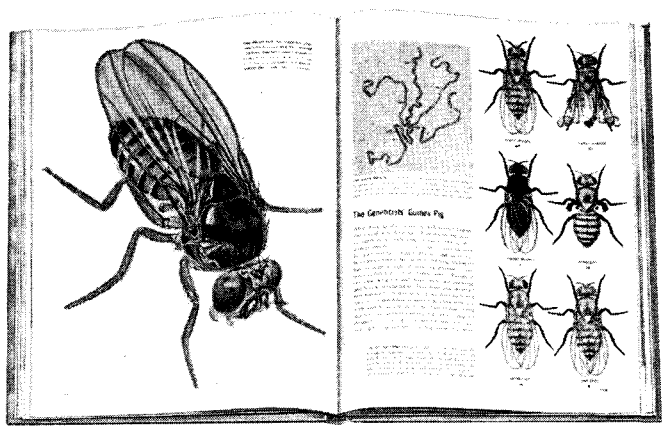


THE MANY FACES OF MAN. Although Man is united in one species, it is racially divided into more than 30 subgroupings. Over the past 150,000 years, as men searched for new hunting grounds over the globe, they gradually developed traits that adapted them to each environment.



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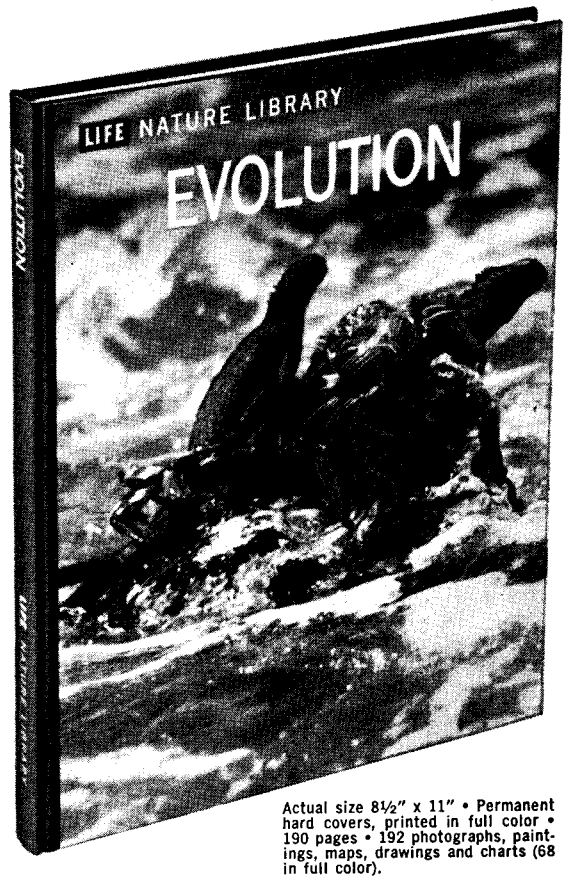

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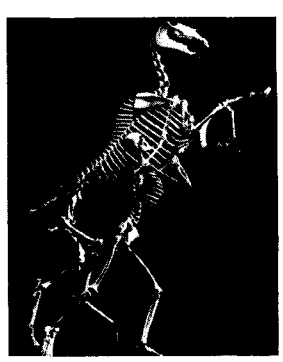

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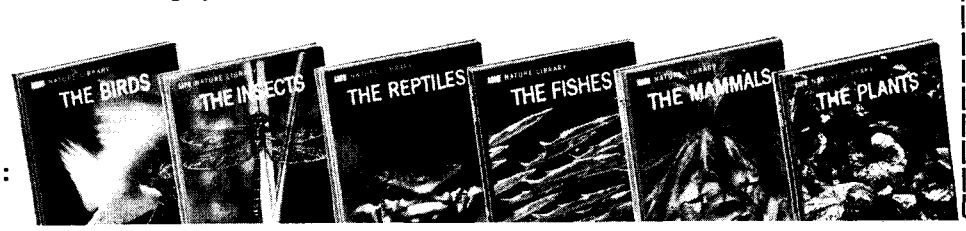

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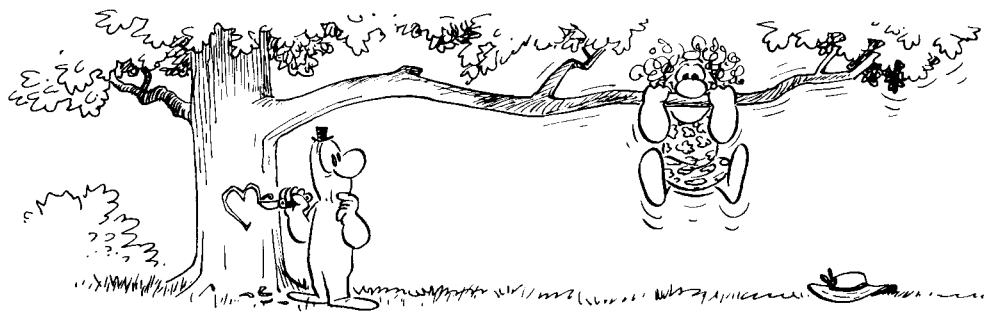

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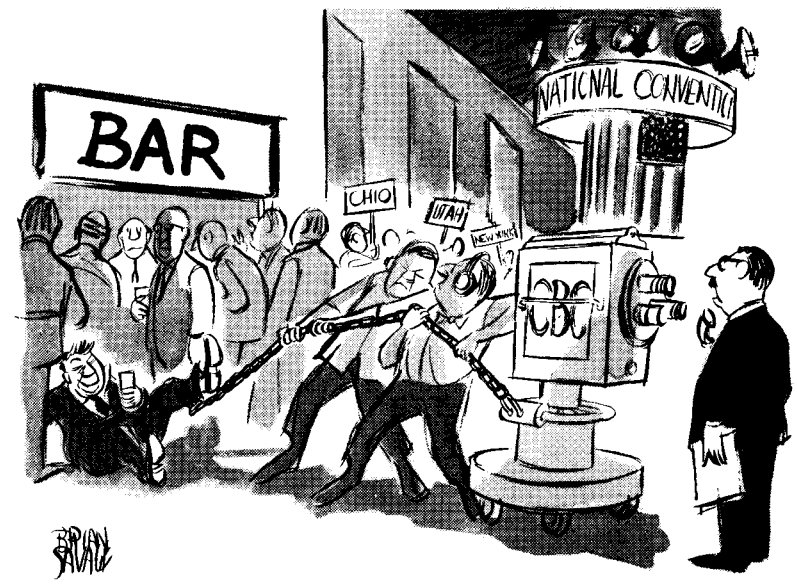
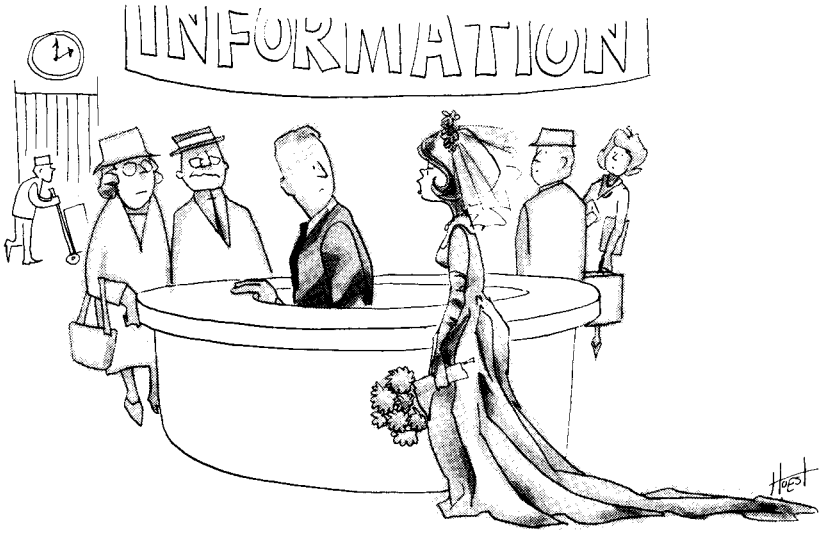
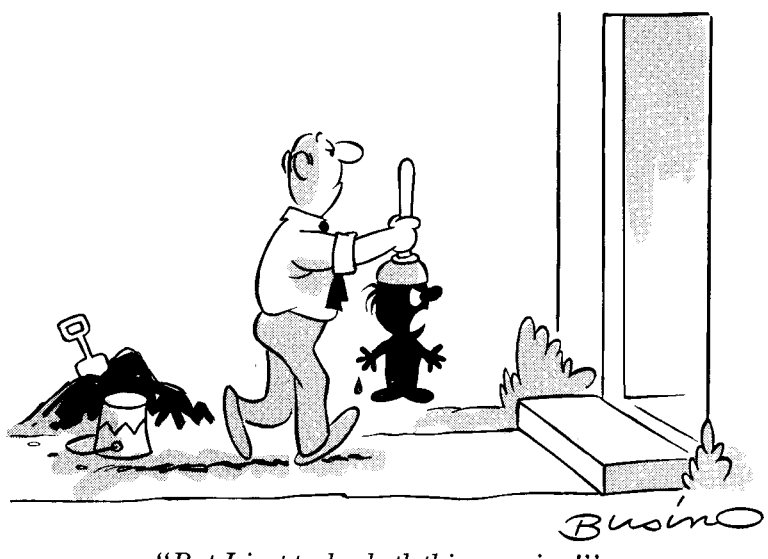


"And now, a word from Ned Briggs, our anchor man."

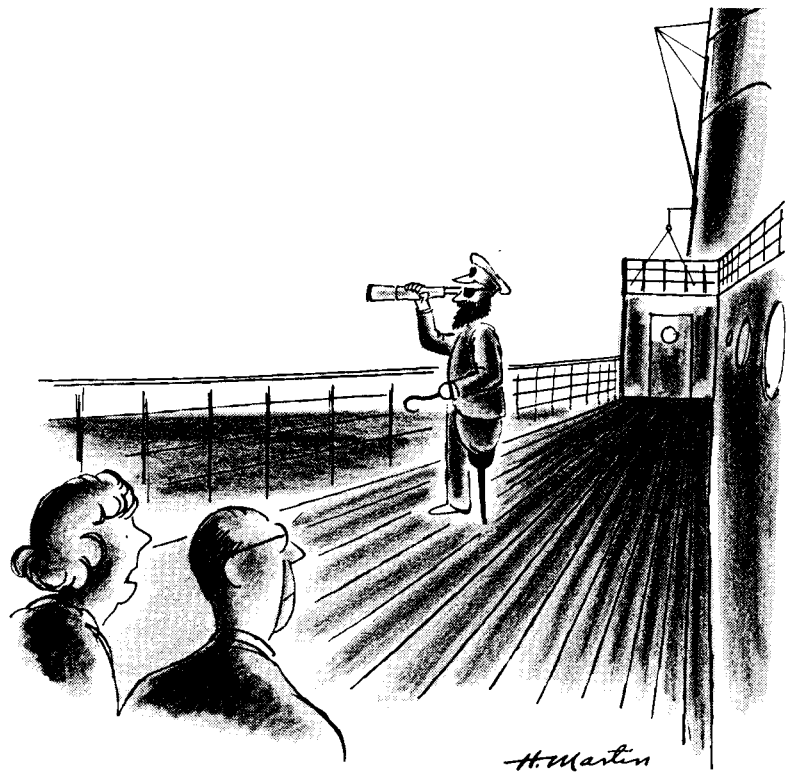
"Got it!"



"What day is this, Roger?"



"But I just took a bath this morning!"



"Well, he doesn't look like a Cunard captain to me."

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The Coca-Cola Company kept the flavor in

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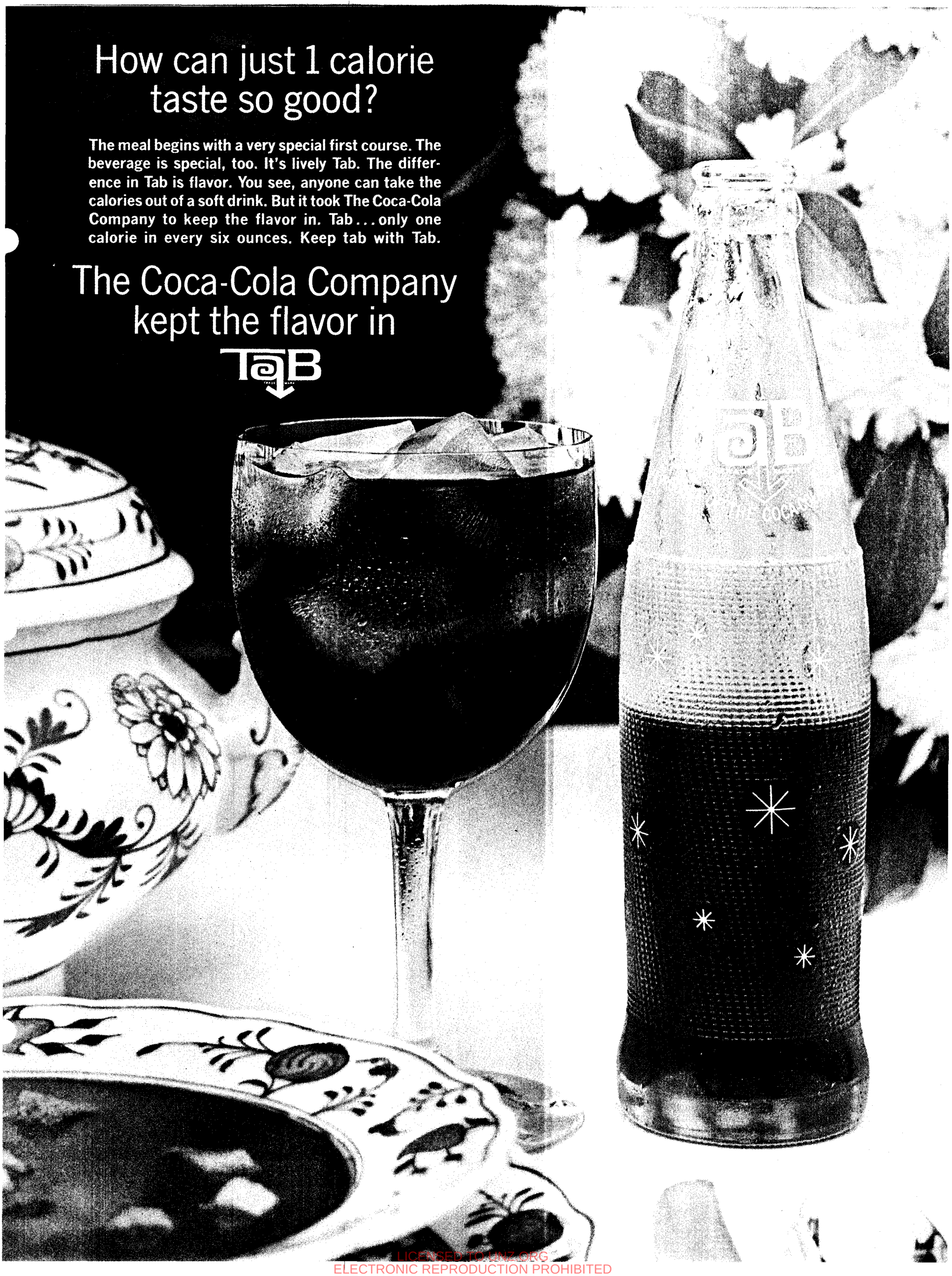

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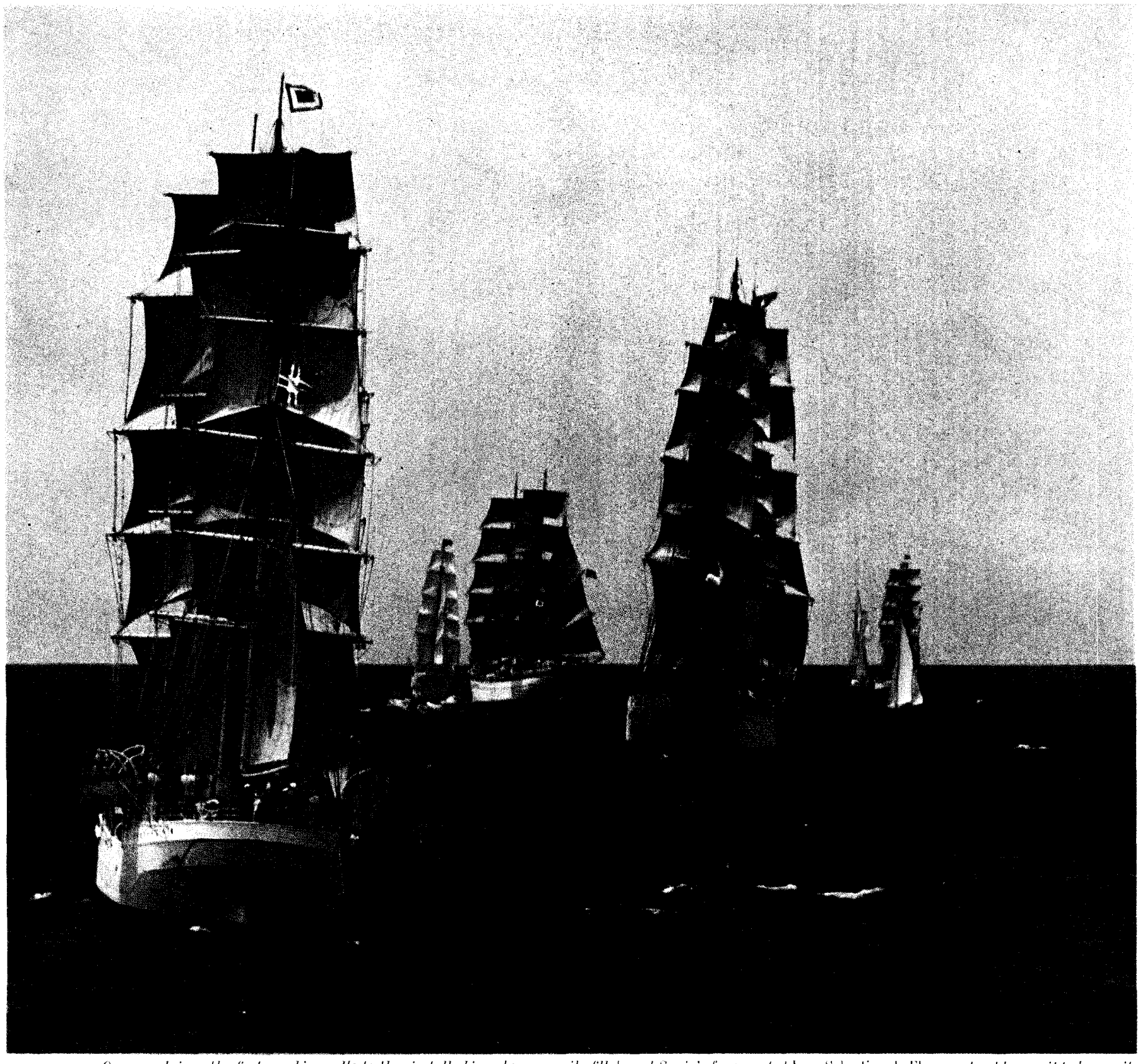
Windjammers Parade

Over the bounding main again

The last windjammers race and rendezvous in a spectacle few men now living have seen.

Photos by Erich Hartmann



Open sea brings the first creaking rolls to the six tall ships above as sails fill on race from Lisbon to Bermuda and on to New York. Right, the Danmark *(rear) and Spain's four-masted* Juan Sebastian de Elcano *set out bowsprit to bowsprit. They will soon be separated by miles, swallowed up in the Atlantic's vastness.*

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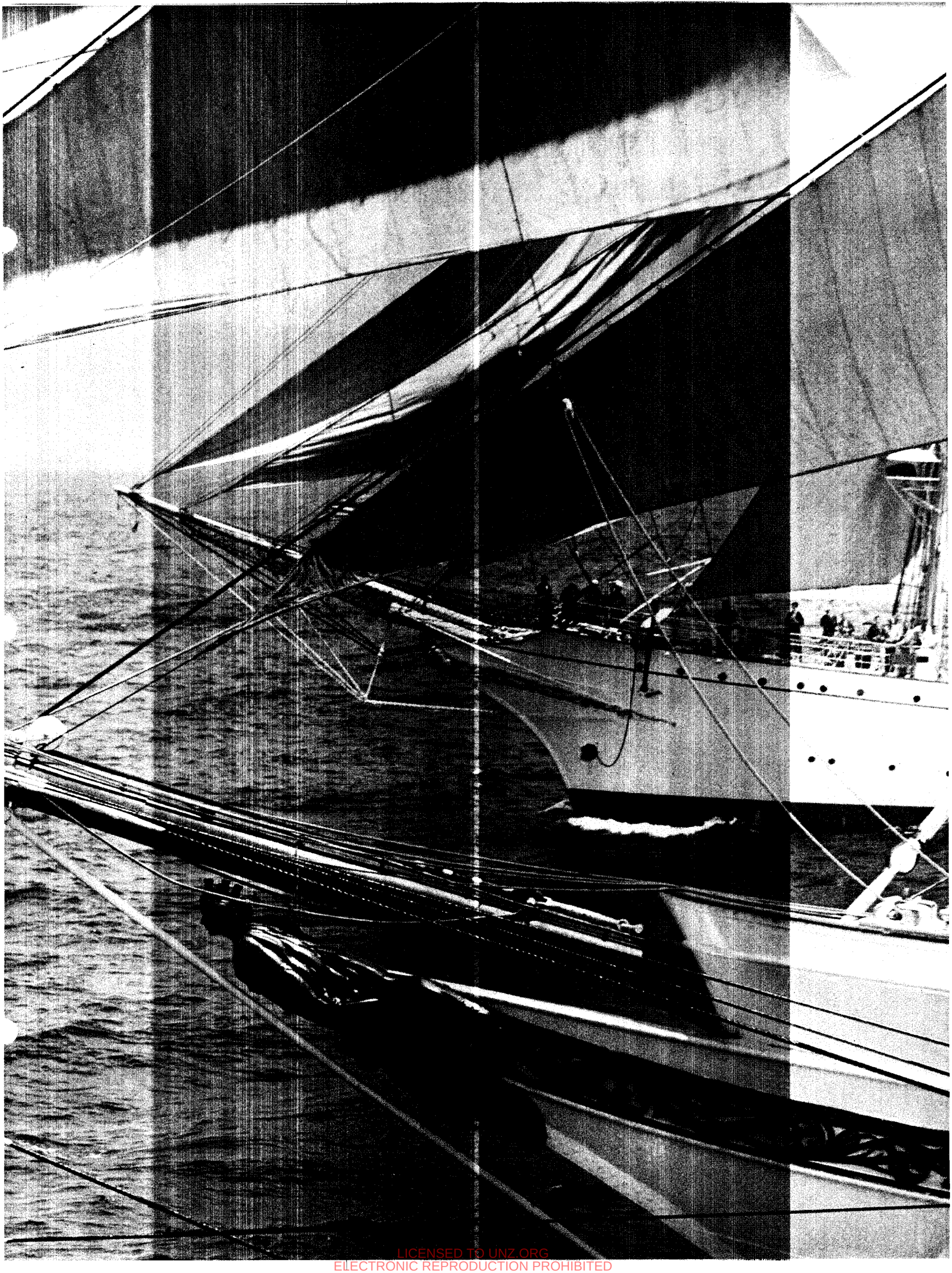

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A cruise aboard a sailing ship teaches a student officer self-discipline and mastery of the sea's many moods.

More than 100 years have passed since clipper ships raced the seven seas. It was a glorious trade—white canvas before the wind thrilled poets and painters—but a dangerous gamble. In port, the cry "Sail Ho" meant a fortune returned; husbands and sons home safe again. The sea made men of boys, but her price was high. Many widows waited for ships in vain.

The last few of these great windjammers are meeting once more. Now they are the training ships of the maritime nations. If the wind is fair in New York's harbor at noon on July 14, 20 great square-riggers, barks, schooners and yawls from 13 nations will parade under full sail up the Hudson. At anchor their soaring masts will swing in the shadows of skyscrapers.

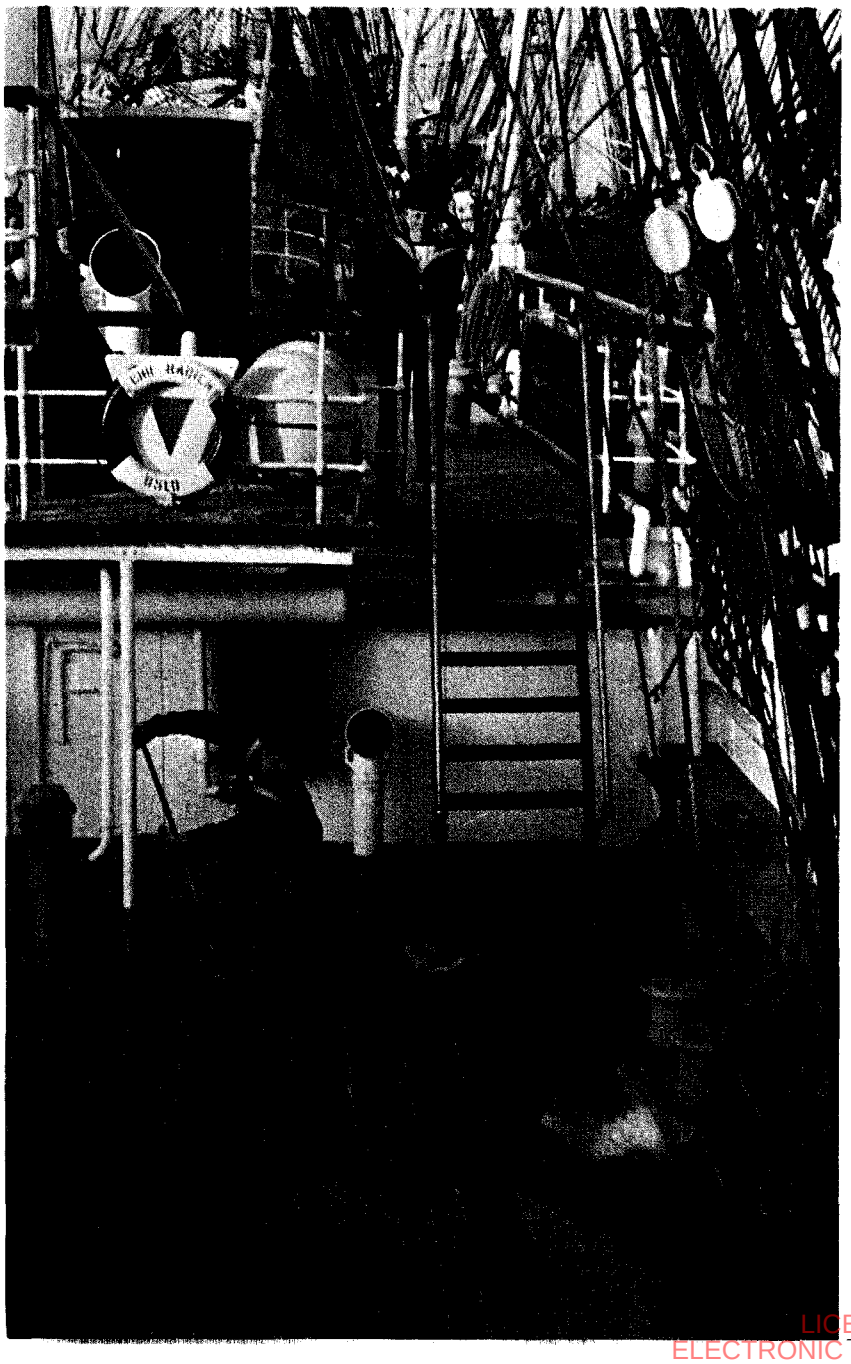
They left Portugal for Bermuda on June 5, racing 3,600 miles along the southern arc of the Atlantic, running before the fabled trade winds. In Bermuda they met to convoy on course for New York. Once in port, the 2,500 student seamen who man the ships will see the sights at the World's Fair, march in a parade, race longboats, and be entertained at a grand ball. Then they will set sail again to call at other U.S. ports. It's all part of Operation Sail, an international gesture to promote goodwill—and an exercise in salty nostalgia.

A few devoted men spent four years organizing Operation Sail. Nils Hansell, an IBM executive first schooled as a sailor in his native Sweden, had the idea first. He longed to see a meeting of all the great sailing ships left in the world. Hansell enlisted the help of Frank O. Braynard, a towing-company executive, and Commodore John Baylis, a retired Coast Guard officer. They won the enthusiastic support of the late President John F. Kennedy. Now hundreds of volunteers have pitched in to make the rendezvous a success.

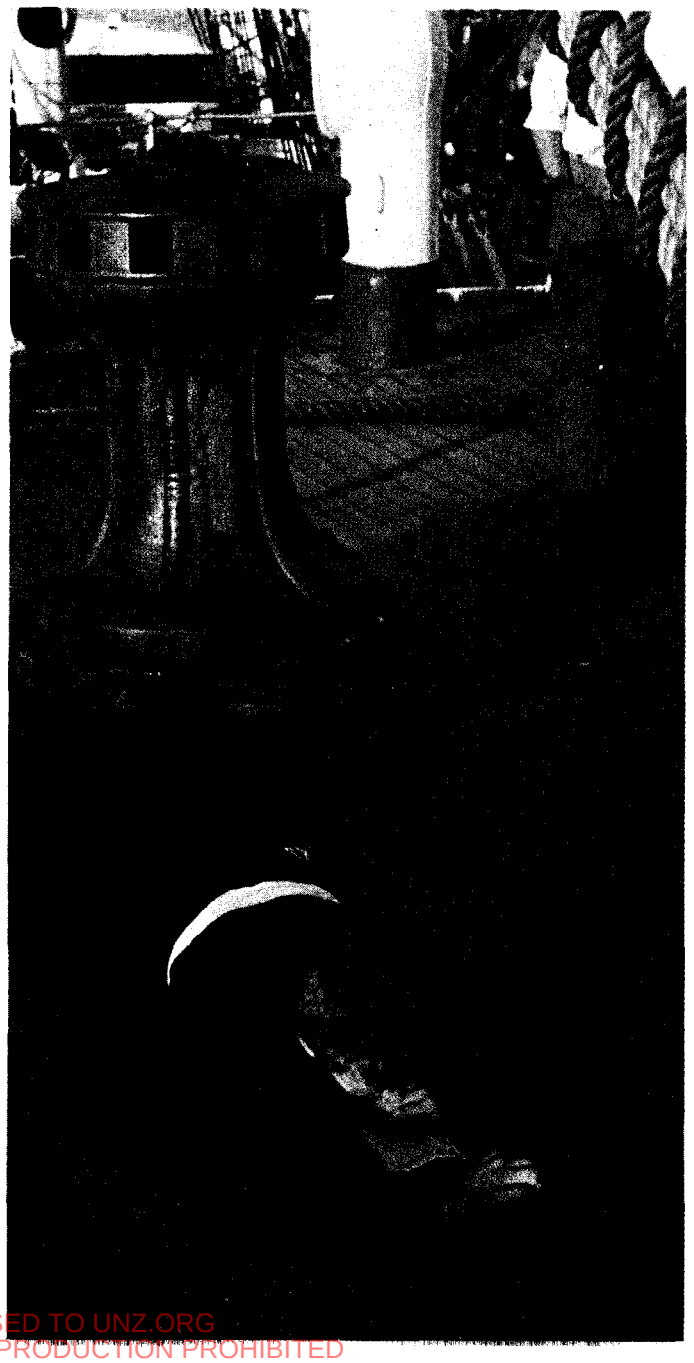
The United States will have six ships in the flotilla, led by the Coast Guard Academy's *Eagle*, a 265-foot, three-masted, steel bark. Other nations sending school ships are Argentina, Canada, Chile, Denmark, West Germany, Great Britain, Indonesia, Italy, Japan, Norway, Portugal and Spain.

Student seamen are usually boys between the ages of 15 and 18 who want to be officers in their country's merchant navy. Partisans insist there is no better training than life under sail, and swear that neither steam nor diesel will ever drive these windjammers from the sea. Admittedly the sailing ship dies hard, but even its most ardent supporters doubt that such a grand flotilla will ever be seen again.

Decks of Norway's Christian Radich *get scrubbed on working watch.*



But off-watch there is time for a boy to read or dream by a capstan.



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A youth aboard Norway's bark Statsraad Lemkuhl *listens for the last sounds of land, soon to be drowned by the rush of blue water.*

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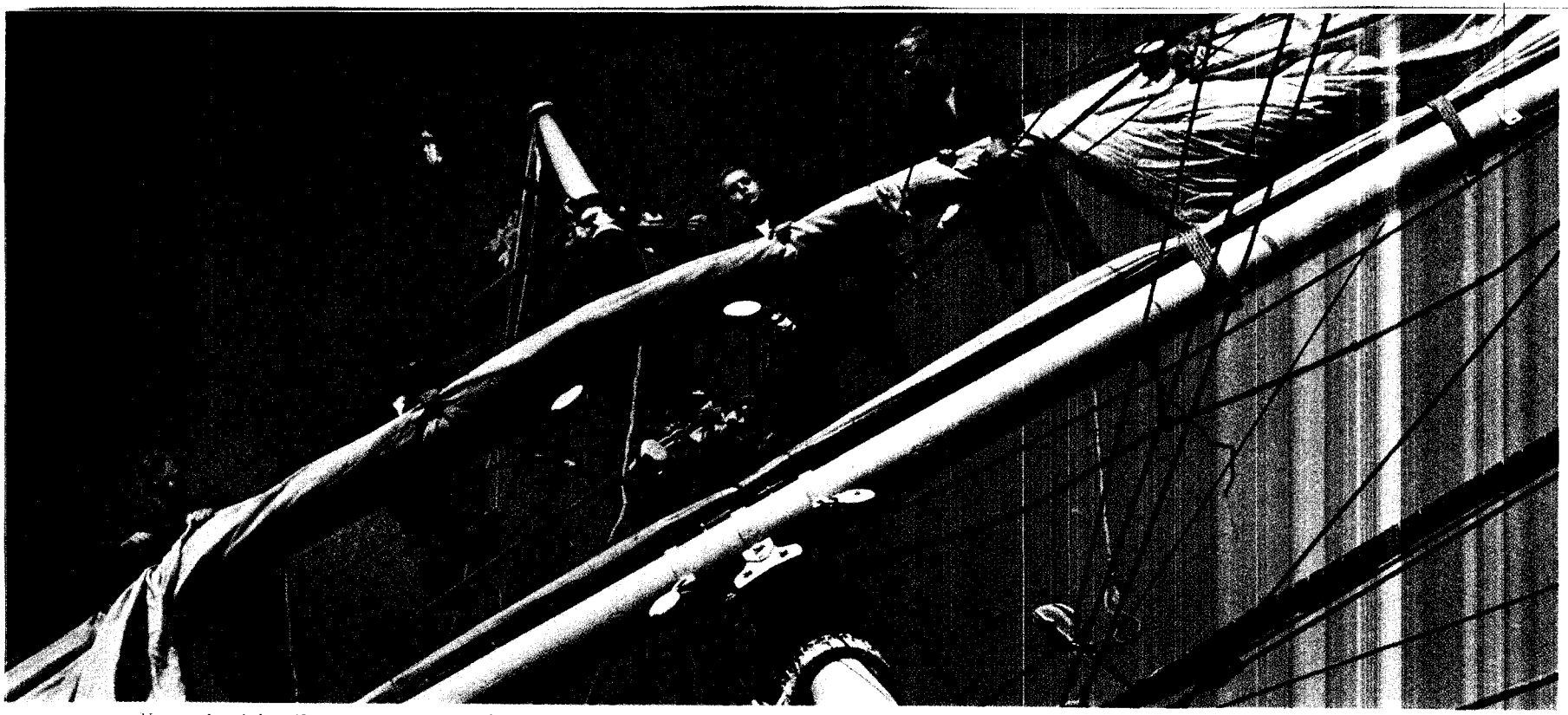

Young Danish sailors, more than 100 feet above the deck, furl a topsail. Each man counts on care and precision from his shipmates to insure his own safety. When gales whip rain-soaked canvas and sail must be taken in, old sailors say: "Aloft one hand works the ship, the other keeps the man or salutes God."

Lisbon to Bermuda to New York, with trade winds—3,600 miles under the canvas.

The full-rigged Christian Radich, *from Oslo, rounds the bow of a Portuguese destroyer marking the start of the race across the Atlantic. She will sail up the St. Lawrence and west to Chicago. On the right, Spain's 308-foot brigantine schooner,* Juan Sebastian de Elcano, *gets under way, yearning for the open water.*

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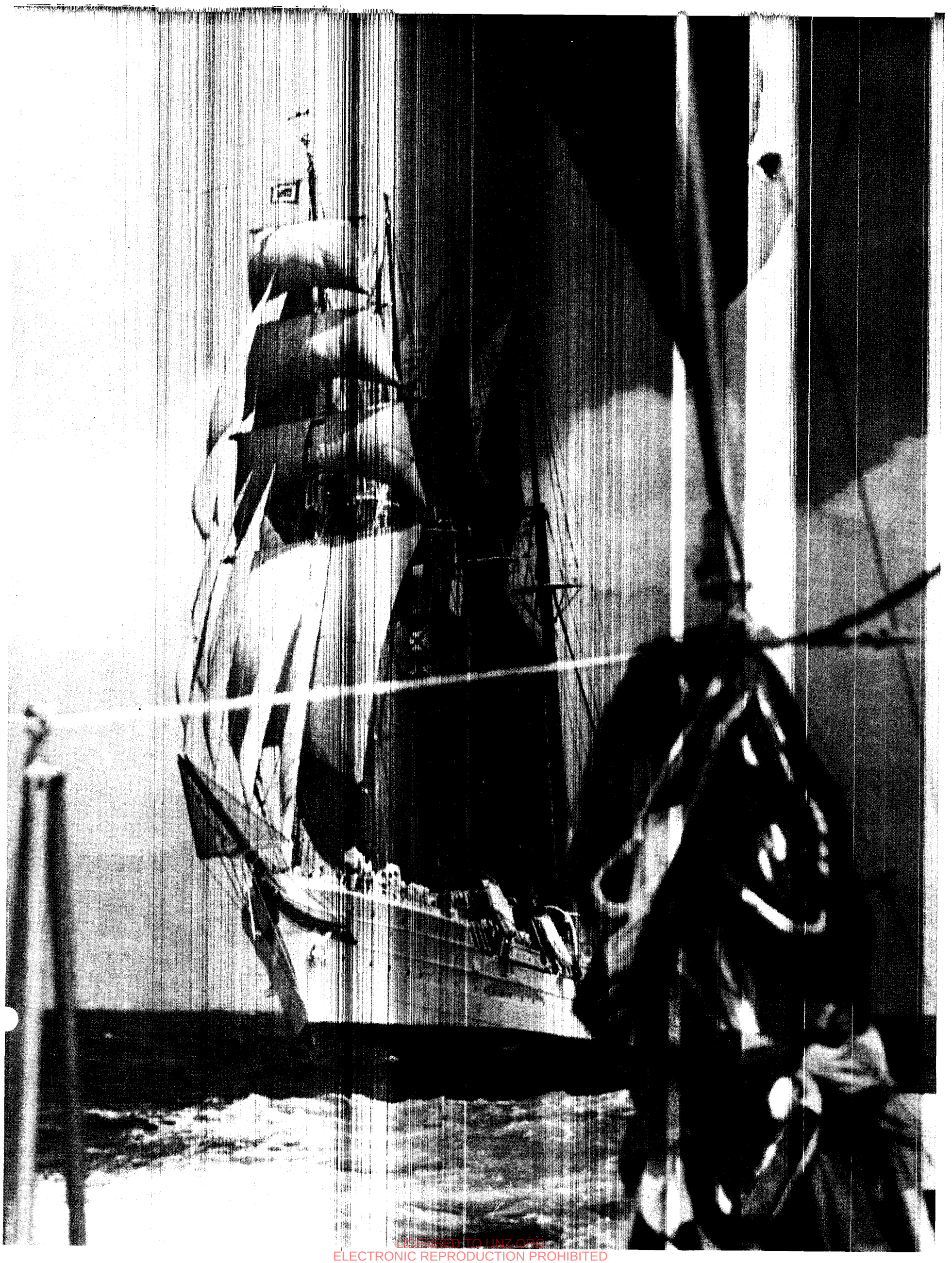

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ɔuld still be in force when he goes to school.

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By Bil Gilbert

THE OWL IN THE PLAYPEN

For the first summer of our daughter's life, her closest companion was an owl. Now the bird is gone, but her spell remains.

Baby Lyn with her playpen playmate, an owl named Lucy.

One of my daughters, Lyn, is a different sort of child. Wearing a watch cap, tights, an ankle-length muffler and playing a harmonica, she leads a picket line outside the front door. She has written the placards that the other picketeers carry: "THEY WILL NOT GO OUT TO DINNER"—"WE WON'T STAY HOME." Lyn, an eight-year-old, keeps witches in a hamster cage, writes novels and gives Spanish lessons to "children."

"Is she like this," wonders my wife, "because she tried to fly too early?"

All during her first summer, when she should have been content to crawl or toddle, Lyn tried persistently and desperately to fly. Worse, her tutor was an owl—and owls, as everyone should know, are the oddity of the bird world. It is quite possible, I suppose, that a child whose first friend was an owl may forever march to a different hooted tune from the rest of us.

The owl, Lucy, was rescued early one spring from a hollow sycamore near the Potomac River, just before the tree was knocked over by a highway-clearing bulldozer. She came to us as a chirping, puffy ball of oatmeal-colored down. We put her in a cardboard box and put the box inside Lyn's playpen. The two chicks got on famously, sharing Teddy bears and raw liver. The owl played this-little-pig on Lyn's toes with her beak; Lyn played she-loves-me-she-loves-me-not with the owl's emerging tail feathers. By the end of July, Lyn was not much bigger than she had been in June, but Lucy was a grown owl. Standing up straight on her heavy, curved talons, she was nearly two feet tall. Extended, her wings spread four feet. A strong, handsome bird she was, but incomplete, since she could no more fly than an ostrich can.

Flying is, in part, an acquired art. Had Lucy matured in the sycamore rather than a playpen, she would, as a nestling, have sat at the edge of the nest hole, watched her parents gliding to and from the tree, contemplating the properties of space. Some day after her feathers hardened she would have fallen—or been pushed by her parents—from the nest. Flapping and flailing, imitating the adults, she would have proceeded from branch to branch. In a day or so she would have learned to use her wings.

But for our Lucy, the nearest equivalent to rough, easy-to-grasp branches were the smooth, varnished dowels of the playpen. Nevertheless, she persisted, learning to fly the hard way. Claw over claw, like a parrot, she would climb up from a mound of ruptured stuffed toys to the top rail of the pen. Teetering, crying in alarm and exasperation, she would beat her wings until she became overbalanced and fell thrashing like a clown. Though Lucy had no flying models to help her, she had an imitator. Lyn, in the savage competitive spirit with which every infant comes equipped, would stand against the playpen uprights and beat her arms in the air until, like her owl friend, she fell down.

Though Lyn was an active girl and Lucy a relatively clumsy owl, it was the bird who eventually flew. She toppled potted plants, upset cups, scattered papers, but she flew. Lucy would come back to the playpen—it was her nest—to maul and be mauled by her foster sister, but soon she would be off, testing and improving her powers. Below, Lyn raged. With tears and tantrums she cursed the inequities of evolution. All we could do to soften this biological tragedy was release Lyn from the playpen so that creeping, lurching on unsteady legs, eyes up, she could follow Lucy about the house and yard. Lucy was given a coat closet as a lair, the hanger rod for a perch, and the freedom of the premises.

Barred owls—which is what Lucy was—are among the least nocturnal of their species. Wild, they are often seen flying in the middle hours of overcast days. Thus Lucy had no trouble adjusting to a human schedule. She slept late in the mornings, and she usually napped, twittering and chirping in her sleep, during the

Witchlike, Lyn pickets her parents with the command not to go out to dinner.

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She does not remember the owl, but Lyn, now eight (reading to her six-year-old sister Lee, in the family tree house), is still strangely pixilated.

afternoons, but was ready and willing for action any time of the day. Lyn, who never got over the notion that either she was an owl or Lucy was human, staked out the floor of the closet for her napping place and retreat.

Having an owl about the place is something like living with a second-sighted witch. An owl is gifted, not with just extra- but with extraordinary sensory perception. An owl, out owling, can perch in the top of an oak and hear a meadow vole scratching in new grass below; not only hear, but so accurately identify the source of the sound as to be able to drop 60 feet and land on the mouse's back. Parting the soft feathers on Lucy's balloon-shaped head revealed a large disc-shaped depression on each temple. Nothing that went on in the medium-sized house went on so silently as to escape detection by these two magnificent sonarlike ears. So quick and sure was her hearing that Lucy sometimes gave the impression of anticipating sound before it was made.

A cage of mixed mice was kept in our basement as a living larder for Lucy. She was fed late in the evening after the more perceptive children had been forced to bed, since an owl's feeding is even more shocking than television justice. Before her feeding time we might get up with the *intention* of finding a book, making a sandwich or telephone call without exciting Lucy. However, when one of us eventually moved with the *intention* of getting a mouse from the basement, she was upon us instantly, fluttering like a great razor-footed moth, impatiently clicking her beak. Plainly, there was something about a mouse-bound step which sounded quite different to Lucy from a telephone-going step.

The weird, omniscient quality that owls have because of their superior hearing is enhanced by the fact that they fly on completely muffled wings. The pinions of hawks and most smaller birds are stiff and in flight are noisy; they whoosh and whistle. But the plumage of an owl is marvelously soft and flexible. Lucy could drift through an open window or a door as softly and secretly as a flake of ash. One summer evening, we sat around a long, enameled, porch table upon which a migrant insurance salesman had enthusiastically spread his documents and ever-ready ball-point pens. Oblivious to all but his own pitch, he had his back to the door—through which sailed Lucy, silently banking on her four-foot wings. She dropped to the table, but neither the glossy insurance brochures nor the painted tabletop provided traction for her talons. So she slid down the table, driving the papers before her like a whirlwind. Coming to rest, she gave an exasperated click with her big scissors beak. Then she hopped to the agent's head, perched, ruffled her feathers and muted. The thick owl droppings plopped on the lapel of his seersucker jacket and spattered down his shirt front.

The agent sat speechless. Even when Lucy was removed from his head he was unable to recapture the rhythm of his sales spiel. Shortly, without making a sale, he departed.

Lucy was compelled to investigate, explore, fondle all newcomers. Some visitors were charmed by the attentions of an owl. Others were not. In the latter category was a stylish young lady who once—only once—came to dinner.

The girl, aggressively chic, came to the house escorted by Lyn's godfather, on the occasion of Lyn's third birthday. Actually, they arrived too early, while we were still at the dark and bloody business of preparing small children for public display. While waiting, the Lady of Fashion gracefully lowered her slim, sheathed fanny into a chair. Simultaneously the lights went out; the Hand of Fate had chosen this moment to blow a 15-amp fuse. This instant-nightfall roused Lucy from her closet, and she came gliding into the living room on silent wings.

Out of the darkness we heard a cry of fear and anguish. "In my hair, my hair!" the Lady of Fashion screamed. When the lights came on again, we found the Lady of Fashion on all fours. Lucy, with two hairpins in her beak, sat proudly on her head. The upswept coiffure of the Lady of Fashion hung in lacquered tatters about her cracked and contorted face. The party was anticlimactic. The lady excused herself early, pleading uncontrollable hiccups.

Collecting hairpins "live" was one of Lucy's favorite amusements and showed off another exceptional, owlish talent. When it comes to manual dexterity, nothing, not even a monkey, is in it with the owls. The eight talons of a barred owl are formidable enough to dispatch a cat or skunk, but are also suited for more delicate work. Lucy, for example, could pick up a shirt button, a BB shot or a fluff of dust directly from a polished surface. She was also an accomplished unraveler. To wean her from rattan porch furniture, afghans and sweaters, she was given a free-form creation of green yarn, known as the "owl's octopus." Lucy lugged this toy about the house and yard, and when things began to press in on her she would unravel a leg or two. Periodically, new appendages would be grafted on to keep the octopus operative. Jealousy being what it is, a second yarn monster had to be knitted for Lyn, who in time became almost as clever as Lucy at untying things.

No love for a frigid owl

Lucy's dealings with other owls were limited and, from her standpoint, not rewarding. Her favorite outside perch was a large elm tree near the kitchen. In the spring a good proportion of the male owls of the Potomac Valley came acourting to this tree. At dusk as many as eight of these feathered Lotharios would arrive to howl and hoot in the elm. (It was under these circumstances that Lyn commenced her career as an animal mimic and conversationalist. Today she is the only naturalist I know, young or old, who can get a turkey vulture to answer her call. Her owlese is, of course, impeccable.)

Though the suitors entertained us, Lucy received them as coolly as Little Orphan Annie. Sitting in the midst of the flock of caterwauling owls, she refused to acknowledge their presence by either hoot or gesture. The truth seemed to be that because of her unnatural upbringing she had no notion of what the wild owls were hooting about.

The fact that Lucy had grown up as part of a human household led, ultimately to her final tragedy. Artificially fed and protected, she grew to physical maturity while remaining a down-covered owlet, a retarded creature. Tameness usually is a sign not of affection, as we understand it, but of dependency. In her third summer we were called away for a month. We left Lucy with a falconer friend, experienced in the ways of the birds of prey. He gave Lucy expert care, and when we returned she was physically fit but emotionally shattered. Opening her flight pen, I called to her. She gave a frightful screech and jumped to me, sinking her talons into my forearm, tearing at my hand with her beak. It was not that she had gone wild; it was that in two years she had grown too tame to be abandoned for a month.

At home she showed only a distracted interest in familiar places and things, her octopus and perches. With a fledgling chirp which she had never outgrown, she hung about us. Feeling that she was unsafe in this mood, we shut her in her closet to calm herself. Shortly, from inside the closet, there came an obscene thrashing sound. Lucy lay on the floor, jerked by uncontrollable muscular spasms. She died, the victim of an apoplecticlike stroke, a frequent affliction of all the hot-blooded, high-strung birds of prey.

Like most tragedies, the end of Lucy has been pushed to the back of our memories. Still, in an unspoken, disconnected way it stains and shapes our laughter and speculations about whether having tried to fly with an owl has anything to do with an eight-year-old girl's writing books, keeping witches, leading neighborhood picket lines and talking to buzzards. THE END

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By Martin Mayer

THE LONE WOLF OF CIVIL RIGHTS

A leader without followers, militant pacifist Bayard Rustin has become the feared, admired and lonely genius behind the Negroes' massive demonstrations.

During the middle two weeks of April newspapers across the country featured stories about a threat by civil-rights demonstrators to tie up all traffic en route to opening day at the New York World's Fair. The day arrived, but not the thousands of cars that were supposed to "stall-in" on the network of highways leading to the fair. Indeed, traffic moved better on that April 22 than it had on any day for years. One of the civil-rights leaders who had publicly supported the stall-in was cornered by reporters and asked to explain the failure. He praised the organizer of the abortive demonstration, then added, "But let us face the facts—he is no Bayard Rustin. If Bayard had promised two thousand cars, there would have been at least a thousand there."

The comment was a tribute to experience and to talent. Bayard (pronounced "Buy-erd") Rustin, who came to national attention as deputy director and general manager of last summer's March on Washington, has been professionally engaged for a quarter of a century as an organizer of mass movements and demonstrations. Now 54, his stiff brush of hair turning gray over an astonishingly youthful and athletic figure, Rustin is regarded by most civil rights leaders as the indispensable back-office man for any major effort that involves people on the streets. "Nobody will try massive action today," says Norman Hill, the young national program director of CORE, "without trying to get Bayard into it."

Rustin is a free lance in a romantic tradition associated with cheap novels and bad television rather than with real life: He is a fighter whose talents are always available to A Good Cause. Usually the Cause is civil rights or pacifism, though Rustin has also set up picket lines to support strikes, to protest British imperialism, and to denounce German anti-Semitism. He is affiliated permanently with only one organization—the War Resisters League, which lists him as executive secretary on leave to work for others. He has no job. A Quaker group in New York sends him a little money every month, but basically he lives on the fees he is paid for organizing demonstrations.

"I believe in social dislocation and creative trouble," Rustin says; and within these categories he specializes in imagination and invention. The man is an artist as well as an organizer—he made his living for some years as a nightclub singer, working with Josh White and Leadbelly at the old Café Society in New York, and he could make a living tomorrow as an interior decorator specializing in antiques. To Rustin, a demonstration is a piece of theater which will be a memorable experience for the spectators (which is what most people are); and it is an opportunity to find a soft spot where concerted action can make a dent in society.

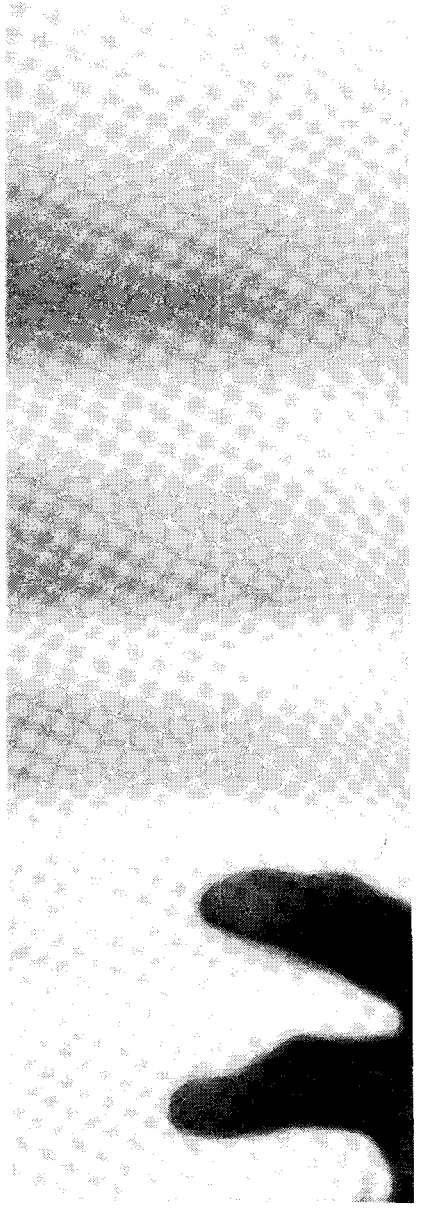
In this spirit Rustin in 1947 planned and organized the first Freedom Ride (he called it the Journey of Reconciliation). In 1955–56, as the resident idea man of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, he developed the bag of tricks that sustained Martin Luther King's bus boycott in Montgomery, Ala. On the pacifist side of his career, he set up the first Aldermaston Ban-the-Bomb protest in Britain in 1958, and led the courageous (if perhaps foolish) marchers who set off across the Sahara in 1960 to try to stop the first French nuclear-test explosion. At this moment he is busy with one of the most spectacular of the projects for "the long, hot summer"—an attempt to seat an integrated delegation from Mississippi at the Democratic Convention.

Perhaps the most remarkable of Rustin's contributions has been the discovery of ways to persuade the authorities to cooperate in demonstrations against them. One of the reasons the March on Washington went so smoothly was that Rustin planned it, step by step, with the Washington police, who were too surprised to do anything but follow his instructions. Setting up the first New York school boycott last February, Rustin achieved such excellent liaison with the police that they loaned him a sound truck to use in managing the crowds before school headquarters. In retrospect, it all seems reasonable enough—the authorities and the nonviolent demonstrator both wish to avoid serious trouble on the big day, and because their interests are momentarily identical, they ought to be able to work together. But before Rustin began waving his wand, nobody had even imagined that American bureaucracies could be made to cooperate in their own destruction.

When Rustin signs up to organize a demonstration, he first tries "to analyze the objective situation," and to prepare a written manual, with at least a heading and a cost estimate to cover every contingency. At work he spends most of his time on the telephone and in small meetings, hunting out the people who can be counted on to do a piece of the job. Doing one job for Rustin almost invariably leads to doing others; he keeps a record of all positive contacts in a file of 3-by-5 cards, and he is shameless about soliciting help for a demonstration. He recently called a reporter who knew him only through interviews to ask rather fretfully if the reporter could find him a free sound truck. Rustin's shabby temporary offices pulse with a dozen or more young volunteers of all sizes, shapes and colors. They make a difference in a movement forever starving for funds.

The young flock to Rustin partly because his disheveled personal life and work habits match so well with theirs—like them, he can spend one week working 18 hours a day, and the next week in total idleness—and partly because he is willing to give them responsibility and let

Rustin, director of protests, surrounds himself with saintly sculpture in N.Y. home.



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"I tell you, brother," says Rustin, "I fought against it for years, against being American—in my speech, manner, everything."

them make mistakes. One of the few on salary is Tina Lawrence, Rustin's remarkably pretty secretary, when he has a secretary (in between jobs, she says, "he sends me CARE packages"). Miss Lawrence remembers fondly a moment in the planning of the first school boycott when Rustin flung an important job at her: "He just came out of his office and said, 'My dear, I want you to coordinate all these freedom schools, and I don't care how you do it. Just give me a master list of who's teaching in each one.' You get this feeling," Miss Lawrence adds, "that he has faith in you."

Rustin enjoys educating the young in the intricacies of American social protest. "You work for him a week," Miss Lawrence says, "and unless you're a total idiot, you learn something—economics, politics, the legal structure of the country. It's like a class Socrates might have conducted, except for the hours. Sometimes you start class at three in the morning."

As a result of her first year's education, Miss Lawrence and Blyden Jackson, another Rustin protégé, organized a group called East River CORE, which made the front pages of the newspapers by dumping garbage on New York's Triborough Bridge and tying up traffic to Long Island for two hours on a spring day. They consulted Rustin before they moved, and Rustin advised against their demonstration, on the grounds that it was too complicated, didn't really relate to what they were protesting against (segregated schooling), left no possibility for negotiation, and might actually harm someone by delaying an ambulance or a fire engine. When he finished, Miss Lawrence said, "Do you want us to drop it?"

Rustin said, "Do I convince you?"

"No."

"Then do it," Rustin said. "The only way you'll ever learn anything is by making mistakes."

When the big day came, Miss Lawrence was on salary on one of Rustin's projects, and he came out at about four in the afternoon to dictate a memorandum. "I can't," said Miss Lawrence, shaking her long black hair at him. "I've got to go sit on a bridge."

"Oh, that's right," Rustin said, grinning. "I forgot. Well, good luck, my dear." And he returned to his office to scribble out the memo himself.

The upshot of the Triborough Bridge demonstration was, as Rustin had predicted, a set of screaming headlines in the papers about the dangerous militants of East River CORE—and nothing else. Commenting on this sort of demonstration, A. Philip Randolph, the 75-year-old president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, once said, "It's easy to get people's attention; what counts is getting their *interest*."

Rustin insists that every demonstration he runs will be related immediately to a specific objective. Freedom rides and lunch-counter sit-ins are ideal, because they call attention directly to the evil being fought and at the same time establish a strong bargaining position for the negotiations which must be the result of any successful demonstration. Schools, jobs and housing, the Negro objectives in the North, are less easily demonstrated for. Though he opposed the "stall-in" as pointless, Rustin went out to the World's Fair on opening day and got himself arrested for blocking the entrance to the New York City pavilion. "We couldn't let that fair open without a protest," he says. "A fair celebrating American affluence, with a third of the country living in poverty." But he felt awful the morning after, because the demonstration was what he calls "grasshopping—just a demonstration, no purpose to it."

The lesson comes from Gandhi, who was Rustin's particular idol, and from A. Philip Randolph, who has been Rustin's mentor and protector since 1941. Though his name doesn't get in the newspapers much, Randolph is still the most effective of the Negro leaders. Almost single-handed, Randolph secured what are still by far the most significant governmental actions affecting the Negro American—Franklin Roosevelt's Executive Order 8802, outlawing discrimination on government contracts, and Harry Truman's desegregation of the armed forces in 1948. Randolph won the first by threatening a march on Washington at a time of international crisis, and the second by urging Negroes not to register to be drafted into a Jim Crow army—an action far more "militant" than anything the new razzle-

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dazzle leadership has ever dared to do.

Alone among the Negro leaders, Randolph has a permanent chair among the seats of the mighty on the executive council of AFL-CIO. He was the only person ever considered by the civil-rights groups to be director of the march on Washington, and it was at his insistence, over the violent objections of everyone else, that Rustin was made deputy director.

The other leaders objected to Rustin's prominence for one reason: They were scared. Even today, after everything has turned out well, they will begin any conversation about Rustin's appointment with the words, "Knowing how vulnerable he is. . . ." Probably nobody else in American public life is so easily attacked as Bayard Rustin. He was an organizer for the Young Communist League; refusing to go to a Conscientious Objector camp, he served 28 months in Lewisburg Penitentiary for draft evasion in World War II; and while most of his 23 arrests are the battlestripes of a cause, he was also convicted in California some years ago on a morals charge. This incident cost Rustin his job as race-relations secretary for the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and some years later forced his departure from the Southern Christian Leadership Conference when Adam Clayton Powell, for his own political reasons, began a campaign of innuendo claiming that Rustin had some "sinister influence" on Martin Luther King.

A politician wishing to accuse Rustin of "disloyalty" can easily convict him out of his own mouth—20 years ago Rustin said and wrote comments about the United States that make Malcolm X look like a narrow-minded piker. "I tell you, brother," Rustin says today, "I fought against it for years, against being American—in my speech, my manner, everything. My experience was like Jimmy Baldwin's, really—it's a hard thing for a Negro to accept, being American, but you can't escape it."

"There's a limit to how big Bayard can become," says George Houser, director of the American Committee on Africa, who has worked with Rustin since 1941. "If Bayard ever gets on a high perch, it's too easy for some Southern senator to knock him off it."

The man who could be knocked off the perch was born in West Chester, Pa. "I come from a very working-class background," he says in the faintly English accent he deliberately acquired during the time he was trying to escape being an American. "I was illegitimate, as so often happens in the Negro community, and I was brought up by my grandparents. My father was from the West Indies. My grandfather was a caterer and extremely poor, but there was always enough to eat because of leftovers from the banquets. Sometimes there would be no real food in the house, but there was plenty of *pâté de foie gras* and Roquefort cheese."

Like many other intelligent working-class Negroes, Rustin went drifting about the country after graduation from high school (where he was on state-championship football and track teams). He returned sporadically to Pennsylvania and accumulated three years at two Negro colleges. At both, he helped pay his bills by singing with traveling groups.

During his drifting, Rustin wandered into the Communist Party, and when he came to New York in 1938, it was as an organizer for the Young Communist League. He enrolled at City College, where for three years "I did just enough work to stay matriculated"; his real job was recruiting evening-school students for the party. He continued to pay his bills by singing, but now he was in the big time at Café Society. "He was really very good, you know," George Houser says. "He had an audience appeal. If he'd wanted to play it that way, he could have been a Belafonte."

Those first years in New York Rustin gave most of his earnings to the party and lived in Harlem with an aunt, moving about the ghetto from one tenement to another. He was and still is immensely excited by the sight of great masses of colored people in one place. "In Harlem," he says, "I thought I'd find this wonderful community, all these colored people bunched together. And at one level, there *is* a strange sense of community—but on another level, there's an absolute isolation and loneliness. There's such a preying upon one another, a kind of necessary preying, but it's terrible."

Hatred for the social system that creates Harlems kept Rustin in the Communist Party through the Trotsky trials and the Hitler-Stalin pact, which shook out much of the membership. What drove him away was the event that made Communism respectable for other Americans, the German attack on Russia in 1941.

"I was brought up a Quaker, you know, by my grandmother, and the Communists had become the great peace party," Rustin says. "I was working on the campaign against segregation in the armed forces, and the Communists were all for it. Then Hitler attacked, and they became a war party. The line was, 'Everybody in the armed forces. People's war. Second front. No domestic issues; forget about discrimination in the Army.'"

For Rustin, leaving the party meant a break with all his friends, his work, his purpose in life. He remembers not knowing what to do with himself for a week, until an acquaintance suggested that he go talk with the Rev. A. J. Muste at the Fellowship of Reconciliation. The Rev. Mr. Muste showed Rustin that there could be a profoundly radical, violently nonviolent movement apart from the Communist Party, and introduced him to the people with whom he is still working. Indeed, CORE was founded in Chicago as a secular arm of Muste's religious Fellowship; its original leaders were all on the Fellowship payroll. Rustin served as the organizer of the New York branch.

The shock of leaving the party was followed a year later by the shock of a long jail sentence on the draft charge. In prison, Rustin taught himself to play the guitar and the lute, and his interests became less exclusively political. "When you're dealing with people all the time and nothing is ever settled," Rustin says, "it's a great pleasure to strike a C chord and know it's a C chord." Though he seems from the outside to be wrapped up in the cause, his activist friends are often disturbed to find that he has private tastes far removed from politics and meetings and demonstrations. His exotic apartment, his love for music and his wide-ranging tastes in books make his friends feel that, as one of them says, "Bayard will give himself unstintingly to the specific project, but for the long-term follow-through, I think he gets bored with it."

"Coming into the pit. . . ."

Rustin lives in four-and-a-half rooms in a new (predominantly white) middle-income housing development south of Penn Station on New York's West Side. His apartment is not like the others in this development, or in any other development. It is profusely decorated with religious paintings and *objets*, ranging in size from small metal crucifixes and miniature African wood carvings to six-foot-high stone and wood German sculptures of saints, resting on Gothic pedestals. The furniture is carved dark wood of a German High-Renaissance style, with crimson plush cushions for the chairs. Outside, looking very odd on the dusty austerity of a middle-income terrace, is the one piece of non-Christian art in the place—a small erotic bas-relief from the Tantric tradition of India.

Most of Rustin's antiques are German, because they were acquired through an elderly Berlin refugee named Leon Medina, who had a shop on New York's University Place. Rustin stumbled upon it one day after the war, looking for furniture to go with his lute, and Medina became probably his dearest friend. Rustin called Medina "Papa," accompanied him to auctions, helped him with refinishing jobs, and acted as Medina's purchasing agent with unlimited authority on trips out of the country. "The best pieces" Rustin owns were left to him by Medina's will.

Rustin's friends worry about his future. "He was *much* younger three or four years ago," says Tom Kahn, a lean, intense young man whom Rustin recruited from the Socialist Party for the first Yo March for Integrated Schools in 19[illegible] and who served as Rustin's aide-de-camp ("the man who picked up the pieces") through the March on Washington last year. "The march took an enormous amount out of him. I worked sixteen hours a day with him. I'm a lot younger than he is, and it drove me crazy. But the leaders regard him as possessor of inexhaustible childish energy which never has to be compensated for."

Except for Randolph, civil-rights leaders speak rather coolly of Rustin: "If you want to work with Bayard, you have to know how to *use* him," says the director of one group. "Bayard Rustin is not a Negro leader," Whitney Young of the National Urban League once explained to Tom Kahn, "because a Negro leader is the head of a Negro organization." ("That tells you," Kahn says rather bitterly, "what is wrong with the Negro movement"—but Rustin himself agrees entirely with Young.) Since the March on Washington, however, Rustin has seemed so useful that he is invited to leadership meetings. He was in Washington in April, for example, when the leaders decided not to do anything loud about the filibuster against the Civil Rights Bill. Rustin thought the decision was wrong and said so; but he had to accept the verdict, if only because he came to the meeting representing nobody but himself.

On the other hand, Rustin's independence enables him to call his own shots, and to work for the cause as a whole rather than for any one jealous piece of it. He claims that his lack of affiliation has actually been a help. "If you have five organizations working together," he says, "each of them has to raise money and maintain an image. They can't let somebody from another organization lead their demonstration. But I can be available to all of them." Tom Kahn thinks the argument is silly, because nobody can be an effective fighter without a corner of his own. "Bayard," Kahn says drily, "has always been a great one for making a virtue of necessity."

Rustin probably will have an organization to lead in the near future—an A. Philip Randolph Institute, which is to be established, probably by trade-union money, to perpetuate Randolph's name, to act as a service center and clearing house for civil-rights groups, and to push such groups toward the non-Communist left. Randolph has approved the plan. "I'm interested in Bayard having some sort of organizational base," he said the other day in the magnificently deep voice that has caught the attention of AFL conventions for more than 40 years. "But the labor movement is a little too prosaic for Bayard. He moves quite expeditiously, and these people want to sit around in committee and talk about it for a day." Randolph thought about it briefly, then smiled and said, "We have to invent something for Bayard." THE END

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"Mad" Murray holds reproduction of Rodin's statue, The Thinker, *symbol of her atheistic Freethought Society.*

Mrs. Murray's war on God

After provoking widespread wrath with her winning fight to abolish school prayer, Madalyn Murray is now out to uproot religion altogether by taxing the nation's churches out of existence.

By Robert Liston

Angrily she stalked the room, disarrayed, coarse of manner, broad of gesture, masculine of voice, saying, "If people want to go to church and be crazy fools, that's their business. But I don't want them praying in ball parks, legislatures, courts and schools. I don't want to see their religion emblazoned on the public buildings I look at. They can believe in their virgin birth and the rest of their mumbo jumbo, as long as they don't interfere with me, my children, my home, my job, my money or my intellectual views."

These words were spoken vehemently to me by Mrs. Madalyn Murray of Baltimore, the nation's most militant atheist, who has declared war on God and the church and hopes to destroy both. Thanks to her unrelenting pugnacity, a good part of society has declared war on Mrs. Murray. Not long after our interview, she was hauled into court by the Baltimore police and charged with assault for engaging in a scuffle with cops outside her home. The fight flared when police tried to take into custody a 17-year-old girl to whom Mrs. Murray gave shelter after the girl had fled her own home. Charging that Mrs. Murray had turned the runaway's head with atheistic ideas, the girl's parents sought legal help to get her back. As Mrs. Murray later described the incident, a crowd of "at least 250 people" formed to watch her struggle with the cops. The crowd, she said, bawled, "Kill her, hit her harder." She collapsed and had to be carted to the hospital before going to court. Released on bail, she promptly gathered up her family and hopped a plane for Hawaii, declaring that she feared for her life in Baltimore. She vowed to carry on from Hawaii her unyielding war on the Almighty. She might be dismissed as a crank, except that she has already won the first battle in her war—abolition of religious exercises in public schools. Immediately, she launched the next assault. She is now seeking to eliminate the churches' exemption from property taxes. She wants to compel churches to pay income, sales, excise,

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"We could do away with Congress."

Mrs. Murray vs. God

entertainment and other taxes, and she hopes to do away with individual income-tax deductions for church contributions. Ultimately, she wants to wipe out every manifestation of Godliness in American life.

The financial burden she wants to lay on churches would be staggering. Mrs. Murray estimates that in one year churches would pay taxes to city, state and federal governments equal to the national debt. But no one knows for sure. Churches have never been taxed, and accurate appraisals of their net worth and income have never been made. Isolated studies vary widely in their results. One survey indicates that churches may own two to five percent of all taxable property, and that real-estate tax revenues might increase three to six percent if churches were taxed. Another study says that churches own 14 percent of all taxable property in Pennsylvania, 17 percent in Maryland and 18 percent in New Jersey. A third study estimates the Catholic Church owns tax-exempt property in the United States worth $11 billion, including 38 percent of the tax-exempt property in Washington, D.C.

In these figures, Mrs. Murray thinks she sees the way to overthrow religion in this country. Believing the power to tax is the power to destroy, she prophesies, "If churches have to pay taxes like everyone else, they will wither away and die within thirty to forty years."

That is her aim, and she states it repeatedly: "I want to be able to walk down any street in America and not see a cross or any other sign of religion. I won't stop till the Pope—or whoever the highest religious authority is—says atheists have a right to breathe in this world."

Mrs. Murray is far from alone in her efforts. She has formed an organization called the Freethought Society, which has a secret membership, dues and directors, publishes a magazine, has a national headquarters at 2502 North Calvert Street in Baltimore—and has gathered a $40,000 war chest to fight the tax-exemption cases to the Supreme Court.

Paradoxically Mrs. Murray also has indirect support from religious quarters. A proposed Constitutional amendment to undo the ban on school prayer has been opposed in testimony before a Congressional committee by nearly all Jews and by the National Council of Churches, which represents most Protestants in this country. Furthermore there are clergymen who openly advocate taxation of churches. The Rev. Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, stated clerk (chief administrative officer) of the United Presbyterian Church and past president of the National Council of Churches, has written: "The economic power that will be increasingly wielded by ever richer churches threatens to produce not only envy, hatred or resentment of nonmembers but also to distort the purposes of the church members and leaders themselves. . . ." He prophesies "that with reasonably prudent management, the churches ought to be able to control the whole economy of the nation within the predictable future."

If this happens, it will be over the dead body of Madalyn Murray, a strange, immensely complicated woman, full of paradoxes, conflicts and challenges. She is a woman who can in one moment be loud, profane, vain, arrogant, seemingly paranoid, messianic, rebellious, and implausible in her ideas, and in the next be gentle, intelligent, reasonable, thought-provoking and monumentally courageous.

"You're right," she said to me during an interview, "I don't really care that much about atheism. I'm not well-read in philosophy and theology. I've always been more interested in politics and social reform. But I've gotten into this thing, and I've been driven out of the community. Atheism is all I have to fight my way back in with. I want respect for my right to have any opinion I want—and to live. I could be a damned fascist and do the same thing I'm doing now."

Mrs. Murray is a large, full-bodied woman of 45. Her face is open and even-featured, with bright hazel eyes. She has a quick, handsome smile. Mrs. Murray herself would quarrel with the language of that description. Militantly direct in her speech, she would describe herself as "fat" and laugh. "I make $200 a month on this job," she says of her activity as a writer of articles and seller of books. "With my figure I can't eat on $200 a month." She is also militantly ungroomed, with a small collection of cotton housedresses and a pronounced lack of makeup.

Her home, before the brawl with the Maryland cops, was a six-room brick row house in northwest Baltimore which she shared with her mother, brother and two sons, William J. Murray Jr., 17, and Garth, 9. The first time I went to that house she greeted me in anger. She paced the floor and ranted in language usually confined to barrooms. She appeared to be a woman who would say anything, do anything, believe anything, as long as it was rebellious and antisocial. She struck me as quite unlikable. Later, when I saw her restrained, composed and reasonable, she explained her earlier behavior. "I had been told you were going to write a hostile article. I understood you and *The Saturday Evening Post* were going to tear me up. I was waiting for you. I was so mad, I was going to throw you out in the street before you even stepped through the door."

The image of the angry, violent woman is the one she projects to the public—presumably because her relations with the public make her angry. But in subsequent interviews I found "Mad Murray," as she calls herself, intelligent and quite likable. She is, for instance, an admirable conversationalist, able to listen and to discuss, even argue, issues and ideas without rancor or abuse of personalities.

Her ideas, though, are startling. "I'm an anarchist," she says. "Oh I know people have the picture of anarchists as

With son Bill at her right hand, Mrs. Murray works at getting out her journal, The American Atheist*—using the help of Bill's 17-year-old bride, Susan, and bespectacled volunteer.*

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blowing up things and shooting people down. To me an anarchist is fundamentally antiauthoritarian. I think we should examine some of our forms of authority. I'm beginning to believe, for instance, we could do away with Congress and many state legislatures. They are bogged down in procedure. We ought to decide whether we really need military conscription. Is the Federal Reserve System really the best thing? I think we ought to investigate some forms of cooperatives for industry and government at lower levels that will permit people to make an honest attempt at self-government. I want, you see, a cooperative community—and by that I mean the entire country as a community—in which people act rationally, not because they are told to do something."

I asked her about the charge she is a Communist. "Communism," she said, "is a bunch of baloney. I know all the Communists and they know me. Every one of them hates my guts. I make my pitch to intelligent people—and I don't mean the intelligentsia. The Communist Party mouths all that drivel about workers being the only ones you can trust. That's nonsense. I know plenty of workers I wouldn't trust. If they had any brains, they wouldn't be factory workers. Listen, I wouldn't hesitate to be a Communist, if I thought it made any sense. And if I were one, I'd tattoo the word right on my forehead and feel I had a right to be one."

She was born Madalyn Mays in Pittsburgh, of a family which arrived in Massachusetts in 1650. Her father, she says, had 15 brothers and sisters and her mother 14. There were 214 first cousins.

"I remember wonderful things about my childhood," she says, "Christmases and birthdays and some marvelous houses we lived in. We loved laughter and good food. Oh, so many things were healthy and good and earthy in my life. Today people live in a nucleus family, consisting of a mother, father and children. I think we ought to go back to three- and four-generation families. When there is a whole conglomeration of people, you can work things out, find someone to fight with and gain control of yourself."

Her father was a contractor who lost his money during the depression and so from 1929 until 1937 moved his family where the work was. Her schooling was scattered. She studied a year at the University of Toledo, and three at Ashland College, a small liberal-arts school in Ohio affiliated with the Church of the Brethren. Next she went to Western Reserve University at Cleveland for a year. After serving in the W.A.C. for three years as a second lieutenant in cryptography on General Eisenhower's staff, she returned to Ohio Northern University for a year, studying law. She eventually received her degree at South Texas College of Law in 1950. She came to Baltimore in 1952.

Mrs. Murray is particularly reticent about her marital life, saying that she married William J. Murray in 1942 and that he is a man of importance and prominence. She adamantly refuses to discuss him, her divorce, his whereabouts or his opinions of her.

How did she become an atheist? "I read the Bible one weekend when I was thirteen," she says, "the whole way through. I'll never forget the shock of it. The improbability of it was just too much, and the miracles would stop anybody. I kept wondering how anyone could believe the thing. Later I did more formal studies, and the Bible remained unbelievable. The Old Testament is full of cruelty, sadism and hatred, and the New is much too mystical. The miracles are too wild and counter to all experience. If I had heard of, or there was any scientific possibility of, virgin birth or walking on water, I might be able to start to accept it. But there isn't.

"And what good is it as a moral influence? Christianity has been around 2,000 years, and we are no more moral now than before. If anything, we are more beastly. Would the Greeks have killed six million Jews? Would the Romans have dropped an A-bomb on a city largely populated with women and children? Personal morality has suffered too. Just look at the crime statistics."

Until 1960 Mrs. Murray was not a militant atheist. Like most nonbelievers, she was too unconcerned about religion to get involved. "Religion was seldom discussed in my home," she says. "My parents, who lived with me, were Presbyterians, and they went to church, although not regularly. I knew and respected their beliefs. Honestly, I never try to change anyone's convictions. If a Roman Catholic wants to be a Roman Catholic, that's his mistake, not mine. I just don't want him imposing his beliefs on me. Nor am I proposing to burn down churches. I just don't want religion permeating every aspect of my life.

"I never discussed religion with my sons. I know everybody thinks I bounced them on my knee and gave daily instruction in hating God. I never said anything. To my knowledge, religion was discussed in our home only twice. There were enormous big fights when each of my sons was born. My dad believed in infant damnation. As a Presbyterian, he believed that a child goes to hell if not baptized. My father insisted on baptism for Bill, and I opposed it. Finally Dad said that I couldn't bring Bill into the house if he wasn't baptized.

"I thought about it. I didn't want to break up my home. And what would the child know of it anyhow? So I bought a beautiful christening robe and went to church and held him while the minister poured water on his head and Mom and Dad stood there so proud that their grandson wasn't going to hell. I figured Bill didn't know of it. He got water on his head when bathed, so what was the difference now? And how was he going to be hurt? But I refused to bow my head when the minister prayed. Of course, when it was done for Bill, it had to be done for Garth. That was another quarrel.

"But that's all the religion there was in my family. You see, I have these antiauthoritarian beliefs, and I can't impose my authority on my children or anyone. So Bill grew up in a void. In a way I regret that. He's lost part of our culture and heritage, but I was trapped, and it couldn't be helped."

Mrs. Murray explains that the summer before Bill was 14, he came to her and asked about religion. She sent him to the library. "He read a lot of books that summer, including the Bible. I left him alone. I didn't know whether he'd be religious or not. At one point I know he and another boy tried to rewrite the Bible. They started with Genesis and tried to make the story of the creation logical. They wrote in the stilted language of the King James version. It was priceless."

That fall Bill came to her and told her of the school prayers. "He announced that he was an atheist and that since he was an atheist, he could not participate in school prayers. If I made him do it or allowed him to do it, I was a hypocrite. He was right. I had to support him."

Mrs. Murray wrote the school board asking that Bill be allowed to leave the room during the five-minute Scripture reading and Lord's Prayer recitation at Woodburne Junior High School, where he was an eighth-grader. If this was not done, she said, she would take him out of school. Dr. George B. Brain, the school superintendent, informed Mrs. Murray that school prayers were in accordance with a 1911 rule of the Board of Education, that the rule had never been challenged and that Bill could not be excused. If he did not wish to participate, he could remain in his seat in respectful silence.

On October 12, 1960, Mrs. Murray took her son out of school and did not return him until October 28, when the board agreed to restudy its prayer ruling. Later the board reversed Doctor Brain, deciding nonbelievers could leave the classroom during religious exercises. But Mrs. Murray had already decided to challenge the constitutionality of school prayers. Her court case, *Murray vs. Curlett* (the board president), went to the Supreme Court, where she won.

Turmoil followed. Organizations were formed to reinstate prayers in schools. For Mrs. Murray and her sons the victory brought forth the wrath of her fellow citizens. The abuse, hatred and vilification heaped upon her have greatly altered the conduct of her "war," and form one of the less appetizing chapters in America's defense of civil liberties.

Mrs. Murray can find no work, although she has a law degree, credits toward a master's degree and 17 years of experience as a psychiatric social worker. Impoverished, she has scratched along on an income of less than $2,500 a year, selling a grand piano and other possessions to make ends meet. Stores refuse to sell

A passionate family woman—though a divorcée—Mrs. Murray plays chess with younger son Garth as Bill oversees the game.

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Lawyer Leonard Kerpelman counsels Mrs. Murray in front of Baltimore court.

"You atheist, you mongrel, you rat, Jesus will fix you, you scum."

Mrs. Murray vs. God

to her or to extend her credit. Judgments obtained against her make it impossible for her to put property in her name.

Bill, in whose name the prayer case was brought, has been physically beaten by other boys over 100 times, she says. "Bill suffers from a blood disease similar to hemophilia. If bruised, he bleeds under the skin. The area becomes infected. He is never without twenty or thirty such bruises. Gangs of boys have hit and shoved and tripped him. He has been marched down a school hall with a knife against his back. Many times I've run in front of a pack of these dogs and pulled him into a car or store for safety. And I've stood them off myself to protect my son, and these teen-age Christians have spat in my face till spittle dripped down on my dress.

"If we take these boys to court, we lose. The judge doesn't even reprimand them. They say Bill provokes it. Do people think we are crazy? Provoke an attack? He'd be killed.

"My youngest son has been stoned. A nine-year-old boy stoned by Christians! But the worst was when he was six. The teacher told him about hell and purgatory. He runs home bawling, 'I'm going to be burned up. Jesus Christ died for me. Why? I didn't mean to kill anybody.'

"Let me tell you what my Christian neighbors have done. Every window has been broken at least once. We've been rotten-egged. Trees have been broken off, azaleas and irises pulled up, roses stepped on. They've brought their dogs to urinate on my pansies—a free-thought symbol. For us to have a little beauty in our home, to somehow live normally, is something my neighbors cannot stand.

"Our automobile has been vandalized time and again. Windows have been broken, tires slashed. There's even been a bullet through the side. Repair bills have run as high as $600.

"Do you know what somebody did? I went to the hospital for several major operations. At my lowest point I was in the recovery room being fed intravenously. Somebody called up anonymously with a phony report my father had died. They hoped the shock of it would kill me. Well, I'm a pretty hard nut to crack.

"Let me tell you how my father did die. It was about Christmastime in 1962. We celebrate Christmas at our house with a tree and outdoor decorations. There were repeated raids. Our decorations were stolen. Outdoor electric sockets were shorted out. The boys' sleds were stolen. Then in January a bunch of hellions walked all over the top of Dad's car. I caught them and planned to take them to court. My father, who had a bad heart, said, 'You cannot go into court anymore. I cannot stand it. This will kill me.' So I wrote to the parents of each boy suggesting they punish them. But the harassment had been too much. A few days later Dad died of a heart attack.

"He was a Presbyterian, and we had a church funeral. Know what? We couldn't get enough pallbearers to carry him out. And at the funeral the preacher tried to convert me and see if he couldn't get prayers back into schools."

Mrs. Murray has received thousands of venomous letters. One contained a picture of her clipped from a newspaper and smeared with human excrement which still reeks when she shows it. Printed on it are these words: "This is my toast for you—here's crud in your eyes—and I hope somebody drops poison in your beer." Other pieces of mail, selected at random by me, and reported here only somewhat expurgated:

"Lady, you are as deadly to our city as a snake. Return to Russia. (Signed) A True Believer in our God who gave you the air you breathe."

"You don't belong in this country. Russia is where you should go, and when you get there, kiss the hind end of dictator K. He is an atheist, too, and will be pleased to give you a big bear hug."

"You must be an insidious creature, without even a brain. No wonder you're crazy. You probably have no children either, let alone a man. Your hooked, ugly nose, triple chin and fat 'slobby' body are enough to make you godless."

"You filthy atheist. Only a rat like you would go to court to stop prayer. All curses on you and your family. Bad luck and leprosy disease upon you and your damn family."

"You will repent, and damn soon a .30-30 (rifle bullet) will fix you nuts. You will have bad luck forever. You atheist, you mongrel, you rat, you good for nothing s---, you damn gutter rat. Jesus will fix you, you filthy scum."

But if the aim of the harassment is to discourage Mrs. Murray, it has worked in reverse. "After the school-prayer decision, I thought people would accept it and say, 'Well, you were right,' and I could go back to a normal life. I thought I'd be able to get a job, but I couldn't, and I looked all over the country. The only thing I can do is fight in an area where I can carve out a job for myself—in the field of militant atheism, free thought and church-state relations."

To create the job, she first needed an organization. She explains this too. "After the school-prayer decision thousands of people, actually 5,000 to start, wrote and phoned asking me to continue the fight against religion. A small group of us met in New York to organize the free-thought movement. We asked ourselves what we could do for the 5.6 million who don't believe in God and the 70 million who are unchurched?

"I said we have to fight the news media, advertising, the unlimited power of the churches. So how do we fight? I said there is only one force in Government with any guts—the Supreme Court. Congress has been dead for years. It hasn't passed one single bill of importance in ten years. The Presidency is dead. What did Kennedy do? But the Supreme Court, by its decision on school integration, school prayers and reapportionment of state legislatures, has transformed this country. In ten years you won't be able to recognize America because of those three decisions." She has picked Hawaii for a refuge because it has a large Buddhist population ("Buddhists are absolute atheists who believe in ethics and high principles as I do") and because the distance makes it costly to extradite her for the assault case. Paying for the trip with her son's college fund, she took along the whole family including the runaway girl, the former Susan Abramowitz, who, it turned out, was secretly married to Bill and expecting a child.

One of the many oddities in Mrs. Murray's career is her relationship with Leonard Kerpelman, her attorney, an Orthodox Jew who masterminded her successful fight against school prayers. He is a devout man. When I told him of Mrs. Murray's prophecy about the withering-away of the church, he said, "Rubbish, it'll be stronger than ever."

Kerpelman admits his first inclination was not to take Mrs. Murray's latest case, the suit challenging tax exemption of churches. He wanted no part of pure anti-religious malice. "But the more I thought about it," he says, "the more I realized that grandiose churches do not lead to grandiose theology or morality."

He prepared a simple case. He contends that tax exemption, which is legal in all 50 states, is a subsidy to religion and therefore "establishes" a religion in violation of the First Amendment which reads, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion . . ." He maintains Mrs. Murray is being deprived of her property without due process of law because she pays higher taxes than she would if churches were not exempted.

A decision on the case, just argued in Baltimore, is now pending. Mrs. Murray feels confident that "if our case goes to the Supreme Court, we will win." But that's the rub—*if* it goes to the court. Her legal opponents are hoping it won't, basing that hope on the fact that the court refused to hear a similar case in 1962 on an appeal from the Rhode Island Supreme Court. In that case a finance firm claimed a reduction in taxes because church exemptions were unconstitutional. The Supreme Court refused to hear the case on the grounds that no substantial federal question was involved.

Supposing, however, that she should win, what's in it for Mrs. Murray? Many times I asked her the question of why she does it, and each time I got a different answer. One time she answered, "Because I'm right." Another time she mentioned the motive of carving out a job for herself. On another occasion she explained, "I love a good fight. I've always been like this all my life—and I've always won. I've always believed I could do anything better or faster or both than anyone else. And I've never had any real competition. I wish I did. I'd like to lose in a good, tough fight. I guess fighting God and God's spokesmen is sort of the ultimate, isn't it?" THE END

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Seeking "religious asylum," Mrs. Madalyn Murray and son Bill arrive in Hawaii where the mother thinks her life will be in less danger from cranks.

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EDITORIALS

NOW THAT THE BILL HAS PASSED

The Senate of the United States is in many ways a creaky and antiquated institution. It took 83 days and six million words of "debate" before a matter of elementary justice could be brought to a vote.

But when the Senate finally acted on the civil-rights bill, everyone could be proud. Opponents of the bill had exhausted every stratagem. A total of 115 amendments had been voted upon since cloture was invoked. A ludicrous last-ditch attempt by segregationists to delay their inevitable defeat by having the clerk of the Senate read back the whole "debate" had been beaten. Democracy at last was ready to act. And when it did, there were no demonstrations or disorders, and no one could say that the bill's opponents had not had every chance to make themselves and their country look as ridiculous as possible.

Many people deserve credit for passage of the bill: Sen. Everett Dirksen of Illinois, who framed the amendments that made that passage possible, and whose statesmanship made him worthy of the Land of Lincoln he represents; Sen. Hubert Humphrey, who managed the bill in the Senate; Rep. Charles Halleck of Indiana and William McCulloch of Ohio and the Democratic leadership in the House.

No one expects that passage of the bill will automatically solve our racial problems. But the bill, as Roy Wilkins, executive secretary of the N.A.A.C.P., says, is "a giant step forward, not only for the Negro citizens but for our country." Justice and the law have been squared at last in many areas of our daily life.

Governor Wallace and other die-hard segregationists are breathing defiance and talking of the "police state" that will be required to enforce the law. It will be required only if they fail to do their duty. Violence already has erupted in Mississippi and St. Augustine, Fla.

It is time for everyone in this country, North and South, to back off a bit and consider the problems we face. Those who are inclined to resistance should ask themselves what it will accomplish? What have the Wallaces and the Barnetts gained? They have pretended to their people that the law could be resisted, and it has brought nothing but violence and bloodshed. Those Southern politicians who pretended that they could accomplish something other than the embarrassment of their country by a filibuster have gained absolutely nothing. They could not pass a single amendment or water down the bill in any way.

It is time the good people of the South repudiated this kind of blind-alley "leadership." It is time everyone accepted the fact that we are a nation of laws, and the law must prevail if we are to survive.

President Johnson said after the bill passed the Senate, "I do not underestimate the depth of the passions involved in the struggle for racial equality. But I also know that throughout this country, in every section of this land, there is a large reservoir of goodwill and compassion, of decency and fair play, which seeks a vision of justice without violence in the streets. If these forces do not desert the field, if they can be brought to the battle, then the years of trial will be a prelude to the final triumph of a land 'with liberty and justice for all.'"

It is time these forces asserted themselves for law and order. It is time everyone in this land recognized the fact that being an American, and all that implies, matters far more than being a Mississippian or a New Yorker.

ART FOR THE PARTY'S SAKE

Those among us who think that Soviet Communism is mellowing and Nikita Khrushchev an amiable fellow who permits more freedom of artistic expression than his predecessors should consider the case of Josif Brodsky. Brodsky, 24, is a well-known poet in the Soviet Union. His poetry is lyrical and does not concern itself with political subjects or the glorification of the state.

That, of course, is a serious poetic fault in the Soviet Union. Last winter Brodsky was tried for it and sentenced to five years at hard labor. The verdict stated that "he did not fulfill the most important constitutional duty to work honestly for the good of the motherland."

The zigs and zags of Soviet policy are not easy to follow. But an article in *The New York Times Book Review* has traced its course. Last year there was a cultural crackdown in the Soviet Union, and poets and writers were vilified in Stalinist terms. The campaign abated somewhat this year, because Russian intellectuals refused to be cowed. But the only real "freedom" Russian poets and writers now enjoy is the "freedom" to write what their political leaders want to hear.

The Brodsky trial was not an isolated event. Russian poets are hounded. The great Russian writer Boris Pasternak is vilified even after his death, and his friend Olga Ivinskaya, model for Lara in *Dr. Zhivago*, languishes in a prison camp, dangerously ill and nearly blind.

It makes one wonder how the state, so mighty and powerful, is threatened by Olga Ivinskaya. More than that, it makes one wonder whether Stalin's great denunciator, Nikita Khrushchev, is not really a Stalinist himself—at least where cultural affairs are concerned.

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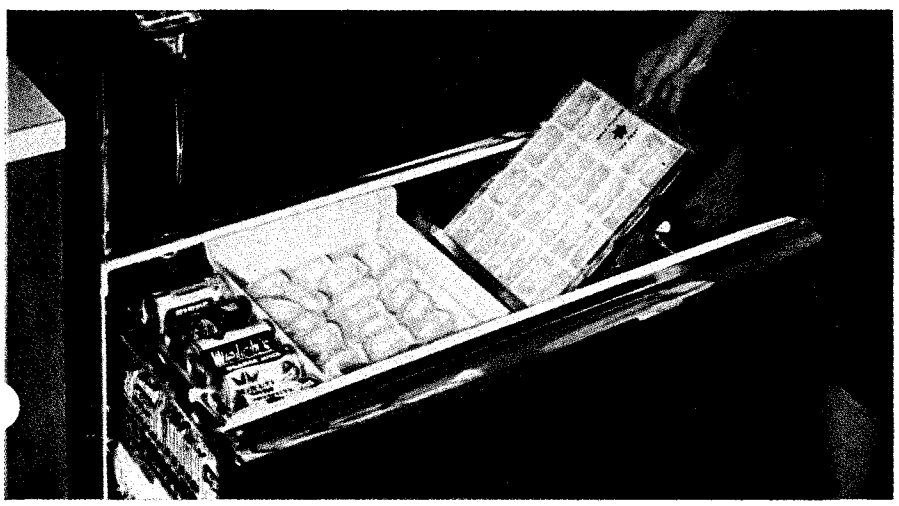

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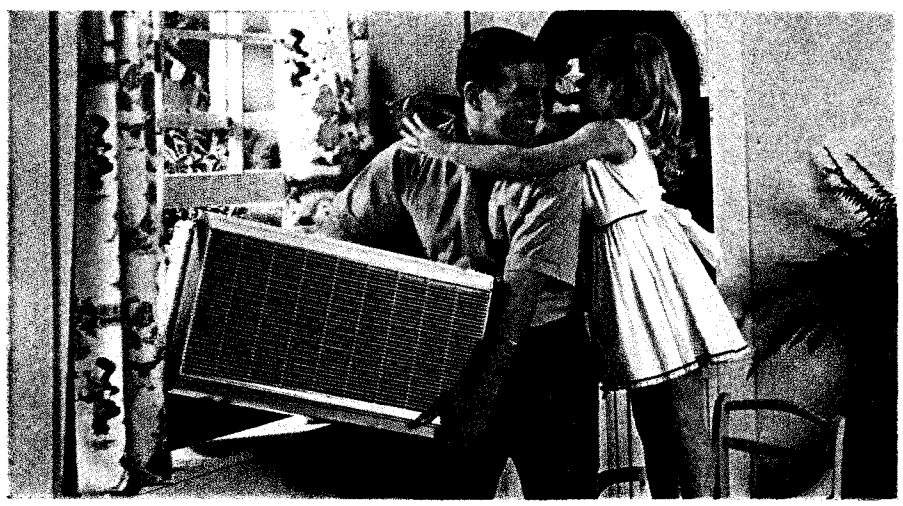

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